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THE TARIFF AND THE TARIFF COMMISSION

BY F. W. TAUSSIG

THE vogue of the plan of basing the tariff on differences in costs of production is a curious phenomenon, and a significant one. Much talked of as the plan now is, it is novel. Only a faint suggestion of something of the sort appeared in the Republican platform of 1904. Not until the presidential campaign of 1908 did it receive much attention. Then, and later in the debates on the new tariff act, it came to be spoken of as the 'true' principle of protection, the touchstone by which the justification of every duty was to be tested. What does it mean, and how far will it avail to 'settle' the tariff question?

The doctrine has an engaging appearance of fairness. It seems to say, no favors, no undue rates. Offset the higher expenses of the American producer, put him in a position to meet the foreign competitor without being under a disadvantage, and then let the best man win. Conditions being thus equalized, the competition will become a fair one. Protected producers will get only the profit to which they are reasonably entitled, and the domestic consumers are secured against prices which are unreasonable.

In order to apply the principle, the country is in train for an elaborate and

expensive set of investigations. The Tariff Board is prepared to spend hundreds of thousands in ascertaining the cost of production at home and abroad of protected articles. The information secured is expected to be the basis of future tariff legislation. No one who stops to think will suppose that inquiries of this sort will be easy, or will lead to other than rough and approximate results. 'Cost of production' is a slippery phrase. Costs differ in different establishments, and cannot be figured out with accuracy in any one establishment without an elaborate system of special accounts, such as few establishments keep. None the less, approximate figures are to be had. If the principle is sound, it will be of great service to have careful preparation for its application, and to reach the nearest approach to accuracy that the complexities of industry permit. To repeat our question — how far is it all worth while?

Frankly, the answer is that as a 'solution' of the tariff question, this much paraded 'true principle' is worthless. Applied with consistency, it would lead to the complete annihilation of foreign trade. It is usually thought of as likely to result in a moderation of protection. Yet, if carried

out to the full, it would lead to the utmost extreme of protection.

Consider for a moment what equalization of cost of production means. The higher the expenses of an American producer, and the greater the excess of the expenses incurred by him over those incurred by a foreign competitor, the higher the duty. Applied unflinchingly, this means that the production of any and every thing is to be encouraged, — not only encouraged, but enabled to hold its own. If the difference in expenses, or cost, is great, the duty is to be high; if the difference is small, the duty is to be low. Automatically, the duty goes up in proportion as the American cost is large. If the article is tea in South Carolina, for example, ascertain how much more expensive it is to grow the trees and prepare the leaves than it is in Ceylon, and put on a duty high enough to offset. If it is hemp in Kentucky, ascertain how much more expensive it is to grow it than in Russia or in Yucatan (for the competing sisal), and equalize conditions with a high duty.

It was on this ground — though, to be sure, with gross exaggeration as to the facts — that the duties on lemons and prunes were raised in the Payne-Aldrich tariff: equalize conditions for the California lemon-growers! If lemons in California, why not grapes in Maine? They can be grown, if only the duties be made high enough. Of course, the more unfavorable the conditions, the higher the duties must be. The climate of Maine is not favorable for grapes; they would have to be grown in hot-houses. But make the duty high enough, handicap the foreign producer up to the point of equalization, and the grapes can be grown. So as to Kentucky hemp, or Massachusetts pig-iron. Make your duty high enough — and on this principle you *must* make your duty high enough — and anything in the world

can be produced. The obvious consequence is, however, that the more unsuited the conditions are for efficient and economical production, the greater will be your effort to bring about protection. Under this equalizing principle, the worse the natural conditions, the more extreme will be the height of protection.

No doubt the advocates of the principle will say that it is not to be pushed to such absurd consequences. But where draw the line? We have duties in our present tariff of fifty per cent, of seventy, of one hundred and more, all of which are defended on this ground. Senator Aldrich remarked, in the course of the debates on the new tariff act, that he would cheerfully vote for a duty of three hundred per cent if it were necessary to equalize conditions for an American producer.¹ If for three hundred per cent, why not for five hundred or one thousand per cent? Shall we say that the domestic producer whose costs are so high as to require a duty of thirty per cent is to be protected, but not he who has a disadvantage of fifty or a hundred per cent? The only consistent answer is the Aldrich one — give him all he needs for equalization. And the necessary consequence is universal and unlimited protection.

It is for this simple and obvious reason that the principle seems to me worthless for settling the tariff problem. In reality, it begs the whole

¹ 'If it costs ten cents to produce a razor in Germany and twenty cents in the United States, it will require one hundred per cent duty to equalize the conditions in the two countries. . . . As far as I am concerned, I shall have no hesitancy in voting for a duty which will equalize conditions. . . . If it was necessary, to equalize the conditions and to give the American producer a fair chance for competition, other things being equal of course, I would vote for three hundred per cent as cheerfully as I would for fifty.' — SENATOR ALDRICH, in the *Congressional Record*, May 17, 1909, p. 2182.

question at issue. That question is, how far shall domestic producers be encouraged to enter on industries in which they are unable to meet foreign competition? The very fact of their being unable to meet it shows that for some reason or other conditions are unfavorable. Domestic costs then are high; domestic producers are under a disadvantage.

The free-trader says that this is *prima facie* an indication that the industry had better not be carried on within the country at all. He says, further, that the greater the disadvantage, and the higher the domestic cost, the more probable that it is not now for the community's good, nor ever will be, to induce labor and capital to go into it by 'equalizing' the conditions. In so reasoning, the free-trader is very likely unmindful of political and social considerations, or even blind to some offsetting gains of a strictly economic kind. But his opponent, the protectionist, in setting forth the equalizing notion as the 'true' principle, does not answer him. This principle assumes at the very outset that any and every sort of domestic production is advantageous, and that there is no problem as to the limits within which we should keep in bolstering up industries that cannot stand without legislative aid.

Underlying the ready acceptance of this 'true' principle are two widespread beliefs or prejudices, equally unfounded. One has just been alluded to, — that the domestic production of an article is *per se* good. The other is that high wages are the result of the tariff, and cannot be kept up without the tariff.

The belief that the production of a thing within the country is in itself advantageous persists with extraordinary vitality. It runs counter to the universal teaching of economists, and on any careful reflection it is obviously absurd.

Yet it is maintained — though by implication rather than expressly — in most of the current talk about the effects of duties. The present tariff act, for example, raised some duties on cottons, with the object of causing the manufacture at home of fabrics previously imported. In the debates, the 'acquisition' of the new industry was spoken of as manifestly desirable. The mere fact of the industry's being established at home was thought a proof of gain. So, when the duty on tin plates was raised in 1890, the domestic production of the plates was adduced as conclusive proof of the wisdom of the increase. The previous importation of these things was thought of as having been a losing business; the ensuing production at home was supposed to bring so much national profit.

The real question obviously is, *which* of the two ways of securing the goods is the better. To make a thing at home is not to our advantage if we make it at high cost. To import it is not a source of loss when we import the thing more cheaply than we can make it at home. These are the simplest commonplaces. Yet the 'true' principle runs directly counter to them. It assumes that the nation gains necessarily by so equalizing conditions that anything and everything shall be made at home.

On no subject is the difference between the economists and the general public, in point of view and in conclusions, more marked than on this of the nature of the gain from domestic and foreign supply. On other current topics the teachings of the economists are listened to with attention and respect. On money and banking, on taxation, on labor matters, on the regulation of railways and other quasi-monopolistic industries, public opinion is not out of accord with them, and has been markedly influenced by them. But on inter-

national trade and the tariff an attitude which seems obviously absurd to the trained student is tenaciously held by an immense number of intelligent legislators and citizens. They repeat the ancient fallacies which regard imports as ominous and exports as wealth-bringing.

The economists are by no means unanimous on the controversy between protection and free-trade. There is hardly one among them who would not admit that there exist valid arguments for protection. But the grounds on which some economists go so far as to think the weight of argument to be in favor of protection, and others confess that there is at least something to be said for it, are very different from the grounds commonly put forward in our everyday tariff literature. This sort of disagreement is unfortunate for the economists and for the community also. The public men of the dominant party have become almost fanatically intolerant. They dismiss, as 'theoretical,' propositions which seem to the teachers and writers the simplest of common sense. Clear thinking and cool reasoning on all the great questions of the day are impeded by this disagreement on the very nature of international trade, — on the fundamental question whether domestic production is *per se* good.

The same disagreement appears, though perhaps in less overt manner, as to the other belief which gives support to the equalizing principle of protection: namely, that wages in the United States are high because of the protective system, or at least cannot be kept high without it. The equalizing principle, in fact, may be said to be simply a revamped form of the pauper-labor argument. The American employer, it is said, finds himself compelled to pay higher wages than the foreign employer. He is in danger of

being undersold by the cheap product of pauper labor. He cannot hold his own unless the foreigner is handicapped by duties. The belief that tariff duties are necessary to maintain a high level of wages is an article of faith for probably a majority of American citizens. Yet this also is opposed to the universal teaching of economists.

Consider, for a moment, the case of exported articles. They are not higher in price than similar articles in foreign countries. They must be, in the United States, somewhat lower in price — lower by the cost of transportation — or else they could not be sold abroad. Occasionally an article is 'dumped,' that is, sold abroad at a less price than is got for it at home. But this is exceptional. The immense mass of things we export — raw cotton and the cheaper cotton textiles, bread-stuffs, meat-products, machinery, woodenware, glassware, shoes, and so on — are cheaper, quality for quality, than similar things in foreign countries. Yet they are made with high-priced labor. How can they be sold cheap, when high wages are paid to those who make them? The answer is simple enough. The labor is effective. You can pay high wages and yet sell cheap, if much is turned out by your men.

It is a familiar adage in the business world that an efficient man is cheap at high wages. Yet in its application to larger questions this adage is never thought of. In discussing the tariff and wages, people assume as a matter of course that the employer who pays high wages must therefore sell his goods at a higher price. The fact is that if the labor is well-fed and intelligent, and is applied under good natural conditions and with skillful leadership, the employer can turn out an abundant product (or a product of high quality), sell it cheap, and still pay his laborers well. And the real

source and cause of general high wages, says the economist, is precisely in these conditions: efficient labor, good natural resources, skillful industrial leadership. Given these, you will always have higher wages, and need not fear competition from cheap and inefficient labor.

Further, says the economist, when you try to equalize costs of production everywhere, you induce the employer to turn to industries where labor is *not* efficient. The very fact that costs are high indicates that there is some cause of inefficiency. You divert labor and capital from the industries that are best worth while, diminish the general product, and so diminish the source from which all the wages eventually come. The argument goes back to the position stated a moment ago: domestic production is not good under any and all circumstances; that domestic production is good which is carried on under advantageous conditions.

I will not enter on some forms of the labor argument that are complicated, and lead to more intricate problems. The great broad facts of the case are, in the eye of the economist, plain. No respectable writer or teacher would say for a moment that high wages are due to the tariff, or that the maintenance of a high range of general wages (observe, we speak of general wages) is dependent on the tariff. The main cause of generous wages is at bottom a very simple one: generous productiveness of industry. This makes possible the combination of money wages that are higher than in other countries with money prices that are as low as in other countries or lower. Given the all-around efficiency of industry that leads to this happy combination, and you may dismiss all fear of being undersold and ruined by the competition of pauper labor.

Here again the judgment of the well-

trained and thoughtful differs irreconcilably with that dominant in the nation's councils.

From all this it might seem to follow that inquiries about relative cost of production, money-rates of wages, equalization of condition, are not worth while at all. They cannot touch the heart of the tariff problem: that really is whether it is desirable to try to equalize at all. And yet! I believe that the proposed inquiries of the excellent Tariff Board selected by President Taft are well worth while. I believe they will conduce to a better understanding of the tariff situation, and are likely to lead to considerable improvement in legislation. They may even pave the way to something like a settlement of the tariff question.

In two directions the investigation of relative costs of production will be of advantage: as to undue gains in monopolistic or quasi-monopolistic industries; and as to the extent to which there are vested interests which must be respected in a future settlement of the tariff.

The protectionists usually assume that domestic competition will prevent any excessive profits in the protected industries. In most cases they are probably right. In such an industry as the cotton manufacture, for example, where there is no trust, no combination, no monopoly, high duties are not *per se* the cause of high profits. In the debates on the Aldrich-Payne tariff act, the insurgent senators protested, and with reason, against some advances in the rates on cotton goods; but they took untenable ground in putting their argument on the basis of monopolies and monopoly profits. It is true that when a new duty on such an article is imposed, those who first undertake the domestic manufacture may make large profits. But competi-

tion in due time sets in. If exceptional gains prove to be permanently maintained, it must be because some mills have better organization and management than others, or shrewder judgment as to the caprices of fashion. So it is in the woollen manufacture (even though here there is much more of combination than in the case of cottons), in the silk manufacture, and so on. The real question in such cases is whether it is worth while to encourage a domestic industry if costs of production are so large that duties of sixty, eighty, one hundred per cent are called for. Most branches of the textile industries need no duties as high as this in order to enable them to hold their own. Many of them can hold their own without any duties at all. But certain branches, especially in the finer grades, clamorously ask for extremely high rates; and then their case is suspicious, not because of impending monopoly profits, but because *prima facie* they had better not be established at all.

All the world knows, however, that combination and monopoly, though they are not in possession of the entire field of industry, have secured control of large sections of it; no doubt tempered more or less by potential or actual competition, but still with such degree of success that more than competitive profits are secured. Where this is the case, tariff duties may bolster up the profits, by shutting out at least the foreign competitors. Then the protective system really serves to rob Peter in order to enrich Paul; whereas, under competitive conditions, it only robs Peter in order to sustain Paul in an unsuitable industry. If the duties more than offset Paul's costs of production (assuming these costs to be in fact higher), they give a chance for a monopoly squeeze. Now whether they do so, inquiries on the part of a Tariff Board may make clear. The vogue of the 'true'

principle of protection is unquestionably promoted by a widespread feeling that duties are *more* than enough for equalization, and that they enable the trusts to secure *more* than reasonable profits. The suspicion is doubtless well-founded in many cases; but how far so, systematic inquiry alone can bring out.

Again, no rational person, even though he were the most radical free-trader, would propose to abolish at one fell swoop protecting duties to which a great industrial system had accommodated itself. We may not like the result, but it is there, and not to be suddenly modified without widespread loss. Moreover, those engaged in the industries may plead with weight that they have entered on their operations with the sanction, nay, with the direct encouragement of the government, and that the government cannot in justice leave them in the lurch. Thus, our Department of Agriculture has been preaching beet-sugar for the last fifteen years, urging farmers and manufacturers to undertake it, supplying not only seeds and agricultural instructions, but directions as to manufacturing. In the arid and semi-arid regions of such states as California, Colorado, Utah, beet-growing (with sugar-making) seems to have an independent basis; but in the states of the corn-belt, Michigan, for example, it rests on the unstable prop of the tariff. The Michigan sugar-makers, egged on as they have been by the government, have an unanswerable claim on the ground of vested interest. We are not free to deal with the sugar duty as we were twenty years ago; nor indeed are we free to deal radically with any of the protective duties needed for the maintenance of established industries.

But the question always arises: How far are vested interests in fact involved? How high must the duties really be in

order to enable the *status quo* to be maintained? On this topic I believe there is an enormous amount of exaggeration. Probably the greater part of our existing duties are needlessly high, on the very principle of equalization. This is the case not only with the obviously nominal duties on wheat, corn, oats, — articles regularly exported, and as cheap here as abroad, — but with those on many manufactured articles, such as the coarser grades of cottons, most boots and shoes, furniture and woodenware, iron in crude and manufactured form, glassware, and a host of miscellaneous manufactures.

The dependence of our manufacturing industries on tariff duties is enormously exaggerated. The constant shouting about foreign pauper labor has brought about a state of pusillanimity among the manufacturers themselves. Most of them know virtually nothing about foreign conditions. They are familiar only with their own business and with that which touches their daily routine. Foreign competition has been nonexistent for years. What its real possibilities are, they do not know. But the politicians and those few shrewder manufacturers who have cleverly formed plans for aid to special industries, have incessantly predicted wholesale ruin unless the tariff system were maintained without the change of a dot. I know of a case in which the superintendent of a textile mill, an Englishman who had had experience both in his native country and here, told an inquirer that goods could be turned out by the mill quite as cheaply in the United States as in England; whereas the owner told the same inquirer on the same day that the mill would have to be shut up within twenty-four hours if the tariff were touched. The owner, like thousands of manufacturers, was in a state of ignorant panic about foreign competition.

A searching inquiry would show, I am convinced, that our present system of extremely high duties could be greatly pruned without any disturbance of vested interests. The direct effect of such a change would be, no doubt, more nominal than real. Except in the case of trust-controlled articles (and there are not so many of these raised in price by the tariff as the free-traders commonly suppose), a reduction of duties on this basis would bring no lowering in prices and no advantage to consumers. It would mean only the placing of a new set of figures on the statute-book. But it would have some important advantages none the less, and very likely some considerable ulterior consequences.

One great gain from such an overhauling of the tariff would be to lessen its importance in the public mind. To the economist nothing is more nauseating than the cry about prosperity and the tariff. From much of the current campaign talk, one would suppose that the country would go to certain ruin if a single duty were reduced by a fraction of a per cent. Manufacturing industries in general are in the main not dependent on protection. This country of ours is certain to be a great manufacturing one under any tariff system.

Still less is our general prosperity dependent on the tariff. Our natural resources, our vigor, industry, and intelligence, our training in school and college and shop, the enterprise and judgment of our business leaders, — these are the things on which material welfare depends. Great harm has been done by the persistent stress on legislation, and especially on restrictive legislation, as the mainstay of prosperity. Our manufacturers and other producers need to learn to keep cool and to rely on their enterprise and skill.

Further, a readjustment of duties

simply on the basis of equalization — that is, on the basis of conserving vested interests and maintaining industries as they are — would lead to a more critical attitude on the tariff question. It would be seen that a great range of industries could get on with duties much moderated or no duties at all. Others would be shown to need high duties in order to maintain themselves. Such differences, resting on the varying disadvantages of the several industries, might be fairly expected to raise the question, — which sorts of industries are, after all, the better for the country, those whose costs are high, or those whose costs are low? If there are plenty of manufactures which can get on with low duties or none, is it worth while to start up others which need high duties? Suppose it to be admitted that we must continue to prop up for an indefinite time those which now need high rates, shall we encourage new ones which demand still higher rates in order to equalize their costs of production?

I am by no means sure that questions of this sort would be coolly asked, or would be rationally considered. The protective notions in their cruder form have a most tenacious hold, especially that notion of the inherent advantage of 'acquiring' any and every industry at home. Yet a system of duties really adjusted with care and precision on the basis of cost of production might be expected to help, not only in sharper scrutiny, but in more discriminating judgment on the whole tariff problem.

What has been said in the preceding paragraphs rests on a free-trade basis; that is, it rests on the assumption that it is good for a country, not to produce anything and everything at home, but to allow a process of selection or experiment in determining which among

the various possible industries are the best for it.

I would not have the reader infer that I am an unqualified free-trader, or that this view of the tariff problem leads immediately, or even ultimately, to complete abolition of all except revenue duties. The case in favor of free-trade has indeed always seemed to me *prima facie* strong; and prolonged investigation and reflection have served to confirm me in this opinion. But it is only a *prima-facie* case. There may be offsetting advantages which rebut the presumption. To enter on a consideration of these would call for a volume, and lead to some very delicate balancing of losses and gains. It would be necessary to consider the young-industries argument, which used to be the mainstay of the protectionists, and now is pooh-poohed by their opponents, but seems to me still to point to some possibilities of ultimate gain. There are, again, political and social arguments; there are arguments as to the avoidance of extremes and of undue fluctuations in industry. Few economists nowadays would say that there is one good tariff policy, and one only, applicable to all countries and all conditions.

But few economists would say a good word for such an exaggerated protectionist policy, one so intolerant of foreign competition and foreign supply, as the United States has been following in the McKinley tariff of 1890, in the Dingley tariff of 1897, and now, with but slight change of essentials, in the Payne-Aldrich tariff of 1909. When duties of fifty, eighty, and one hundred per cent come to be looked upon as normal protectionist rates; when ingenious devices and 'jokers' are resorted to in order to bring about such high rates without its being made plain that this is the thing really aimed at and accomplished; when, by the log-rolling

process, the policy comes to be applied indiscriminately to any and every article, without scrutiny of the possibility of ultimate cheapening or the promise of social or political gain, — then it is time to call a halt, and to begin a process of thorough overhauling. This is the point of view not only of the teachers and trained students of economics, but, I feel sure, of the immense majority of cool-headed and sensible people in this country.

Adam Smith—an ardent though by no means unqualified free-trader—thought in 1776 that the adoption of a free-trade policy by Great Britain was quite beyond the bounds of possibility. Had Adam Smith lived to see what changes took place in the course of the century following, he would probably have said in 1876 that free-trade would never be abandoned by any country which had once adopted it. Who would venture on a prediction now? It is among the possibilities that Great Britain herself will turn again

to some sort of restrictive trade policy. I would not undertake to foretell whether free-trade will be abandoned in Great Britain, or protection in the United States. But the outlook is certainly for a moderation of extreme protectionist policies. The various nations which have stirred each other to measures of commercial warfare—and the United States has been most aggressively guilty in this regard—seem to be wearying of a game which each can play with effect against the other.

The indications are for some sort of compromise all around; an illogical proceeding, perhaps, but a very human one. In this moderated course of action the United States is likely to join; and all sorts of persons, whatever their opinions (or lack of opinions) as to the goal ultimately to be reached, will think and vote in favor of pruning a protectionist system which has become so rigidly and intolerantly restrictive as ours.

A HERO'S CONSCIENCE:

A STUDY OF ROBERT E. LEE

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

THE growth of a Lee legend is greatly to be deplored, most of all by Lee's warmest admirers. 'One may search in vain for any defect in him,' says one of the latest historians of the war. 'Indeed, the perfection of Lee becomes somewhat oppressive. One would welcome the discovery of a shortcoming in him, as redeeming him to humanity.' This is unfair, but not unnatural, when one considers the attitude of Lee's Southern admirers. 'He was never behind time at his studies, never failed in a single recitation, was perfectly observant of the rules and regulations of the institution,' says an old teacher. 'Throughout his whole student life he performed no act which his pious mother could not have fully approved,' says another. I do not believe this is true. I hope it is not true. If it is true, it ought to be concealed, not boasted of.

This is the sort of thing that made Washington odious to the young and remote from the mature for generations. 'In all essential characteristics Lee resembled Washington,' says Mr. Rhodes, with much justice. But we know that, in spite of ill-judged idolatry, Washington was not a prig. Neither was Lee, but a man, of warm flesh and blood, like the rest of us. No one could have had his large and tender sympathy for human weakness who had not known human weakness himself. Above all, those who knew him,

from the common soldier to the president of the Confederacy, bear universal testimony that Lee had charm. Now, no prig ever yet had charm. Therefore I refuse to believe that he said — at any rate, in those words — to Magruder in Mexico, 'I am but doing my duty, and with me, in small matters as well as in large ones, duty must come before pleasure.'

After this brief reservation and protest, it must be recognized and insisted that few men have guided their actions more strictly and loftily by conscience than Lee. That he should ever have boasted about his sense of duty is unbelievable. That he turned to it and consulted it in every crisis, and especially in the profoundest crisis, of his life, is certain; and whatever we may think of his judgment, it is impossible to question the absolute rectitude of his purposes.

During the years of violent controversy which intervened between the Mexican War and the secession of the South, Lee attended quietly to his military duties. Occasionally in the published letters of this period we get a glimpse of the interest he must have taken in what was going on at Washington. But it was then and always his constant conviction that a soldier should not meddle with politics. Even when he had charge of the capture of John Brown, there was no passion in

the matter. The work was done with military precision and quiet coolness, and the captive was handed over to the proper civil authorities. 'I am glad we did not have to kill him,' Lee remarked afterwards to Mrs. Pickett's father, 'for I believe he is an honest, conscientious old man.'

As the struggle of parties and principles grew fiercer, however, Lee foresaw that sooner or later he should be forced to choose. Neither party satisfied him. Each seemed to be unreasonable, selfish, inconsiderate of the rights and feelings of the other; and he believed that a larger justice ought to be able to harmonize the opposing claims without actual conflict. In December, 1860, he writes, 'Feeling the aggression of the North, resenting their denial of the equal rights of our citizens to the common territory of the Commonwealth, etc., I am not pleased with the course of the "Cotton States," as they term themselves. In addition to their selfish, dictatorial bearing, the threats they throw out against the "Border States," as they call them, if they will not join them, argues little for the benefit or peace of Virginia, should she determine to coalesce with them. While I wish to do what is right, I am unwilling to do what is wrong at the bidding of the South or of the North.' And again, in January, 1861, 'As far as I can judge from the papers, we are between a state of anarchy and Civil War. May God avert from us both! . . . I see that four States have declared themselves out of the Union. Four more apparently will follow their example. Then if the border States are dragged into the gulf of revolution, one half of the country will be arrayed against the other, and I must try and be patient and wait the end; for I can do nothing to hasten or retard it.'

The end came quickly. Lincoln was elected. Virginia was on the point of

seceding. War seemed inevitable. If Lee remained in the United States Army, he would be forced to fight against all he loved best in the world. He was fifty-four years old. For over thirty years he had served under the Stars and Stripes. Honor, advancement, profit were assured, if he clung to the old allegiance. If he abandoned it, what would come to him no one could tell. It is hard to imagine a man placed in a situation involving a profounder moral struggle or greater difficulty of decision. And, though Lee doubtless did not so think of it, the decision was as important to the country as to himself. Without assuming, with some Northern writers, that he might have prevented Virginia's secession and possibly war, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the course of the war might have been greatly different, if his military ability had been saved to the armies of the North.

In April, 1861, Lee was on leave at Arlington. On the eighteenth of that month he had an interview with Francis P. Blair, who, on the part of Lincoln and Cameron, unofficially but authoritatively offered him the command of the United States Army. We have Lee's own account of this interview, written after the war, and agreeing with Blair's. 'I never intimated to any one that I desired the command of the United States Army, nor did I ever have a conversation with but one gentleman, the Hon. Francis P. Blair, on the subject, which was at his invitation and, as I understood, at the instance of President Lincoln. After listening to his remarks, I declined the offer he made me to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating as candidly and courteously as I could that, though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States.'

Immediately on leaving Blair, Lee

went to General Scott. Unfortunately we have no detailed account of this most important conversation from either of the principals. 'I went directly from the interview with Mr. Blair to the office of General Scott, told him of the proposition that had been made to me, and my decision,' writes Lee. Long tells us, from a very indirect source, that General Scott 'used every argument to persuade him to remain in the Union.' 'But to all his pleading Colonel Lee returned but one answer, that his sense of duty was stronger with him than any prospect of advancement, and replied to the appeal not to resign in the following words, "I am compelled to: I cannot consult my own feeling in the matter."'

The narrative of the only person who seems to have been an eye and ear witness of the interview, General E. D. Townsend, exhibits Lee in a much less favorable aspect. It is so circumstantial that it must be quoted in full:—

'General Scott knew that he [Lee] was at Arlington Heights, at the house of his father-in-law, Mr. Custis, and one day asked me if I had seen or heard of him lately. I replied in the negative, except that he was on leave and at Arlington Heights. Said the general, "It is time he should show his hand and if he remains loyal should take an important command." I then suggested that I should write to Lee and ask him to call at the general's headquarters. "I wish you would," replied the general. The note was written and the next day, April 19th, 1861, Colonel Lee came to the office. The general's was the front room of the second story. His round table stood in the centre of the room and I had a desk in one corner. The aides were in an adjoining room, with a door opening into the general's. When Lee came in, I was alone in the room with the general and the door to the aides' room was closed. I quietly arose,

keeping my eye on the general, for it seemed probable he might wish to be alone with Lee. He, however, secretly motioned me to keep my seat, and I sat down without Lee having a chance to notice that I had risen. The general having invited Lee to be seated, the following conversation, as nearly as I can remember, took place. General Scott: "You are at present on leave of absence, Colonel Lee?" — Col. Lee: "Yes, General, I am staying with my family at Arlington." — Gen. Scott: "These are times when every officer in the United States service should fully determine what course he will pursue and frankly declare it. No one should continue in government employ without being actively employed." (No response from Lee.) — Gen. Scott (after a pause): "Some of the Southern officers are resigning, possibly with the intention of taking part with their States. They make a fatal mistake. The contest may be long and severe, but eventually the issue must be in favor of the Union." (Another pause and no reply from Lee.) — Gen. Scott (seeing evidently that Lee showed no disposition to declare himself loyal): "I suppose you will go with the rest. If you purpose to resign, it is proper you should do so at once; your present attitude is an equivocal one." — Col. Lee: "The property belonging to my children, all they possess, lies in Virginia. They will be ruined, if they do not go with their State. I cannot raise my hand against my children."

I have cited the whole of this account, because it is a curious instance of what appears to be reliable historical evidence, yet must, I am convinced, be substantially incorrect. In the first place, Townsend says April 19. Lee says explicitly, writing at the time, April 18. Next, Lee says he told General Scott of the proposition that had been made him and of his decision.

Nothing of the sort appears in Townsend's story. Further, Lee, writing to Mrs. Lee a few weeks later, bids his son Custis 'consult his own judgment, reason, and conscience as to the course he must take,' which does not seem to fit well with the argument that his children would 'be ruined, if they do not go with their State.' Finally, a very slight knowledge of Lee's character makes it impossible to suppose that, after weeks of careful, prayerful deliberation and moral conflict in view of the highest patriotic duties, the man who again and again refused the offers of a grateful nation to provide for his family and assure them from want, the man who wrote to his son in the midst of the struggle that 'all must be sacrificed for the country,' could have gone to a personal friend whom he respected as he did Scott, with nothing on his lips but the poor, the paltry, the pitiful argument for deserting his flag and his allegiance that his children's property lay in Virginia. It is true that Scott was a Virginian, and Lee had to be careful not to wound his superior in justifying himself. But no man ever lived who was capable of handling such a situation with more tact. If only we had Scott's and Lee's own versions of what passed between them on that memorable day!

As it is, we merely know that two days later Lee sent his resignation to Scott, with an affectionate and manly letter, expressing his regret at separating himself from the service 'to which I have devoted the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed'; and adding, 'save in the defense of my native State I never desire again to draw my sword.' Immediately after this he was offered and accepted the position of commander-in-chief of the forces of Virginia.

In considering Lee's conduct at this crisis it is a mistake to tangle one's self

up in the web of metaphysical casuistry which was woven about the whole constitutional question by the fine wits of a generation of legal quibblers. Cold common sense stands amazed that men should have been ready to cut each others' throats for the ingenious subtleties of Webster and Everett any more than for those of Calhoun and Davis. It seems as if mankind would not learn by all the experience of ages that passion is never at a loss for argument, or appreciate the force of Matthew Arnold's despairing comment, 'by such reasoning anything may be made out of anything.'

The first technical charge that Lee has to answer, the one most commonly brought against him, is that, having accepted his education and support at the hands of the United States Government, and sworn allegiance to it, he broke his military oath and betrayed his trust. This charge Lee has discussed himself, and I think disposed of it finally. 'General Lee told Bishop Wilmer of Louisiana that if it had not been for the instruction he got from Rawle's text-book at West Point, he would not have joined the South and left the old army at the breaking-out of the late war between the States.'

Rawle's *View of the Constitution of the United States of America* was put into the hands of the young officer, by the very government he is accused of betraying, as the law and model for his conduct, both military and political. What does Rawle say? 'It depends on the state itself to retain or abolish the principle of representation, because it depends on itself whether it will continue a member of the Union. To deny this right would be inconsistent with the principle on which all our political systems are founded, which is, that the people have, in all cases, a right to determine how they will be governed. This right must be considered as an in-

redient in the composition of the general government, which, though not expressed, was mutually understood, and the doctrine heretofore presented to the reader in regard to the indefeasible nature of personal allegiance, is so far qualified in respect to allegiance to the United States. It was observed that it was competent for a state to make a compact with its citizens, that the reciprocal obligation of protection and allegiance might cease on certain events; and it was further observed that allegiance would necessarily cease on the dissolution of the society to which it was due.' Surely a government which made this the basis of education for its officers could hardly blame them for leaving it at the call of duty from their states.

When the action of Lee and his fellows is surveyed on simpler, broader grounds, one or two general considerations present themselves. In a popular government, whenever any large distinct section of the people thinks that it is permanently oppressed by the remainder, it will revolt. No theory, no legal argument, no paper constitution, will ever prevent this. And in a government made up of long-established, originally independent units, as imperfectly welded together as were the United States in 1860, such a revolt is peculiarly likely to occur. It is true that the North then felt, and probably for the most part feels now, that the South was not oppressed. The South felt that it was oppressed, and did exactly what the North would have done under the same circumstances. I know of no more constant lover of the Union than Washington. Yet Washington wrote, 'There is nothing which holds one country or one state to another but interest.'

This general justification or explanation of the Southern revolt does not, however, explain everything in the case of Lee. For up to the very hour of Vir-

ginia's decision he clung to the Union, and was opposed to secession both in theory and in practice. In January, 1861, he wrote, 'I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation. . . . Secession is nothing but revolution. The framers of our Constitution never exhausted so much labor, wisdom, and forbearance in its formation, and surrounded it with so many guards and securities, if it was intended to be broken by every member of the Confederation at will. It was intended for "perpetual union," so expressed in the preamble,' — Lee of course here confounds the Constitution of the United States with the 'Articles of Confederation,' — 'and for the establishment of a government, not a compact, which can only be dissolved by revolution or the consent of all the people in convention assembled. It is idle to talk of secession. Anarchy would have been established and not a government by Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, and the other patriots of the Revolution.'

Surely neither Webster nor Everett ever spoke for Federal Union with an ardor more passionate than this. And after all was over Lee testified before the Committee on Reconstruction: 'I may have said and I may have believed that the position of the two sections which they held to each other was brought about by the politicians of the country; that the great masses of the people, if they understood the real question, would have avoided it. . . . I did believe at the time that it was an unnecessary condition of affairs and might have been avoided, if forbearance and wisdom had been practiced on both sides.'

It will at once be asked, why, then,

did Lee leave the Union? Because Virginia left it, and he felt that Virginia was his country. And I cannot see how any citizen of the old colonial states, with all the memories and traditions of his forefathers in his heart and all the local attachments and fellowships that constitute home, can fail even now to sympathize with such an attitude. 'No consideration on earth could induce me to act a part, however gratifying to me, which could be construed into faithlessness to this Commonwealth,' wrote Lee's father to Madison; and at another time he expressed himself still more strongly: 'Virginia is my country; her I will obey, however lamentable the fate to which it may subject me.' Longstreet, in describing his own decision, tells us that 'a number of officers of the post called to persuade me to remain in the Union service. Captain Gibbs, of the Mounted Rifles, was the principal talker, and after a long and pleasant discussion, I asked him what course he would pursue if his State should pass ordinances of secession and call him to its defense. He confessed that he would obey the call.' Honorable Charles Francis Adams, who has surely done more than any one else to help Lee on to the national glory which is his due, said in his Lee Centennial address, 'I hope I should have been filial and unselfish enough myself to have done as Lee did.' Finally, if one may quote one's own feeling as perhaps representative of many, I do not hesitate to say that in the certainly most improbable, but perhaps not wholly impossible, contingency of a future sectional separation in the country, however much I might disapprove of such separation and its causes, I should myself be first, last, and always a son and subject of New England and of Massachusetts.

There is a deeper principle involved in this attitude than the mere blind

instinct of local patriotism. When the Union was first established, its founders had an intense and wholesome dread of centralized power, but the state governments were at that time so strong and the federal so weak that it was necessary to emphasize the latter in every possible way in order to sustain it at all. In the nature of the case, however, from the very beginning the federal government absorbed more and more power to itself, and the states tended gradually to lose even the authority which had originally been left them. In one sense the Civil War was a protest on the part of the South against this evolution, and an attempt to restore the constitutional balance as the men of 1787 had planned it. That protest had to be met, had to be crushed, or worse, incalculable evils would have resulted. But the failure of it much increased the rapidity of the evolution already in progress. To-day the citizens of the newer states, and many in the older, doubtless look upon the state governments as an antiquated survival, especially as this very attitude deteriorates those governments and everywhere breeds incompetence and corruption. Such people would sympathize entirely with the remark of a writer in the *Outlook*: 'Lee's engrossing sentiment for his native State, mildly commendable though it might have been, was a pinchbeck thing.'

This development of national unity, of national feeling, is probably inevitable, is in many ways excellent and admirable; but it has its very grave dangers, and is in itself certainly much less promising for the future of popular government than the careful balance of local and central authority for which the Constitution originally provided. Such, at any rate, was the opinion of Lee, reiterated in manifold forms, all through the war. He, at least, felt, with the most earnest con-

viction, that he was fighting for the ideas of Washington and Jefferson, and that in his place they would have done as he did. 'I had no other guide, nor had I any other object than the defense of those principles of American liberty upon which the constitutions of the several States were originally founded; and unless they are strictly observed, I fear there will be an end to Republican government in this country.' Again he says in general orders, 'They [the Confederate soldiers] cannot barter manhood for peace, nor the right of self-government for life or property. . . . Let us then oppose constancy to adversity, fortitude to suffering, and courage to danger, with the firm assurance that He who gave freedom to our fathers will bless the efforts of their children to preserve it.' And at the close of the war he expressed the same feeling quite as explicitly and solemnly: 'We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor.'

As we read these passionate confessions of faith, we almost come to look upon Lee as one of the great martyrs of liberty, one of the heroic champions of free democracy and popular government. And then we reflect a moment and ask ourselves, 'But was not this man fighting for Negro slavery?' It cannot be disputed that he was. Southern writers may quibble as they please about slavery not being the cause of the war. Nobody denies that there were other causes, many of them, lying deep in difference of climate, difference of breeding, difference of local temperament. But no one can seriously maintain that any of those other causes, or all of them together, could have led to any sectional quarrel that might not have been easily settled, if it had not been for the dark phantom, the terrible midnight incubus of slavery.

As we look back now, we all see that, in the words attributed to Lincoln, 'the people of the North were as responsible for slavery as the people of the South,' and that honest, noble, pure spirits could advocate it as well as oppose it. We are all ready to sympathize with the words which Lincoln actually wrote: "You think slavery is right and ought to be extended; we think it is wrong and ought to be restricted. For this, neither has any just occasion to be angry with the other." Nay, more, we are beginning to be skeptical ourselves. The abolitionists of the sixties went at their problem gayly, confident that if the Negro were once free, all would be well. Forty years have taught us better, until some are almost ready to cry out that the South was right and the North wrong. It is not so. The future must take care of itself. The nineteenth century made many mistakes. But it showed once for all that the modern world can never again have anything to do with slavery. 'I advise Senators to let the humane current of an advancing and Christian civilization spread over this continent,' said Henry Wilson. Senators and other persons who fought for slavery had their backs to the light and their faces turned toward outer darkness.

It will immediately be urged that Lee was no advocate of slavery. This cannot be denied. It is true that his attitude toward the Negro was distinctly the Southern attitude, and also, it must be added, that of most Northerners who live long in the South. 'I have always observed,' he writes, 'that wherever you find the Negro, you see everything going down around him, and wherever you find the white man, you see everything around him improving.' Again, to his son, after the war, 'You will never prosper with the blacks, and it is abhorrent to a reflecting mind to be supporting and cherishing those who

are plotting and working for your injury and all of whose sympathies and associations are antagonistic to yours. I wish them no evil in the world, on the contrary will do them every good in my power, and know that they are misled by those to whom they have given their confidence; but our material, social, and political interests are with the whites.'

Furthermore, he had no sympathy with the Northern abolitionists, and believed that they were working in utter ignorance of actual conditions as well as with a disposition to meddle where they had no legal or moral right to interfere. He even went so far as to write, toward the very close of the struggle, that he considered 'the relation of master and slave, controlled by humane laws and influenced by Christianity and an enlightened public sentiment, as the best that can exist between the white and black races while intermingled as at present in this country.' This passage does not appear in the Southern biographies of Lee, and it can be justly interpreted only as a partial utterance in view of a most complicated and difficult problem. For that Lee himself disliked slavery there can be no possible doubt. The few slaves that ever belonged to him personally he set free long before the war, and he took time in the very thick of his military duties to arrange at the appointed date for the manumission of those who had been left to his wife by her father. Before the war, also, he expressed himself on the general subject in the most explicit way. 'In this enlightened age there are few, I believe, but will acknowledge that slavery, as an institution, is a moral and political evil in any country.'

The very letter from which I quoted above as to the benefits of the relation between master and slave was written to urge gradual abolition as a

reward for faithful military service, and some remarks attributed to Lee after the war form the best possible comment on his pro-slavery utterance, especially in view of all that has come and gone in the last forty years. 'The best men of the South have long desired to do away with the institution and were quite willing to see it abolished. But with them in relation to this subject the question has ever been: what will you do with the freed people? That is the serious question today. Unless some humane course, based upon wisdom and Christian principles, is adopted, you do them a great injustice in setting them free.'

Yet, after all, in fighting for the Confederacy, Lee was fighting for slavery, and he must have known perfectly well that if the South triumphed and got free, slavery would grow and flourish for another century at least. It is precisely this network of moral conditions that makes his heroic struggle so pathetic, so appealing, so irresistibly human. For the great tragedies of human life and history come from the intermingling of good and evil. And Lee is one of the most striking, one of the noblest tragic figures the world ever produced. Matthew Arnold says that the Puritans in fighting for English liberty put the human spirit in prison for two hundred years. This man, fighting, as he believed, for freedom, for independence, for democracy, was fighting also to rivet the shackles more firmly on millions of his fellow men. A most striking passage in Burke's *Conciliation* brings out this contrast with a prophetic force which no after-comment can equal:—

'There is, however, a circumstance attending these colonies, which, in my opinion, fully counterbalances this difference, and makes the spirit of liberty still more high and haughty than in those to the northward. It is, that in

Virginia and the Carolinas they have a vast multitude of slaves. Where this is the case in any part of the world, those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. . . . Not seeing there, that freedom, as in countries where it is a common blessing, and as broad and general as the air, may be united with much abject toil, with great misery, with all the exterior of servitude, liberty looks, amongst them, like something that is more noble and liberal. I do not mean, Sir, to commend the superior morality of this sentiment, which has at least as much pride as virtue in it; but I cannot alter the nature of man. The fact is so; and these people of the Southern colonies are much more strongly, and with a higher and more stubborn spirit, attached to liberty than those to the northward.'

In Lee, no pride, but virtue all; not liberty for himself alone, but for others, for every one. And this it is that makes the tragedy of his career so large, so fatal, so commanding in its grandeur.

One element which, since Hamlet, we consider peculiarly tragic, is, however, wanting in Lee. There is no trace of irresolution in him, no faltering, no looking back. We have indirectly from Mrs. Lee her account of the way in which the first decision was made. 'The night his letter of resignation was to be written, he asked to be left alone for a time, and while he paced the chamber above, and was heard frequently to fall upon his knees and engage in prayer for divine guidance, she waited and watched and prayed below. At last he came down, calm, collected, almost cheerful, and said, "Well, Mary, the question is settled. Here is my letter of resignation and a letter I have written to General Scott."' The question was settled — finally; and in all his correspondence or recorded conver-

sation there is nothing to indicate regret or even further doubt.

'Trusting in God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow citizens,' he accepted the command of the armies of Virginia; and as the war progressed, his zeal for the cause and loyalty to his high ideals seemed to be ever on the increase. Not that he showed bitterness towards the enemy. Or at least it is only at moments that the unavoidable horror of war wrings from him a word of reproach or condemnation, as when he says of the obstruction of Charleston harbor, 'This achievement, so unworthy of any nation, is the abortive expression of the malice and revenge of a people which it wishes to perpetuate by rendering more hateful a day memorable in their calendar'; or speaks of the 'savage and brutal policy which he [Milroy] has proclaimed, which leaves us no alternative but success or degradation worse than death, if we would save the honor of our families from pollution, our social system from destruction.' His general tone in referring to 'those people,' as he almost always called the Northern soldiers, is wholly in the spirit of his own admirable saying, 'The better rule is to judge our adversaries from their standpoint, not from ours.' But over and over again, to his family, to his friends, to his army, he expresses his pride in the cause he has adopted, his absolute belief in its nobility and justice, his unyielding determination to fight for it so long as any fighting is possible.

'Let each man resolve that the right of self-government, liberty, and peace shall find in him a defender,' he says to his soldiers in the early days; and commends to them 'the sacred cause, dearer than life itself, of defending the honor and integrity of the State.' At the climax of the struggle, with the bright hope of success before him, he consoles them for their dangers. 'The country

consents to the loss of such men as these and the gallant soldiers who fell with them, only to secure the inestimable blessings they died to obtain.' And at the last bitter parting he assures them that 'You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed.'

So in reviewing his own private conduct, when all is over, he cannot blame his choice or regret his decision. 'All that the South has ever desired was that the Union, as established by our forefathers, should be preserved, and that the government as originally organized, should be administered in purity and truth.' Or again, more solemnly, 'I did only what my duty demanded. I could have taken no other course without dishonor. And if it were all to be done over again, I should act in precisely the same manner.'

Finally, it is to be noted that Lee's conduct from beginning to end was absolutely free from all thought of personal credit or advantage. He gave up the highest position in his profession for what was, to say the least, a dim uncertainty. He was fifty-four years old, and such dreams of glory as he may once have cherished had doubtless long faded in the hope of peace. One consideration and one only, the desire to

do right, prompted him in all he undertook and in all he accomplished. And when the fearful failure came, when everything was sinking to wreck and ruin about him, though his heart was torn in anguish for the sufferings of others, for his own lot there was nothing but superb tranquillity, a calm, unyielding, heroic self-control which rested upon the consciousness that he had done what man could do, and all the rest was God's. He might have used the splendid words of Demosthenes: 'I say that if the event had been manifest to the whole world beforehand, not even then ought Athens to have forsaken this course, if Athens had any regard for her glory, or for her past, or for the ages to come.' But he had words of his own, as apt, perhaps as splendid, as those of Demosthenes: the well-known and often quoted, 'Duty is the sublimest word in the language'; the less well-known but not less noble, 'There is a true glory and a true honor, the glory of duty done, the honor of the integrity of principle'; best of all, the grandly tragic phrase, addressed to his son, which forms the most perfect comment on his own career: 'I know that wherever you may be placed, you will do your duty. That is all the pleasure, all the comfort, all the glory we can enjoy in this world.'

ONE WAY TO AN AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE

BY FRANCIS T. BOWLES

THE fact is so well known that it is not necessary to cite statistics to prove that substantially all the transportation of the enormous oversea commerce of the United States is conducted by foreigners in their own vessels; about three fourths of it by two nations, England and Germany. This is true also of the passenger traffic on the ocean, to and from the United States and all parts of the world.

The amount which we pay annually for these services has been variously estimated at from twenty-five million to three hundred million dollars. Whatever the amount may be, it is a large sum, sufficient to be an important factor in the balance of trade and a serious matter when our exports of natural products are rapidly decreasing. While opinions may differ as to who pays the freight, one thing is certain, that the foreigner gets the money, and also all the side issues of insurance and commercial connections that go with it.

The smaller estimate recently published of the value of these services is certainly not sufficient to attract the large and growing foreign capital engaged in conducting our commerce, and would not account for the very capable and eminent people engaged in it, nor for the care taken in the regulation and division of the business among themselves, as shown by the occasional news of their disagreements. It is also certain that the foreign control of the ocean transportation of the United States is not wholly for our welfare, and that it is not directed to the extension

of our markets for manufactured goods.

In addition to these undeniable facts, there are many other cogent reasons why the United States should, in a policy of the most enlightened selfishness, carry a large part of this traffic in its own vessels and under its own flag.

The reasons are well established in history and political economy, and were better known to the founders of the Republic than they are to-day, for we, in the activities of internal development and the prosperity of great natural resources, have neglected them for many years.

One thing is certain: we shall not acquire this business, so important to our continued welfare, by the policy of neglect we have pursued in the past. The experience of eighty years or more proves that. Since the period of 1815 to 1849, when our discriminating duties and tonnage dues ceased to protect our shipping and shipbuilding, substantially nothing has been done to this day, so far as ocean commerce is concerned, to equalize our handicaps of higher wages and belated mechanical development in the technical work of shipbuilding.

From that time England devoted capital and the best talent to shipbuilding and ship-management. Our mechanical and inventive talent devoted itself to more profitable protected industries. The lowest state of the art of shipbuilding in this country was reached about 1880, about the period when the reconstruction of the Navy was begun, and at that time we were

woefully behind the state of the art abroad, owing to our decadent merchant marine. Germany has followed in the lead of England, making an enormous development of its general commerce, and now these two countries practically control our sea transportation.

It would appear that there is in this country a growing sense of the economic value of conducting a proper proportion of this business under our own flag. Senators and Representatives in Congress, without regard to party, express such views, and each administration seems to favor them.

The Republican party in its 1908 platform said: '*Merchant Marine*. We adhere to the Republican doctrine of encouragement to American shipping, and urge such legislation as will revive the merchant-marine prestige of the country, so essential to national defense, the enlargement of foreign trade, and the industrial prosperity of our own people.'

The Democrats in their 1908 platform said: 'We believe in the upbuilding of the American merchant marine, without new or additional burdens upon the people and without bounties from the public Treasury.'

The latter expression is vague as to methods, but if it means that ocean commerce can be acquired without expense it is of course mere buncombe; this business can no more be obtained without an investment by the nation as well as by individuals, than an omelet can be made without breaking eggs.

President McKinley recommended discriminating duties, but the Republican party in 1903, for the second time, brought in a subsidy bill, which fell before the usual practical and sentimental objections.

This bill has been followed by a subsidy for mail steamers and a bill for higher ocean-mail compensation. Both

have failed, and, while they have had some valiant friends, have received generally half-hearted support.

The Democrats have protested their devotion to the cause of the merchant marine, and have introduced discriminating-duty and free-ship bills, in form and substance not approved by any one having a knowledge of the subject. The proposal of discriminating duty failed to deal with the free list, which includes 49 per cent of the value of our imports and over 90 per cent of the imports from South America, the region where it is most important to have American cargo traffic, and where discriminating duties would have little or no effect. Freeships for ocean commerce nobody wants, as American ship-owners cannot afford to operate them at the American scale of wages.

If it be really true, as is often asserted, that the revival of the merchant marine, like the building of the navy, is a national and not a partisan object, is it not possible to get together on a practicable plan? Suppose we admit — for argument's sake, anyhow — that the subsidy scheme is a failure; certainly it has many practical objections, and no one wants it if any other scheme will answer.

There is a statute on the books, Ocean Mail Act of 1891, which provides a moderate compensation for carrying the mails. We know it is not sufficient to increase the number of American ships in the trans-Atlantic trade, and we know it has been insufficient to prevent the failure of two American lines on the Pacific, but as a part of a more comprehensive scheme it is useful and will be necessary.

Suppose there should be enacted a law providing that on all goods imported in American vessels on which the ad valorem duty exceeds 41 per cent there should be a reduction of duty of 5 per cent, and on all goods on which the

ad valorem duty is 41 per cent or less, or which are non-dutiable, the importer should receive an importer's certificate available only for the payment of duties at the custom house and equal in value to 2.05 per cent of the value of the goods so imported.

The average rate of duty under the present tariff is understood to be 41 per cent ad valorem, and 2.05 is 5 per cent of 41. These figures may not be exact, but they are intended to be sufficient to create a demand for American cargo boats in the foreign trade by enabling the shipper to pay such vessels a higher rate of freight on homeward voyages and enough higher to overcome the handicap of higher cost of vessels and operation under the American flag. They are probably sufficient for the purpose on all except some low-priced bulky cargoes.

On outward voyages the American would be obliged to take the competitive rate.

If, then, all our imports were carried in American vessels and half the goods were free or non-dutiable, this proposed law would be equivalent to a 10 per cent reduction in the tariff.

On the North Atlantic the immigration traffic is the most profitable element of the trade, and largely accounts for the building of the large and commodious vessels advertised in this country for first-class passengers, and, therefore, it would be essential to the revival of the American merchant service there to enact a law remitting the head-tax of four dollars on immigrants arriving in American vessels. There can be no objection to this.

Mail steamers, in addition to the advantage of these discriminating duties, could secure mail pay under the existing law, and would have the additional help of the remission of the immigrant head-tax.

It has always been urged against the

scheme of discriminating duties that it would be necessary to abolish the free list, as it succeeded only in the early days of the Republic, when practically all imports were dutiable. The present suggestion obviates that objection, and also narrowly escapes the objections to bounties from the Treasury.

It has been stated that discriminating duties would be a more expensive method of building up shipping than a direct subsidy, which is probably correct, if we assume the direct subsidy to be paid out only as reasonable compensation for a valuable service rendered; but this would not always be the case. There would, of course, be waste in either method, and it is probable that discriminating duties would produce the most business-like results, without any possible suspicion of the favoritism so inevitable in subsidy.

Discriminating duties in the indirect trade have been frequently advocated as the best way of acquiring the carrying trade with South America and other non-carrying nations, by the exclusion of the Europeans from the transportation of the produce of such nations to the United States.

This method has been recommended as being less liable to produce retaliation from the carrying nations; their direct trade is not disturbed, while it has been supposed that discrimination in the indirect trade was not forbidden by the treaties of commerce.

It is not likely, however, that discrimination in the indirect trade would long continue unmolested, owing to the modern mobility of capital, and if the United States undertakes this task it may as well conclude to face the music by complete discrimination at once; for it would inevitably be necessary. Besides, discrimination in the indirect trade is forbidden, in effect, by all the treaties of commerce, and specifically by the great majority.

The remaining objection to discriminating duties is the disturbance to existing treaties. This objection has risen to a clamor, yet it has never been thoroughly discussed, or given the serious study it deserves. It has no weight or force unless this disturbance will cause a loss of business more valuable to us than that which we seek to gain by the necessary changes in these conventions.

It is certain, however, that we are under no obligation or promise, by treaty or otherwise, to any nation, which prevents us from adopting the method herein suggested for the regulation of our own commerce, provided we treat all nations alike. We have the authority of the Constitution for the regulation of commerce, and it was for that purpose in large measure that the Constitution was made and adopted.

It should be understood that if the United States should resort again to discriminating duties to reestablish our shipping in the foreign trade, it would be not only a radical change in policy, but a reversion to a method of protection of national shipping which has passed out of open use by foreign nations.

From 1789 to 1816 American shipping was wholly protected by an advantage of 10 per cent in duties on imports, and by a tonnage tax of 6 cents against 50 cents for foreign vessels.

After the Treaty of Ghent (1814), following the War of 1812, Congress passed the first reciprocity act of commerce and navigation (March 3, 1815), authorizing the President to abolish all discriminating duties and imposts in the direct trade with nations giving similar privileges. This method was followed in a treaty with England, ratified on December 22, 1815, applying to the direct trade with Great Britain and India, West Indian and all other British colonial ports remaining closed to American vessels. Similar treaties followed and became effective in 1819 with Swe-

den and Norway; in 1822 with France.

In 1828 Congress removed discriminating duties and imposts in the indirect trade as to vessels whose nations extended similar privileges.

Great Britain still refused to open its West Indian ports to United States vessels. That was finally effected in 1830 by the passage of the last or colonial reciprocity act. England did not open other colonial ports to United States vessels until 1849, and soon after our discriminating duties and imposts were finally abolished.

In the report of the United States Commissioner of Navigation for 1904 there are published the treaties and conventions with thirty-two countries, considering the various German treaties as one, which have been made to carry out the acts of 1815, 1828, and 1830 for free-trade in transportation of our oversea commerce. The treaties are similar in terms and import, and are generally confined to this subject; they all include the indirect trade except those with England and France, with whom our later reciprocity acts became effective by proclamation, and not by treaty. The acts of Congress authorize, and each treaty provides, that it may be terminated by one year's notice.

These acts of maritime reciprocity seem to have been urged upon Congress by merchants in the foreign trade, but were passed under the apparently firm conviction that protection was no longer necessary for American shipping. The impression is derived from the debates that Congress was well aware of the importance and value of the carrying trade, but considered that American shipping could be carried on to advantage in competition with the world, and that the really important matter was to secure access to all ports on terms of equality. Senator Woodbury of New Hampshire, in reporting the bill of 1828, said, —

'We are known to possess a skill and economy in building vessels, a cheapness in fitting them out, an activity in sailing them, which, *without discrimination*, would give us an advantage in coping with any commercial power in existence. Such are the accurate calculations of our merchants, the youth and agility of our seamen, and the intelligence of our ship-masters, that American vessels can, on an average, make three trips to Europe while a foreign vessel is making two. It must be manifest to all [that] circumstances like these, rather than any discriminating duty, must always give and maintain to us a superiority and *protection* which leave nothing to be feared from the fullest competition.'

The results of apparent free-trade in transportation are writ large and plain. Immediately after each reciprocity treaty with a carrying nation its entries in our ports largely increased, and continued to increase as commerce developed more rapidly than our own tonnage. The maximum proportion by value of our oversea commerce carried in American vessels was reached about 1830, when it amounted to about 90 per cent. Since then it has steadily decreased until it has reached almost the vanishing point, about 8 per cent. The tonnage registered for the foreign trade reached a maximum in 1861; and in 1909, when our commerce had increased fourfold, was about one third of the tonnage of 1861.

Let us suppose that the methods herein suggested would, in ten years, at a cost which could not exceed ten millions a year, win us 50 per cent of our carrying trade, and that we should then have a balance of a hundred millions a year in our favor. That is surely a consideration of value to us as a nation, and one which we can afford to endeavor openly to secure.

We make our tariff to protect our industries, and we know the results; yet for eighty years we have neglected this enormous item in our trade-balance which other more clever nations have secured, and mainly because it is one that does not appear on the books of the Treasury. Other nations, we know, have assisted their shipping by various means, by subsidies, by mail pay, by favorable tax laws and port charges, by bounties, and other valuable privileges. We seem unable to face the direct aid of subsidy, so why not announce to the world that we propose to take a fair proportion of the carrying trade by the means provided us by the Constitution; and why not announce it as clearly and unmistakably as we proclaim in every tariff bill that we propose to retain the home market of the United States for our own manufactures? It is not to be expected that the foreigner will like the one announcement better than the other; but he has no stronger weapons with which to meet it, and we have no reason to fear in either case.

The foreigner is himself a protectionist in his own national policy, wherever protection is needed. All continental Europe bristles with hostile tariffs against our foodstuffs and manufactures, and even in Great Britain, the one professedly free-trade country, that free-trade policy ceases at the water's edge. An expenditure of three hundred million dollars in mail and Admiralty subsidies in the last sixty years must estop the British government from protesting against the adoption of another policy of maritime protectionism by America. A discriminating-duty plan applied to shipping will not hurt foreign nations one tenth so much as our present policy of tariff discrimination on behalf of American manufacturers. Retaliation will be no more possible or effective in the one case than in the other.

THE TIDE-MARSH

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

'WHAT are you going to wear to-night in case you *can* go, Mary Bell?' said Ellen Brewster in her lowest tones.

'Come upstairs and I'll show you,' said Mary Bell Barber, glancing, as they tiptoed out of the room, toward the kitchen's sunny big west window, where the invalid mother lay in uneasy slumber.

'My new white looks grand,' said Ellen on the stairs. 'I made it empire.'

Mary Bell said nothing. She opened the door of her spacious bare bedroom, where tree shadows lay like a pattern on the faded carpet, and the sinking sun found worn places in the clean white curtains. On the bed lay a little ruffled pink gown, a petticoat foamy with lace, white stockings, and white slippers. Mary Bell caught up the gown and held the shoulders against her own, regarding the older girl meanwhile with innocent, exultant eyes. Ellen was impressed.

'Well, for pity's sake — if you have n't done wonders with that dress!' she ejaculated admiringly. 'What on earth did you do to it?'

'Well — first I thought it was too far gone,' confessed Mary Bell, laying it down tenderly, 'and I wished I had n't been in such a hurry to get my new hat. But I ripped it all up and washed it, and I took these little roses off my year-before-last hat, and got a new pattern, — and I tell you I *worked*! Wait until you see it on! I just finished pressing it this afternoon.'

'Oh, say — I hope you can go now, after all this!' said Ellen earnestly.

The other girl's face clouded.

'I'll never get over it if I don't!' she said. 'It seems to me I never wanted to go anywhere so much in all my life! But some one's got to stay with mama.'

'I'd go crazy, — not *knowing*!' said Ellen. 'Who are you going to ask?'

'There it is!' said Mary Bell. 'Until yesterday I thought of course Gran'ma Scott would come. Then Mary died, and she went up to Dayne. So I went over and asked Bernie; her baby is n't but three weeks old, you know, and I thought she might bring it over here. Mama would love to have it! But late last night Tom came over, and he said Bernie was so crazy to go, they were going to take the baby along!'

'You poor thing!' said the sympathetic listener.

'I was nearly crazy!' said Mary Bell, crimping a pink ruffle with careful finger-tips. 'I was working on this when he came, and after he'd gone I crumpled it all up and cried all over it! Well, I guess I did n't sleep much, and finally, I got up early, and wrote a letter to Aunt Matty, in Sacramento, and I ran over to Dinwoodie's with it this morning, and asked Lew if he was going up there to-day. He said he was, and he took the note for Aunt Mat. I told her about the dance, and that every one was going, and asked her to come back with Lew. He said he'd see her first thing!'

'Oh, she will!' said Ellen confidently. 'But, say, Mary Bell, why don't you walk over to the hotel with me now and ask Johnnie if she'll stay if your

aunt does n't come? I don't believe she and Walt are going.'

'They might n't want to leave the hotel on account of drummers on the night train,' said Mary Bell dubiously. 'And that's the very time mama gets most scared. She's always afraid there are boes on the train!'

'Boes!' said Ellen scornfully, 'what could a bo do!'

'Well, I *will* go over and talk to Johnnie,' said Mary Bell, with sudden hope. 'I'm going to get all ready except my dress, in case Aunt Mat comes,' she confided eagerly, when she had kissed the drowsy mother, and they were on their way.

'Say, did you know that Jim Carr is going to-night with Carrie Parmalee?' said Ellen significantly, as the girls crossed the clean, bare dooryard, under the blossoming locust trees.

Mary Bell's heart grew cold, — sank. She had hoped, if she *did* go, that some chance might make her escort no other than Jim Carr.

'It'll make me sick if she gets him,' said Ellen frankly. Although engaged herself, she felt an unabated interest in the love-affairs about her.

'Is he going to drive her over?' asked Mary Bell, clearing her throat.

'No, thank the Lord for that!' said Ellen piously. 'No. It's all Mrs. Parmalee's doing, anyway! His horse is lame, and I guess she thought it was a good chance! He'll drive over there with Gus and mama and papa and Sadie and Mar'gret; and I guess he'll get enough of 'em, too!'

Mary Bell breathed again. He had n't asked Carrie, anyway. And if she, Mary Bell, really went to the dance, and the pink frock looked well, and Jim Carr saw all the other boys crowding about her for dances —

The rosy dream brought them to the steps of the American Palace Hotel, for Deaneville was only a village, and a

brisk walker might have circled it in twenty minutes. The hideous brown hotel, with its long porches, was the largest building in the place, except for hay-barns, and fruit-storehouses. Three or four saloons, a 'social hall,' the 'general store,' and the smithy, formed the main street, and diverging from it scattered the wide shady lanes that led to old homesteads and orchards.

'Johnnie,' Walt Larabee's little black-eyed manager and wife, and the most beloved of Deaneville matrons, was in the bare, odorous hallway. She was clad in faded blue denim overalls, and a floating transparent kimono of some cheap stuff. Her coal-black hair was rigidly puffed and pinned, and ornamented with two coquettish red roses, and her thin cheeks were rouged.

'Well, say — don't you girls think you're the whole thing!' said the lady blithely. 'Not for a minute! Walt and me are going to this dance, too!'

She waved toward them one of the slippers she was cleaning.

'Walt said somethin' about it yes'-day,' continued Mrs. Larabee, with relish, 'but I said no; no twelve-mile drive for me, with a young baby! But some folks we know came down on the morning train — you girls have heard me speak of Ed and Lizzie Purdy?'

'Oh, yes!' said Mary Bell, sick with one more disappointment.

'Well,' pursued Johnnie, 'they had dinner here, and come t' talk it over, Lizzie was wild to go, and Ed got Walt all worked up, and nothing would do but we must get out our old carryall, and take their Thelma and my Maxine along! Well, *laugh* — we were like a lot of kids! I'm crazy to dance just once in Pitcher's barn. We're going up early, and have our supper up there.'

'We're going to do that, too,' said Ellen, with pleasant anticipation. 'Ma and I always help set tables, and so on! It's lots of fun!'

Mary Bell's face grew sober as she listened. It *would* be fun to be one of the gay party in the big barn, in the twilight, and to have her share of the unpacking and arranging, and the excitement of arriving wagons and groups. The great supper of cold chicken and boiled eggs and fruit and pickles, the fifty varieties of cake, would be spread downstairs; and upstairs the musicians would be tuning their instruments as early as seven o'clock, and the eager boys and girls trying their steps, and changing cards. And then there would be feasting and laughing and talking, and, above all, dancing until dawn!

'Beg pardon, Johnnie?' she stammered.

'Well, looks like some one round here is in love, or something!' said Johnnie freshly. 'I never had it that bad, did you, Ellen? Ellen's been telling me how you're fixed, Mary Bell,' she went on with deep concern, 'and I was suggestin' that you run over to the general store, and ask Mis' Rowe — or I should say, Mis' Bates,' she corrected herself with a grin, and the girls laughed — 'if she won't sleep at your house to-night. Chess'll tend store. It'll be something fierce if you don't go, Mary Bell, so you run along and ask the bride!' laughed Johnnie.

'I believe I would,' approved Ellen; and the girls accordingly crossed the grassy uneven street to the store.

An immense gray-haired woman was in the doorway.

'Well, is it ribbon or stockings, or what?' said she, smiling. 'The place has gone crazy! There ain't going to be a soul here but me to-night.'

Mary Bell was silent. Ellen spoke.

'Chess ain't going, is he?' she asked.

The old woman shook with laughter.

'Chess ain't nothing but a regular kid,' she said. 'He was dying to go, but he knew I could n't, and he never said a word. Finally, my boy Tom and his

wife, and Len and Josie and the children, they all drove by on their way to Pitcher's; and Len — he's a good deal older'n Chess, you know — he says to me, "You'd oughter leave Chess come along with the rest of us, ma; jest because he's married ain't no reason he's forgot how to dance!" Well, I burst right out laughing, and I says, "Why did n't he say he wanted to go?" and Chess run upstairs for his other suit, and off they all went!'

There was nothing for it, then, but to wait for Lew Dinwoodie and the news from Aunt Mat.

Mary Bell walked slowly back through the fragrant lanes, passed now and then by a surrey loaded with joyous passengers already bound for Pitcher's barn. She was at her own gate, when a voice calling her whisked her about as if by magic.

'Hello, Mary Bell!' said Jim Carr, joining her. But she looked so pretty in her blue cotton dress, with the yellow level of a field of mustard-tops behind her, and beyond that the wind-break of gold-tipped eucalyptus trees, that he went on almost confusedly, 'You — you look terribly pretty in that dress! Is that what you're going to wear?'

'This!' laughed Mary Bell. And she raised her dancing eyes, to grow a little confused in her turn. Nature, obedient to whose law blossoms were whitening the fruit trees, wheat pricking through the damp earth, robins mating in the orchards, had laid the first thread of her great bond upon these two. They smiled silently at each other.

'I'm not even sure I'm going!' said Mary Bell ruefully.

The sudden look of concern in his face went straight to her heart. Jim Carr really cared, then, that she could n't go! Big, clever, kindly Jim Carr, who was superintendent at the powerhouse, and a comparative newcomer

in Deaneville, was an important personage.

'Not going!' said Jim blankly. 'Oh, say — why not!'

Mary Bell explained. But Jim was encouraging.

'Why, of course your aunt will come!' he assured her sturdily. 'She'll know what it means to you. You'll go up with the Dickeyes, won't you? I'm going up early, with the Parmalees, but I'll look out for you! I've got to hunt up my kid brother now; he's got to sleep at Montgomery's to-night. I don't want him alone at the hotel, if Johnnie is n't there. If you happen to see him, will you tell him?'

'All right,' said Mary Bell. And her spirits were sufficiently braced by his encouragement to enable her to call cheerfully after him, 'See you later, Jim!'

'See you later!' he shouted back, and Mary Bell went back to the kitchen with a lightened heart. Aunt Mat would n't — *could n't* — fail her!

She carried a carefully prepared tray in to her mother at five o'clock, and sat beside her while the invalid slowly finished her milk-toast and tea, and the cookies and jelly Mary Bell was famous for. The girl chatted cheerfully.

'You don't feel very badly about the dance, do you, deary?' said Mrs. Barber, as the gentle young hands settled her comfortably for the night.

'Not a speck!' answered Mary Bell bravely, as she kissed her.

'Bernie and Johnnie going — married women!' said the old lady sleepily. 'I never heard such nonsense! Don't you go out of call, will you, dear?'

Mary Bell was eating her own supper, ten minutes later, when the train whistled, and she ran, breathless, to the road, to meet Lew Dinwoodie.

'What did Aunt Matty say, Lew?' called Mary Bell, peering behind him into the closed surrey, for a glimpse of the old lady.

The man stared at her with a falling jaw.

'Well, I guess I owe you one for this, Mary Bell!' he stammered. 'I'll eat my shirt if I thought of your note again!'

It was too much. Mary Bell began to dislodge little particles of dried mud carefully from the wheel, her eyes swimming, her breast rising.

'Right in her part of town, too!' pursued the contrite messenger; 'but, as I say —'

Mary Bell did not hear him. After a while he was gone, and she was sitting on the steps, hopeless, dispirited, tired. She sombrely watched the departing surreys and phaetons. 'I could have gone with them — or with them!' she would think, when there was an empty seat.

The Parmalees went by; two carriage-loads. Jim Carr was in the phaeton with Carrie at his side. All the others were in the surrey.

'I'm keeping 'em where I can have an eye on 'em!' Mrs. Parmalee called out, pointing to the phaeton.

Everybody waved, and Mary Bell waved back. But when they were gone, she dropped her head on her arms.

Dusk came; the village was very still. A train thundered by, and Potter's windmill creaked and splashed, — creaked and splashed. A cow-bell clanked in the lane, and Mary Bell looked up to see the Dickeyes' cow dawdle by, her nose sniffing idly at the clover, her downy great bag leaving a trail of foam on the fresh grass. From up the road came the faint approaching rattle of wheels.

Wheels?

The girl looked toward the sound curiously. Who drove so recklessly? She noticed a bank of low clouds in the east, and felt a puff of cool air on her cheek.

'It feels like rain!' she said, watching the wagon as it came near. 'That's

Henderson's mare, and that's their wooden-legged hired man! Why, what is it?'

The last words were cried aloud, for the galloping old horse and driver were at the gate now, and eyes less sharp than Mary Bell's would have detected something wrong.

'What *is* it?' she cried again, at the gate. The man pulled up sharply.

'Say, ain't there a man here, nowhere!' he demanded abruptly. 'I've been banging at every house along the way; ain't there a soul in the place?'

'Dance!' explained Mary Bell. 'The Ladies' Improvement Society in Pitcher's new barn. Why! what is it? Mrs. Henderson sick?'

'No, ma'am!' said the old fellow, 'but things is pretty serious down there!' He jerked his hand over his shoulder. 'There's some little fellers, — four or five of 'em! — seems they took a boat to-day, to go ducking, and they're lost in the tide-marsh! My God — an' I never thought of the dance!' He gave a despairing glance at the quiet street. 'I come here to get twenty men — or thirty — for the search!' he said heavily. 'I don't know what to do, now!'

Mary Bell had turned very white.

'There is n't a soul here, Stumpy!' she said, terrified eyes on his face. 'There is n't a man in town! What *can* we do! — Say!' she cried suddenly, springing to the seat, 'drive me over to Mrs. Rowe's; she's married to Chess Bates, you know, at the store. Go on, Stumpy! What boys are they?'

'I know the Turner boys and the Dickey boy is three of 'em,' said the old man, 'and Henderson's own boy, Davy — poor leetle feller! — and Bud-dy Hopper, and the Adams boy. They had a couple of guns, and they was all in this boat of Hopper's, poking round the marsh, and it began to look like rain, and got dark. Well, she was shipping

a little water, and Hopper and Adams wanted to tie her to the edge and walk up over the marsh, but the other fellers wanted to go on round the point. So Adams and Hopper left 'em, and come over the marsh, and walked to the point, but she was n't there. Well, they waited and hallooed, but bimeby they got scared, and come flying up to Henderson's, and Henderson and me — there ain't another man there to-night! — we run down to the marsh, and yelled, but us two could n't do nothing! Tide's due at eleven, and it's going to rain, so I left him, and come in for some men. Henderson's just about crazy! They lost a boy in that tide-marsh a while back.'

'It's too awful, — it's just murder to let 'em go there!' said Mary Bell, heart-sick. For no dragon of old ever claimed his prey more regularly than did the terrible pools and quicksands of the great marsh.

Mrs. Bates was practical. Her old face blanched, but she began to plan instantly.

'Don't cry, Mary Bell!' said she; 'this thing is in God's hands. He can save the poor little fellers jest as easy with a one-legged man as he could with a hundred hands. You drive over to the depot, Stumpy, and tell the operator to plug away at Barville until he gets some one to take a message to Pitcher's barn. It'll be a good three hours before they even git this far,' she continued doubtfully, as the old man eagerly rattled away, 'and then they've got to get down to Henderson's; but it may be an all-night search! Now, lemme see who else we can git. Deefy, over to the saloon, would n't be no good. But there's Adams's Chineese boy, he's a good strong feller; you stop for him, and git Gran'pa Barry, too; he's home to-night!'

'Look here, Mrs. Bates,' said Mary Bell, 'shall I go?'

The old woman speculatively measured the girl's superb figure, her glowing strength, her eager resolute face. Mary Bell was like a spirited horse, wild to be given her head.

'You're worth three men,' said the storekeeper. 'Got light boots?'

'Yes,' said the girl, thrilled and quivering.

'You run git 'em!' said Mrs. Bates, 'and git your good lantern. I'll be git-ting another lantern, and some whiskey. Poor little fellers! I hope to God they're all sneakin' home — afraid of a lickin'! — this very minute. And Mary Bell, you tell your mother I'll close up, and come and sit with her!'

It was a sorry search-party, after all, that presently rattled out of town in the old wagon. On the back seat sat the impassive and good-natured Chinese boy, and a Swedish cook discovered at the last moment in the railroad camp and pressed into service. On the front seat Mary Bell was wedged in between the driver and Grandpa Barry, a thin, sinewy old man, stupid from sleep. Mary Bell never forgot the silent drive. The evening was turning chilly, low clouds scudded across the sky, little gusts of wind, heavy with rain, blew about them. The fall of the horse's feet on the road, and the rattle of harness and wheels were the only sounds to break the brooding stillness that preceded the storm. After a while the road ran level with the marshes, and they got the rank salt breeze full in their faces; and in the last light they could see the glitter of dark water creeping under the rushes. The first flying drops of rain fell.

'And right over the ridge,' said Mary Bell to herself, 'they are dancing!'

A fire had been built at the edge of the marsh, and three figures ran out from it as they came up: two boys and a heavy middle-aged man. It was for

Mary Bell to tell Henderson that it would be hours before he could look for other help than this oddly-assorted wagonful. The man's disappointment was pitiful.

'My God — my God!' he said heavily, as the situation dawned on him, 'an' I counted on fifty! Well, 'tain't your fault, Mary Bell!'

They all climbed out, and faced the trackless darkening stretch of pools and hummocks, the treacherous, uncertain ground beneath a tangle of coarse grass. Even with fifty men it would have been an ugly search.

The marsh, like all the marshes thereabout, was intersected at irregular intervals by decrepit lines of fence-railing, running down from solid ground to the water's edge, half a mile away. These divisions were necessary for various reasons. In duck season the hunters who came up from San Francisco used them both as guides and as property lines, each club shooting over only a given number of sections. Between seasons the farmers kept them in repair, as a control for the cattle that strayed into the marsh in dry weather. The distance between these shaky barriers was some two or three hundred feet. At their far extremity, the posts were submerged in the restless black water of the bay.

Mary Bell caught Henderson's arm as he stood baffled and silent.

'Mr. Henderson!' she said eagerly, 'don't you give in! While we're waiting for the others we can try for the boys along the fences! There's no danger, that way! We can go way down into the marsh, holding on, — and keep calling!'

'That's what I say!' shrilled old Barry, fired by her tone.

The Chinese boy had already taken hold of a rail, and was warily following it across the uneven ground.

'They've *been* there three hours,

now!' groaned Henderson; but even as he spoke he beckoned to the two little boys. Mary Bell recognized the two survivors.

'You keep those flames so high, rain or no rain,' Henderson charged them, 'that we can see 'em from anywheres!'

A moment later the searchers plunged into the marsh, facing bravely away from lights and voices and solid earth.

Stumbling and slipping, Mary Bell followed the fence. The rain slapped her face, and her rubber boots dragged in the shallow water. But she thought only of five little boys losing hope and courage somewhere in this confusing waste, and her constant shouting was full of reassurance.

'Nobody would be scared with this fence to hang on to!' she assured herself, 'no matter how fast the tide came in!' She rested a moment on the rail, glancing back at the distant fire, now only a dull glow, low against the sky.

Frequently the rail was broken, and dipped treacherously for a few feet; once it was lacking entirely, and for an awful ten feet she must bridge the darkness without its help. She stood still, turning her guttering lantern on wavering grasses and sinister pools. 'They are all dancing now!' she said aloud, wonderingly, when she had reached the opposite rail, with a fast-beating heart. After an endless period of plunging and shouting, she was at the water's very edge.

There was light enough to see the ruffled, cruel surface of the river, where its sluggish forces swept into the bay. Idly bumping the grasses was something that brought Mary Bell's heart into her throat. Then she cried out in relief, for it was not the thing she feared, but the little deserted boat, right side up.

'That means they left her!' said Mary Bell, trembling with nervous terror. She shouted again in the darkness, before turning for the homeward trip.

It seemed very long. Once she thought she must be going aimlessly back and forth on the same bit of rail, but a moment more brought her to the missing rail again, and she knew she had been right. Blown by the wind, struck by the now flying rain, deafened by the gurgling water and the rising storm, she fought her way back to the fire again. The others were all there, and with them three cramped and chilled little boys, crying with fright and relief, and clinging to the nearest adult shoulder. The Chinese boy and Grandpa Barry had found them, standing on a hummock that was still clear of the rising tide, and shouting with all their weary strength.

'Oh, thank God!' said Mary Bell, her heart rising with sudden hope.

'We'll get the others, now, please God!' said Henderson quietly. 'We were working too far over. You said they were all right when you left them, Lesty?' he said to one of the shivering little lads.

'Ye-es, sir!' chattered Lesty eagerly, shaking with nervousness. 'They was both all right! Davy wanted to git Billy over to the fence, so if the tide come up!' — Terror swept him again. 'Oh, Mr. Henderson, git 'em — git 'em! Don't leave 'em drowned out there!' he sobbed frantically, clutching the big man with bony, wet little hands.

'I'm going to try, Lesty!'

Henderson turned back to the marsh, and Mary Bell went too.

'Billy who?' said Mary Bell; but her heart told her, before Henderson said it, that the answer would be, 'Jim Carr's kid brother!'

'Are you good for this?' said Henderson, when the four fittest had reached that part of the marsh where the boys had been found.

She met his look courageously, his lantern showing her wet, brave young face, crossed by dripping strands of hair.

'Sure!' she said.

'Well, God bless you!' he said, 'God — bless — you! You take this fence, I'll go over to that 'n.'

The rushing noisy darkness again. The horrible wind, the slipping, the plunging, again. Again the slow, slow progress; driven and whipped now by the thought that at this very instant — or this one — the boys might be giving out, relaxing hold, abandoning hope, and slipping numb and unconscious into the rising, chuckling water.

Mary Bell did not think of the dance now. But she thought of rest; of rest in the warm safety of her own home. She thought of the sunny dooryard, the delicious security of the big kitchen; of her mother, so placid and so infinitely dear, on her couch; of the serene comings and goings of neighbors and friends. How wonderful it all seemed! Lights, laughter, peace, — just to be back among them again, and to rest!

And she was going away from it all, into the blackness. Her lantern glimmered, — went out. Mary Bell's cramped fingers let it fall. Her heart pounded with fear of the inky dark.

She clung to the fence with both arms, panting, resting. And while she hung there, through rain and wind, across darkness and space, she heard a voice, a gallant, sturdy little voice, desperately calling, —

'Jim! Ji-i-m!'

Like an electric current, strength surged through Mary Bell.

'O God! You've saved 'em, you've got 'em safe!' she sobbed, plunging frantically forward. And she shouted, 'All right — all right, darling! Hang on, boys! Just *hang on!* Hal-lo, there! Billy! Davy! Here I am!'

Down in pools, up again, laughing, crying, shouting, Mary Bell reached them at last, felt the heavenly grasp of hard little hands reaching for hers in the dark, brushed her face against Billy Carr's wet little cheek, and flung her

arm about Davy Henderson's square shoulders. They had been shouting and calling for two long hours, not ten feet from the fence.

Incoherent, laughing and crying, they clung together. Davy was alert and brave, but the smaller boy was heavy with sleep.

'Gee, it's good you came!' said Davy simply, over and over.

'You've got your boots on!' she shouted, close to his ear; 'they're too heavy! We've got a long pull back, Davy, — I think we ought to go stocking feet!'

'Shall we take off our coats, too?' he said sensibly.

They did so, little Billy stumbling as Mary Bell loosened his hands from the fence. They braced the little fellow as well as they could, and by shouted encouragement roused him to something like wakefulness.

'Is Jim coming?' he shouted.

Mary Bell assented wildly. 'Start, Davy!' she urged. 'We'll keep him between us. Right along the fence! What is it?' For he had stopped.

'The other fellers?' he said pitifully.

She told him that they were safe, safe at the fire, and she could hear him break down and begin to cry with the first real hope that the worst was over.

'We're going to get out of this, ain't we?' he said over and over. And over and over Mary Bell encouraged him.

'Just one more good spurt, Davy! We'll see the fire any minute now!'

In wind and darkness and roaring water, they struggled along. The tide was coming in fast. It was up to Mary Bell's knees; she was almost carrying Billy.

'What is it, Davy?' she shouted, as he stopped again.

'Miss Mary Bell, are n't we going toward the river!' he shouted back.

The sickness of utter despair weakened the girl's knees. But for a mo-

ment only. Then she drew the elder boy back, and made him pass her. Neither one spoke.

'Remember, they may come to meet us!' she would say, when Davy rested spent and breathless on the rail. The water was pushing about her waist, and was about his armpits now; to step carelessly into a pool would be fatal. Billy she was managing to keep above water by letting him step along the middle rail, when there was a middle rail. They made long rests, clinging close together.

'They ain't ever coming!' sobbed Davy hopelessly. 'I can't go no farther!'

Mary Bell managed, by leaning forward, to give him a wet slap, full in the face. The blow roused the little fellow, and he bravely stumbled ahead again.

'That's a darling, Davy!' she shouted. A second later something floating struck her elbow; a boy's rubber boot. It was perhaps the most dreadful moment of the long fight, when she realized that they were only where they had started from.

Later she heard herself urging Davy to take just ten steps more, — just another ten. 'Just think, five minutes more and we're safe, Davy!' some one said. Later, she heard her own voice saying, 'Well, if you can't, then hang on the fence! *Don't* let go the fence!' Then there was silence. Long after, Mary Bell began to cry, and said softly, 'God, God, you know I could do this if I were n't carrying Billy.' After that it was all a troubled dream.

She dreamed that Davy suddenly said, 'I can see the fire!' and that, as she did not stir, he cried it again, this time not so near. She dreamed that the sound of splashing boots and shouting came down across the dark water, and that lights smote her eyelids with sharp

pain. An overwhelming dread of effort swept over her. She did not want to move her aching body, to raise her heavy head. Somebody's arm braced her shoulders; she toppled against it.

She dreamed that Jim Carr's voice said, 'Take the kid, Sing! He's all right!' and that Jim Carr lifted her up, and shouted out, 'She's almost gone!'

Then some one was carrying her across rough ground, across smooth ground, to where there was a fire, and blankets, and voices — voices — voices.

'It makes me choke!' That was Mary Bell Barber, whispering to Jim Carr. But she could not open her eyes.

'But drink it, dearest! Swallow it!' he pleaded.

'You were too late, Jim, we could n't hold on!' she whispered pitifully. And then, as the warmth and the stimulant had their effect, she did open her eyes; and the fire, the ring of faces, the black sky, and the moon breaking through, all slipped into place.

'Did you come for us, Jim?' she murmured, too tired to wonder why the big fellow should cry as he put his face against hers.

'I came for you, dear! I came back to sit with you on the steps. I did n't want to dance without my girl, and that's why I'm here. My brave little girl!'

Mary Bell leaned against his shoulder contentedly.

'That's right; you rest!' said Jim. 'We're all going home now, and we'll have you tucked away in bed in no time. Mrs. Bates is all ready for you!'

'Jim,' whispered Mary Bell.

'Darling?' — he put his mouth close to the white lips.

'Jim, will you remind Auntie Bates to hang up my party dress real carefully? In all the fuss some one's sure to muss it!' said Mary Bell.

FIRE IN THE MINE¹

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

It was about six o'clock in the evening, and the greater part of the day shift had left the mine. Out in some of the far headings of the workings a few men remained, finishing up their day's work, and down in the motor-pits a dozen men were overhauling one of the big electric locomotives. That day the skips had hoisted from the mine an almost record tonnage. The great underground city, its railroad system, its entire plant, were in perfect order; and, as is often the case, the thought of disaster doubtless never occurred to the men who still remained in its black tunnels.

Old Man Davis, the scale-master, folded up his report for the day and was walking down the track toward bottom, when he met a trackman who came running out from a cross-cut between the main entries. 'Mr. Davis!' he yelled, 'come over this way. I think I smell fire in C entry.' Half a dozen of us who were sitting on some sacks of plaster, waiting for the hoist to be lowered, jumped up and followed them through the cross-cut and into the parallel entry. It was a 'return' for the air-current, and the wind which came pressing against us had passed through the whole east section of the mine before reaching us, and would carry on its current the smoke of any fire that there might be in that part of

the mine. We stood on the track for a minute and sniffed the dead, warm air. No one said anything. Then we walked down the track to where First and Second West South turned sharply and at right angles to C entry. Again we stopped, and here, of a sudden, strong on the air came the soft, pungent smell of burning wood. A half-hour before the last of the miners had probably come out through this entry, and in those scant thirty minutes whatever fire existed there must have been ignited.

About a quarter of a mile down these two entries, which ran on either side of a third entry, or 'air-course,' was an 'air-split.' Here the air from the third tunnel was divided by a door, to pass in diminished volume to the right and to the left. The air passing out of the air-course to the left entered the entry known as Second West South, and as we neared this spot the strongsmell of the wood-smoke that was already visible in the air told us that the fire must be in the woodwork of the air-split itself. Then suddenly the smoke grew thick and enveloped us, and mingled with the smell of burning wood we caught for the first time the oily smell of burning coal. The fire was in the air-split and, fanned by the strong air-current from the air-course behind it, the entire framework and the door itself were in a blaze, and around the walls on either side and beside the track, the coal was already glowing, a red ring of flame.

Defective wiring might have caused the fire, but this was not likely; its lo-

¹ In the November number, Mr. Husband gave an account of his employment in a bituminous coal-mine of the Middle West, with details of the mine, its workers, and their methods. — THE EDITORS.

cation and nature suggested another possibility, but so immediate was the danger that investigation was impossible, and its origin was never conclusively explained.

So rapidly the fire increased that it was now beyond our control with such means of fighting it as were at hand, and, without stopping, a dozen of the men turned and ran back down the entry to get a motor and the water-carts. Meanwhile, the entry became choking with the heavy smoke. Down in the main bottom, at the foot of the shafts, it now hung in the air like a thin fog, and by the time that one of the big motors came pushing a couple of water-carts down the track, the men at the top of the shafts had detected the smell of smoke, and the alarm of fire was sounded.

The suddenness of the fire, and the fact that practically all of the men, and especially the head men, were at that time at supper in the town, crippled the small force who were endeavoring to stem its rapid march down the entry. Coming strong on the air-current, but a quarter of a mile separated it from the mine-bottom, the vitals of the mine. If the fire reached here, all was lost. By the time the water-carts had arrived, the volume of smoke was so dense and the heat so intense that their use seemed almost absurd, and immediately an attempt was begun to connect a hose line from the nearest water-pipes. It was almost half an hour before the couplings were made, and, blinded by the now dense smoke, and half-scorched by the heat of the flames, a dozen men endeavored ineffectually to stem the advance of the fire, which now lined the walls of the entry like an open furnace.

For an hour it seemed as though they were holding their own. Down at the mouth of the entry a gang of timbermen were already building a stopping across the mouth of the entry, in case the men with the hose-line found it impossible

to check the advance of the fire. Suddenly, Tom Cox, who was holding the nozzle of the first hose, sank to his knees, and in the second that followed, four men beside him caught their hands to their necks and fell beside him along the track. The water and the fire had generated in the two hundred yards of now burning entry a wall of the invisible 'white-damp,' and this, driven like the smoke by the air, suddenly overcame the men who were fighting at the edge of the flames. The question of life and death now entered, for the fire — unchecked — was rapidly marching down the tunnel toward the bodies of the unconscious men. From the mouth of the entry the timbermen, bending low to catch the clean air below the smoke, fought up into the heat and dragged out the bodies of their unconscious companions, and then, with frenzied haste, continued their work on the half-completed stopping.

It was known that in some parts of the mine men were still at work who were unconscious of the fire, and it was necessary to warn them, that they might make their escape. Besides these there was another band of a half-dozen men who had endeavored to reach the fire from the other side, and who, ignorant of the sudden danger, must also be warned. With three men, Charley Swenson determined to visit the working parts of the mine which lay to the left of the burning entry and extended far behind it. Here there were men working. Within half an hour the alarm had been given and the warning party started back. Half a mile from the main bottom, the party stopped for an instant as the sound of an explosion reached their ears, and they realized that the gas generated by the burning coal was beginning to explode somewhere in the mine. To them it was no longer a question of saving the mine, but of preserving their own lives. Be-

side the track stood one of the electric locomotives. Swenson noticed it and stopped behind his companions, thinking that by using the locomotive they could get more quickly to bottom. He jumped into the low driver's seat before he noticed that the trolley-pole was turned the wrong way. Stumbling out again, he pulled the pole from the wire and turned it and then crawled back into the driver's seat. As his hand reached for the grip of the controller, a sudden dizziness seized him and he fell forward unconscious on the frame of the machine. The white-damp was penetrating all parts of the mine. A minute later, like a hurried funeral procession, another group of men came stumbling down the entry, dragging two of their comrades who had been overcome by the gas; and to them Swenson owed his life.

The mine-bottom was now filled with smoke, and the deadly gas in diluted quantities hung invisible in the air. Attempts to stem the course of the fire were realized to be useless, and the business now became that of getting the men from the mine and sealing the shafts at the top. Like the officers of a sinking ship, the mine-manager and the pit-boss held their ground at the foot of the man-hoist; and after the last hoist had carried up the remainder of the men who were at bottom, they still waited, blinded in the smoke, for a party of three men who had gone an hour before into some of the more distant workings to carry the warning, and who had not appeared. As the smoke grew thicker, they realized how slender was the chance that these men would ever return, but, notwithstanding, they made one attempt to follow them and succeeded in groping their way into C entry. The fire was already in the entry mouth, and through the smoke they saw the yellow flames creeping over the 'overcast' of the air-course.

As they turned back to the hoist, far-off voices came through the smoke, and two of the missing men, dragging the third, came pitching down the entry. A minute later the little party was on the hoist, and the signal from bottom to 'hoist away' was given. The last men were leaving the mine.

The brilliancy of the clear autumn night was dimming in the first faint light of the dawn when the work of sealing the shafts began. Up into the cloudless sky, through the tangled steel-work of the tippie, a tall tower of black smoke three hundred feet high poured up into the still air and faded into the dawn. In two hours the black pits were covered, first, with a layer of rails, and then on this was laid a solid bed of concrete; and two hours later, only a few thin wisps of smoke that poured up through cracks along the edges of the great seal, like steam beneath the lid of a tea-kettle, told of the inferno that was seething in the mine, four hundred feet below.

With the air cut off and the shaft sealed, the fire could live only so long as sufficient oxygen remained to feed the flames, and a consultation of blackened men with drawn, tired faces who gathered in the warehouse office determined that the bottom of the mine had been saved, and that the advance of the flames was already checked and had reached its farthest limit by the cutting off of the supply of air. However, the possibilities were so numerous that all seemed but conjecture. It was impossible to tell how long the fire could live on the air which filled the eighty-six miles of tunnels; and so hurried had been the final exit from the workings, on account of the men who had been overcome, that the exact limits of the fire were unknown.

After the labor and excitement of the long night, the sudden stopping of activity came like the breaking of

a tightly stretched wire. There was nothing to do but wait.

The day after the shafts were sealed, as the realization came that it would be days, weeks, or possibly months before operations were resumed, men began leaving the town. Not the old miners — fortunately — or those who knew the company best, but the shifting population that always takes up the excuse of inactivity to move on to some new field. The men with families, the head men, and those of the better sort remained, and at some time each day every one in the half-deserted town walked down to examine the seals on the shafts and to ask questions of the superintendent and his assistants, who made hourly tests with thermometers as to the heat of the shafts. From these readings it soon became apparent that the sealing of the shafts had abruptly stopped the advance of the fire, and it was evident from the coolness at the shaft-bottoms — for the thermometers were lowered through small openings in the seals down to the bottom — that there was no fire anywhere around bottom.

Meanwhile the chief engineer located a spot directly over Third West South, where the fire had been hottest. From the charts showing the curves of the floor of the mine it was discovered that there was a natural declivity starting at the foot of the shaft and descending to the point where the fire had started, and from there the ground rose again to the level of the mine-bottom at the far end of Third West South entry, about three quarters of a mile from the shaft. The total drop at the air-split, where the fire had started, was only about fifteen feet, but as the height of the entry was ten feet, it was evident that if this basin could be filled with water, any fire that existed in that entry could be effectively extinguished without flooding the rest of the

mine; a feat that would be impossible on account of the vast area of the workings. Meanwhile, the pipes for compressed air which threaded every tunnel throughout the mine had been filled with water, and as these pipes would naturally be red-hot wherever fire existed, they would burst and discharge the water where it was most needed.

At the spot located by the head engineer, a drill-hole was sunk and at four hundred and twelve feet the drill went through, proving that the surveyors' calculations had been correct. The pipe line was immediately connected, and for two weeks a steady stream of water poured into the burned section of the mine. In the mean time, almost hourly observations were taken with the thermometers at the shafts, and record was made of the barometric conditions within the mine. A mine that is sealed breathes at regular intervals, like a human being, through the natural crevices in the rock; and even through the seals at the shaft-mouth the vacuum created by the burning out of the oxygen in the mine would draw in the air, and for several hours a handkerchief laid over one of the small openings in the seal would show a steady suction. Then, following, an expansion would be noticeable, and for an equal period the strong, heavy smells of 'black-damp' and smoke would exhale from the mine.

So great was the interest taken by the men in this work of examination that there was little complaining. One morning, however, as I walked back from the power-house to the town, I met Luke Davis, an old miner of about sixty, who came limping down the street toward the mine, and from him I heard the first complaint of the kind (and many like it followed) that I had yet encountered.

'The air on top ain't fit to live in,' he said. 'One day it's cold; next day it's hot. I've had rheumatism ever

since the mine shut down. The only place a man keeps his health is underground.' And there were many others who shared his views.

Four weeks after the shafts were sealed, it was determined that some sort of personal investigation should be made of the conditions in the mine. The thermometers showed that the atmosphere at bottom was reasonably cool, and the amount of water that had been pumped into Third West South was calculated to have filled that entry completely. In addition to this, the steam generated by this water must have reached out and extinguished any fire that might have existed beyond the reach of the water itself. The temperature-readings taken at the bottom of the man-hoist were a few degrees higher than those at the bottom of the air-shaft, and as the direction of the fire followed the course of the air, which led to the foot of the man-hoist, it was believed that the safest entrance into the mine could be made by means of the air-shaft, which was located on the main of B entry, about three hundred feet from the man-hoist and coal-hoisting shaft.

The second reason for the choice lay in the fact that in opening this shaft for the descent it would not be necessary to allow any air to enter the mine, as the top of the shaft was completely inclosed by a part of the fan-house — a massive dome of brick and concrete. If the main hoisting-shaft were opened, it would be necessary to construct some sort of an air-lock above it, and this would be rendered still more difficult from the fact that this shaft comprised not only the man-hoist, but two hoisting-shafts, and was, accordingly, three times larger than the air-shaft. The principal objection to the plan lay in the fact that the facilities for reaching bottom by means of the air-shaft were very inadequate,

whereas, by the other entrance, use could be made of the hoisting-cage.

One thing was apparent; and that was, that under no consideration should any air be allowed to enter the mine, as the entrance of air would not only fan up any latent fire which might exist, but the mixture of air with the almost pure gas, or 'after-damp,' which existed throughout the entire workings, would cause a most violent explosion, and the death of any who were within its reach. Tests of the mine-atmosphere which had been made by chemists showed less than one per cent of oxygen and the presence of enormous quantities of the various gases generated by the burning coal. So poisonous was the atmosphere — for under no consideration could it be called 'air' — which filled the shafts and every foot of the tunneling below the seals, that life would be extinguished in approximately ninety seconds, should any man be compelled to breathe it.

The gases which filled the mine consisted principally of carbon monoxide, or white-damp, and carbon dioxide, or black-damp, with a small additional percentage of other gases. White-damp is the gas most feared by the miners, for its properties render it difficult to detect, inasmuch as it is tasteless, odorless, and colorless, and when mixed in the proportion of about one part gas to nine parts air is called 'fire-damp,' and becomes explosive to a degree hard to realize unless one has seen its effects. Black-damp, unlike white-damp, is heavier than air: a non-explosive gas which may be detected by its peculiar odor. Again, unlike the other, its effect is to suffocate and extinguish fire. This gas is so heavy and moves with such a sluggish flow that, occasionally, when miners have been trapped in a mine following an explosion and have detected the black-damp creeping in upon them by its smell, they

have been able to stop its advance by erecting dams or barricades along the floor, building them higher as the volume of gas increased, and keeping the air within their little inclosure comparatively clear by rude, improvised fans. Following an explosion, these two gases become mingled and form a mixed gas possessing all the dreaded qualities of each, which is known as 'after-damp,' and it is this mixture of gases which destroys any life that may remain following a mine disaster.

To contend with these almost impossible conditions, it was determined to make the descent equipped with air-tight helmets, somewhat resembling in appearance those used by deep-sea divers. This ingenious device, which enables a man to exist under such conditions and to conduct investigations for a period of two hours, consists of a steel headpiece completely covering the fore part of the head and leaving the ears exposed, made air-tight by means of a pneumatic washer which passes in a circle around the top of the head and down each side of the face in front of the ears, connecting under the chin. This washer is inflated as soon as the helmet is adjusted, and pressing out closely against the steel shell of the helmet on one side, conforms closely to the contours of the head on the other, leaving the ears exposed. In the front of each helmet is a round bull's-eye of heavy mica, protected by steel rods; and below the bull's-eye, an inch below the mouth, is the main valve which is closed immediately before the man enters the poisoned atmosphere.

From the helmet, in front, hangs a pair of false lungs, or large rubber sacks, protected by a leather apron; and on the back, held by straps over the shoulders and supported by plates fitting closely to the small of the back, hangs a heavy knapsack weighing

about forty pounds. This knapsack consists of two steel cylinders, each one containing pure oxygen compressed to one hundred and thirty atmospheres, sufficient to support life for one hour, the two together being sufficient for two hours. Above the oxygen-cylinders are two cartridges, or cans, containing loose crystals of hydrate of potassium sufficient to absorb two hours' exhalation of carbonic acid gas. With the helmet these cartridges and the oxygen-cylinders are connected in a continuous circuit, and as soon as the oxygen is turned on there is a flow up from the oxygen-cylinders by a tube under the right arm to the helmet, and down under the left arm to the cartridges, and through them again to the tube at the oxygen-valve.

Upon adjusting the helmet, the wearer takes several large breaths of pure air, which he exhales into the false lungs on his chest, and immediately shuts the mouth-valve. At the same instant, with his right hand behind his back, he turns on the oxygen, and this, regulated by valves to an even feed to last for exactly two hours, forces itself up the tube into the helmet, and by its pressure and reverse suction, draws down through the other tube and through the cans of potassium hydrate the exhaled breath. Air being a mixture of pure nitrogen and pure oxygen, the oxygen cylinders furnish one necessary element. The second — the nitrogen — already exists in the several breaths that the man has taken into the false lungs, for the nitrogen atoms are indestructible and, mixed with oxygen, can be used indefinitely. Passing through the potassium-hydrate cylinders, the carbonic acid gas is entirely absorbed, leaving the free nitrogen atoms to unite with the oxygen below; and so for two hours, a steady stream of air passes up through the right-hand tube, and for two hours the cans of potassium hydrate absorb the impurities exhaled,

and pass on the nitrogen atoms to unite with the fresh oxygen ever flowing up from the cylinders.

In order that the helmet-men might keep exact account of the amount of oxygen used, there was a clock fastened to the knapsack. When the helmet was adjusted and the oxygen turned on, the hand of the clock pointed to two hours, and as the pressure in the cylinders was reduced, the hand slid back to one hour, thirty minutes, fifteen, and finally zero, when it would be necessary to open the valves and breathe the outer air or suffocate. We could not see the clocks on our own knapsacks, as they were behind our backs, and so every fifteen minutes or so we would gather in the gas-filled tunnels, and with our electric torches read the minutes remaining on each other's clocks. Thirty minutes left meant a start for top, even if we were near the hoist. We could take no chances. Unconscious men are hard to move, especially when one's own air has almost gone.

It will be clearly seen that it would have been impossible to lower a man into the mine, connected with the surface by an air-hose, as in submarine diving, for the extent of his investigations would be limited to an area extending not more than a few yards from the mouth of the shaft; and the weight of four hundred feet of such an air-line would be liable to tear the hose, in which case death would be instantaneous. Compressed air also was impracticable, for a sufficient supply of compressed air to enable a man to be lowered to bottom and conduct his investigations and return would, at its highest compression, necessitate a cylinder of a size and weight that would make free movement impossible.

It was a cold, gray morning when a dozen of the men chosen to effect the first descent into the mine gathered inside the small stockade about the air-

shaft. Outside the fence, unmindful of the rain and cold, a hundred silent, unexpressive faces pressed close against the palings and watched for what might come. Everything was in readiness for the descent. Inside the dome above the air-shaft the seal had been removed; and the double doors, forming a sort of vestibule, which connected this room with the outer world, made an effective air-lock through which the men might enter. A large, square box, which in the time of operation had been used to lower heavy supplies, and occasionally mules, into the mine, hung suspended by a steel cable in the air-shaft, and was lowered or raised by means of an engine in the fan-house, the cable running over a sheave-wheel in the crown of the dome.

The air-shaft consisted of two compartments: the main shaft, which was fourteen by twelve feet — a smooth, board-lined shaft, four hundred feet in depth; and an escapement or stairway-shaft beside it, built, in compliance with the law regulating coal-mines, for use in case of accident to the hoisting apparatus. The stairway-shaft was separated from the air-shaft proper by a partition of matched boards, and connected with it at the mine-bottom by a small door. From the bottom of the air-shaft two ventilating tunnels extended, one east, one west; the east air-course on a level with the mine-bottom; the west, by means of an 'overcast' or bridge across the main entry, a passage at a level of about ten feet from the bottom of the air-shaft. Thus to a man standing at the foot of the air-shaft facing the north, the east air-course, on his right, was on the same level as the floor of the air-shaft, the west air-course, on his left, was a square opening ten feet above the ground. From these conditions it would be necessary, in order to reach B entry, which ran under the west air-course, to pass from the bottom

of the air-shaft through the door at the foot of the escapement-shaft, and thence by another small door into B entry.

No one knew what conditions would be met with at bottom, but it was determined to make a trial trip, lowering three men in helmets to the bottom of the air-shaft, and hoisting them again without allowing them to leave the box; and, if their trip were successful, to send a second crew of three helmeted men, who would pass through the doors into the main entry and, returning, report what conditions they had found there. Preparatory to the descent, the box was lowered until the white mark on the cable-drum in the engine-house showed that it had reached bottom, when it was hoisted again. This showed that there was no wreckage of any sort in the shaft, which might have been the case had the fire burned loose the shaft-lining.

At half-past nine, the first crew was ready: volunteers, selected for their ability to cope with emergencies, who received large pay on account of the dangerous nature of their work; and with their helmets in place and the oxygen turned on, the outer door of the fan-house was closed behind them, and the rest of us sat down to wait. It was fully five minutes before the squeaking of the big drum in the fan-house told us that they had started. Inside, lying on the floor at the edge of the shaft, lay a man in a helmet to receive the signals which might be sent upward by the men in the box. The round blade of a circular saw had been hung by a wire from the bale of the box (the iron beam from which it was suspended like a basket), and signals were given by striking this with a hammer. Upon hearing a signal, the man at the edge of the shaft-mouth would immediately transmit it by pulling a bell-rope which rang a bell in the engine-room.

One stroke meant 'stop.' Two strokes, 'haul up.' Three, 'lower away.' Four, 'safe arrival.' Five strokes on the saw-blade — which rang like a great bell — meant 'haul out at top speed; danger has been encountered.'

Three minutes after the box had started its descent came a sudden violent ring on the bell-rope, and the intense agony of uncertainty became almost unbearable. Then came three bells, and we knew that the journey had been resumed. Five minutes — for the box had been lowered very slowly — and then came the four strokes denoting their arrival; and a minute later, the two bells to hoist. Four minutes later there was a noise inside the house and, with a puff of smoke, the door burst open and the four helmeted men, the three who had made the trip and the signalman, stumbled out into the light. The doors were instantly closed, the helmets removed, and the first story of the descent into the mine was told.

So dense was the dead smoke in the shaft, and so feeble the light of the electric torches which they carried, that they had seen nothing. Their descent had been uneventful except once, when the box, swinging silently in the shaft, had for a second struck on one of the cross-ribs, and hence their signal to stop. At bottom they had noticed no excessive heat, although the sweat which poured from their bodies showed that the temperature was far from normal. But they had seen no fire — that was the main point.

An hour later the second shift was ready, of which I was a member, my companions being Delmer, the mine-engineer, and Knox, one of the pit-bosses. Before starting, all our plans were carefully arranged: Delmer was to carry the hammer, with which he would signal on the saw-blade; I was to carry his electric torch and my own; and Knox was to pay especial heed to

the swinging of the box to prevent it from catching on the side of the shaft. Upon reaching bottom, we were to leave the box and pass through the door into the bottom of the escapement, and thence out through the second door into B entry. There we were to take the temperature with a self-recording thermometer, and observe whatever we could without going more than a few yards from the door. This over, we were to return.

With a last look at the cold, gray sky, we adjusted our helmets. The clamps were tightened, the washers inflated, and we drew our long breaths of the damp air. Then the mouth-valves were snapped in place, and the hissing in the valves and a sweetish taste in my mouth told me that the oxygen had been turned on. Like children in a darkened room, we followed Delmer through the first door and turned to see it close behind us. There was a sudden blackness, and silence save for the steady hissing of the compressed oxygen and the even click of the regulating valves. The second door was opened, and without seeing it we passed through and stood, as we knew, on the brink of the open shaft. Here three electric lights gleamed dim and far away through the thick smoke that completely filled the dome above the shaft-mouth.

I had known darkness before — the darkness of the mine, darkness that meant a complete absence of light; but here was an opaque darkness, a darkness that the presence of light failed to affect. At my feet a board stretched out into the smoke and disappeared. Stooping clumsily to my knees under the weight of the helmet, and peering forward through the bull's eye in the dim rays of the electric lights, I saw that the board passed over three feet of blackness into the box which hung in the middle of the shaft.

One side of the box, fastened by heavy hinges, had been lowered down like a drawbridge, and from this open side to my feet extended the frail gang-plank that we must pass over. Out before me, in the smoke and blackness, the box swung dimly, its nearest angle half-lost, like the bow of a ship in a dense fog.

One by one, we crawled on our hands and knees over the swaying board and reached the box; but so dense was the smoke and blackness that, holding my electric torch at arm's length, try as I might, I could distinguish nothing but a faint yellow smudge of light at a distance that I knew to be but the length of my arm. The last man having crossed, the watcher in his helmet on the brink pulled back the board; and groping clumsily, and hampered in the darkness, we pulled up the swinging side of the box and lashed it into place. Then, clear and vibrant, came the three strokes from Delmer's hammer on the saw-blade. Far away we heard the bell transmitting our signal in the engine-house; and then, imperceptibly, without jolt or sound, the faint smudge of tawny yellow of the three electric lights on the edge of the shaft seemed to rise above us, and standing silent in the box we sank into blackness unutterable. Instantly, sense of direction was gone. There was nothing to see. We could not even see through the bull's eyes of our helmets the walls of the shaft — almost within arm's reach. Once, I held my light pointed close against the bull's-eye of my helmet, and found a sudden relief in its yellow glare.

For a time that was eternity we seemed to swing in the blackness of space, but we knew that we were steadily descending. I was gripping the side of the box, which came about to my waist-line, with one hand, and trying with my torch in the other to peer through the smoke at the side of

the shaft, when there was a sudden jolt and an abrupt stop. The box, swinging in its descent, had caught by one corner on a cross-rib of the shaft. The sudden stroke from Delmer's hammer on the gong vibrated in my ears, and I felt the floor of the box tipping under me like the deck of a sinking ship. With one arm hooked over the side, and the other clutching at the bale, I clung frantically, I could not even see to what, in the darkness. Far above us, the signal had been heard and transmitted, and with the box at an angle of almost forty-five degrees, it stopped in its descent. There was a moment of waiting and then a lurch as Knox pushed us free from the side of the shaft, and at the same instant a sudden slap as the heavy box fell and brought up on about three feet of slack steel cable. We learned afterward that we were at a level of about two hundred feet. Then three strokes, and we knew that we were again descending; but now, with hands outstretched, we pushed ourselves away from the walls as we swung from side to side in our descent. Two minutes more and our heavy car landed lightly as a thistle at the bottom of the air-shaft.

We had expected that we should feel the slight shock as we hit bottom, notwithstanding the fact that the engineer on top would calculate our position exactly and would bring us slowly to a rest; but our arrival was puzzling, for there was no jar and, in addition, the box landed on an angle, when it should have rested squarely on the floor of the air-shaft. For a few seconds we remained in our places, silent and wondering; then, one by one, we climbed over the side. As I stepped over the edge of the box, taking care that the tubes of my apparatus did not catch on any projections, my feet almost slipped from under me, for it seemed

as though I had placed them on a slippery mattress.

One by one we crawled out and over the strange, soft object that lay under the box; and then, peering closely in the faint light of our torches, we saw that we had landed on the bloated bodies of two mules which had evidently fled before the smoke and fire when the mine was abandoned and had died seeking the last breath of air at the foot of the air-shaft.

There was about a foot of water at the bottom of the shaft, for we had pumped water down the sides to prevent the heat from igniting the thin board lining; and through the water, and over the bodies of the mules, we groped our way to the small door a yard away that led in to the foot of the escapement. One by one we crawled through the door, wriggling to get our shoulders and our knapsacks through its small confines, and yet with constant care that the tubes of the apparatus and the knapsack and helmet did not touch anything; for the words of the chemist, that ninety seconds of the gas would kill, were never for an instant forgotten. The foot of the escapement was a little lower than the bottom of the air-shaft and the water correspondingly deeper. With the clear splashing in contrast to the dullness of the darkness, we groped for the second door and passed through it into B entry. As I lifted up my shoulders on the other side of the doorway, a sudden heat struck me, and I realized that the fire had been nearer the mine-bottom than we supposed.

Uncertain as to the perfect efficiency of our apparatus— for we were all new to it — we refrained from venturing far from the little doorway through which we had just passed. With our hands we examined the props on either side of the entry, and from their feeling knew that the fire had not reached them, and that

the mine-bottom was unharmed; but the intense heat which brought the sweat suddenly out upon us raised the fear that somewhere, — perhaps only a few yards away, — hidden in the smoke and darkness, lay a dormant fire which the presence of air would fan into active flames. Slowly we withdrew through the doorway, and once more climbed over the mules into the box. The sudden transition from the heat of B entry to the cooler atmosphere of the air-shaft condensed the sweat inside our helmets and smeared the inside of our bull's-eyes with a thick white mist that cut off even the little that we had previously been able to see.

I have not mentioned the conversation or words that passed between us, but I do not remember that we said much beyond the few words that were necessary. The scant sounds that echoed through the isinglass of the helmets seemed more like the far-off bellow of some animal than the voice of a man.

Once again in the car, we gave our signal, and far off — four hundred feet above us — the expectant ears of the watcher caught the note of our two bells like distant church chimes; softly we felt ourselves lifted, and the ascent was begun. Four minutes later the three electric lights at the shaft-brink glowed — now almost defiantly — through the smoke, and we lowered the side of our ship and dragged in our gang-plank. Then, one by one, we groped through the first door — all of us — and then through the second. My helmet had leaked and my head reeled in a misty sort of way from the time I left bottom; and as the bright, gray world outside streamed in through the sweat-streaked bull's-eye, it seemed more like a pleasantly swaying picture than a reality. Some one pulled open my air-valve, and in a second my helmet was off and I drew into my

lungs air that had seemed never so sweet or fresh.

Already another crew was preparing for a third descent, to carry our investigations still further.

For one long week we continued our work at the air-shaft, and almost every hour a crew of helmeted men was lowered down in the swinging box to the bottom. Working in the darkness by the feeble light of their torches, knee-deep in water and climbing over the rotting bodies of the mules, they erected stoppings across the openings of the two air-courses which led from the bottom of the air-shaft. The small door connecting the air-shaft with the escapement or stairway was then opened, and a few hours later the big fan at the fan-house began slowly to turn over and force pure air down the air-shaft, which — as our stoppings proved to be tight — found no escape into the mine and returned up the stairway, making a single loop at the bottom. In half an hour both compartments of the shaft were clear, and men, with safety-lamps and helmets ready in case of danger, descended and found the smoke gone and the air clean on the bottom. That night the bodies of the nearest mules were hoisted out and everything was put in readiness for a trip on the following morning into the tunnels of the mine nearest the air-shaft. With clean air at bottom, it was now possible to put on our helmets there and go directly into the mine, avoiding the danger and discomfort of the long helmeted trip down the smoke-filled shaft.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning when four of us prepared for this first investigation of conditions existing in the mine surrounding the air-shaft. Our helmets were adjusted on top, leaving the air-valve open, to be closed when we passed through the small door at the foot of the stairway into the mine. Delmer stayed in the

box, and the three of us left him and, splashing noisily in the water, crawled through the small door into the door of the escapement, and then suddenly opening the door into the mine, passed through it as quickly as we were able. We realized that fire might exist beyond, a possibility which made it necessary for us to crawl through as quickly as possible in order that the puff of air which would accompany us might not be of sufficient volume to mix with gas and form an explosive mixture which the fire would ignite. I was the last to go through the door, turning my shoulders sideways in order to pass my knapsack through the narrow aperture.

From the comparative coolness of the shaft we stepped out into B entry, and our first impression was one of heat, for the air was hot beyond our expectation. We had supposed — from the volume of smoke that had been in the air-shaft before it was blown out — that B entry, and probably most of the rest of the mine, would be in a like condition, but the conditions were almost worse than they had been in the air-shaft. The smoke was thick as a fog-bank. Groping blindly through the blackness upon which our lights seemed scarcely to make an impression, we reached the other side of the entry, a distance of about twenty feet. Then, through the sweat-streaked glass in my helmet, I saw a dull red glow, first almost imperceptible, and then brighter as we advanced: a tinge of tawny color smeared into the thick black smoke. The entry was still on fire, and a few steps more brought us so close to the flames that the heat on our unprotected hands and necks became almost unbearable. There was nothing now that could be accomplished, and after a few brief words from MacPherson, bellowed through his helmet, we turned and felt our way back to the small doorway.

It was now doubly necessary that

our exit should be made as quickly as possible, for we were standing in a gas-filled entry; an open fire, denoting the presence of oxygen, was burning actively behind us, and every second that the door remained open as we passed out would allow the clean air from the air-shaft, carrying more oxygen, to pass into the entry.

Without a word, stumbling awkwardly in our haste, we climbed through the door and fastened it behind us. 'The entry is on fire,' we shouted to Delmer as we climbed over the edge of the box; and then for three or four long minutes we stood, voiceless, as the box swung upward, each man with the fear in his heart that a sudden explosive blast from the mine below would hurl us to an instant destruction.

Our exit was safely accomplished, and after a conference at the fan-house it was realized that through some crevice or opening from the air-shaft to the mine, which had escaped our notice, air had passed into the workings; and while we had labored taking out the bodies of the mules, the latent fire, revived by this new supply of oxygen, had been fanned into active flame and had crawled down the entry to the very bottom of the shaft. Under these conditions all our work had to be abandoned, and reluctantly we replaced the seal over the air-shaft. A few hours more would have been all that was necessary to bring the fire into the shaft and destroy it.

Again a number of the men who had until now been active in the work lost heart and left town. December had come, and with it, cold, gray days, with occasional flurries of snow, and ice in the early mornings. Disappointed, but not down-hearted, and spurred on by the more than double pay they were receiving for their work, the men who remained began to follow out the instructions of those in charge for con-

quering this unexpected development. At the mouth of the air-shaft a great furnace was constructed, and for four days and nights the fumes of sulphur were pumped slowly down the air-shaft: a vapor which sank of its own accord into the mine and, it was believed, would smother out the flames at the foot of the shaft. In addition, the pipes, which had been connected with the two drill-holes that we had bored down from the surface into the mine, were connected with the boilers in the power-house, and for a week steam was sent down the pipes to condense in the mine below, and assist the sulphur fumes in extinguishing the fire.

By the middle of the month, it was determined to make another attempt to descend into the mine. It was no longer advisable to use the air-shaft as an entrance, for our previous experience had told us that the fire, if it still existed, would be at the foot of that shaft; accordingly an air-tight house with double doors and a vestibule was built over the hoisting-shaft, and preparations were made to descend in the regular hoisting-cage. This was much easier, for here there was no danger of mishap, as there had been in the swinging box in the air-shaft. The steel elevator would carry us to the bottom in less than a minute, and the regular mine-signals would give us easy communication, when on bottom, with the men above.

The first trip down proved highly encouraging. There was no fire or trace of fire anywhere around the foot of the hoisting-shaft. The entry was filled with smoke, but it was not as dense as it had been in the other shaft, and with new and more brilliant portable electric lights which we had secured, we were able to work under far more favorable conditions. The first crew that descended went only to the bottom and was immediately hoisted

out again; the second crew continued the exploration from the bottom of the shaft; and the third crew, of which I was a member, explored B entry toward the foot of the air-shaft as far as we were able to penetrate.

At about two thirds of the distance between the hoisting- and main-shaft, the steam which had been pumped into the mine had loosened the roof, and a great 'fall' of white stone seemed effectively to block the tunnel. On our next trip, however, we discovered that high up on the right side was a small opening through which we could crawl; and, hampered by our helmets, and fearing to press even lightly against the great blocks of stone which arched above us, lest a touch should bring down tons of rock from the loose roof, we crawled over the 'fall' and down into the entry on the other side.

Here the smoke was as thick as it had been when we first penetrated into that portion of the entry from the air-shaft, but the heat was gone, which seemed to indicate that the sulphur and steam had done their work. Tramping through the water which flooded the floor of the entry, and which was now coated, like boiled milk, with a white skin of sulphur, we reached the bottom of the air-shaft. A few feet beyond the small door, the fire which we had seen that other morning had burned through the props and, the support gone, the roof had fallen; to what extent we were unable to determine. The work before us now consisted in shutting off the various entrances into the rest of the mine which led from that part of the entry lying between the two shafts, in order that we might remove the seals from the air-shaft and draw the air slowly down the hoisting-shaft, through B entry and the small door at the bottom of the escapement in the air-shaft, and up to the top again through the air-shaft; thus creating an actual

air-zone in the mine reclaimed from the gas and smoke.

For ten long days the work continued, so slowly and so laboriously that it was sometimes hard to see the end of our labors. Hampered by the weight and bulk of the helmets, and panting when our exertions caused our lungs to demand more air than the regulating valves could supply, we erected six stoppings, of matched boards and canvas, over the mouths of the various tunnels which led off from B entry; and with our bare hands mixed plaster and smeared the cracks and edges until the stoppings were tight. Then came the last and hardest stopping of all, for one had to be built across the entry just beyond the air-shaft, for which it was necessary to carry all the material — lumber, saws, hammers, metal lath, and sacks of plaster — up the entry to the fall, and then over the hazardous pass and down into the smoke and water on the other side.

Day and night the work continued, and after a week of terrible labor the stopping was completed. I remember one of the last trips we made, when nerves and muscles, worn and exhausted, almost refused to continue their work. We had crawled through the pass down into the smoke and water on the other side. The day before, two coils of hose had been dragged over the fall and, with the greatest difficulty, connected with the water-main in the air-shaft, and the streams directed against the fall beyond the air-shaft, where fire might still exist beneath the tons of fallen rock. The muffled roar of the water filled the black smoke-packed tunnel with sound, and every few minutes the tall, four-hundred-foot column in the pipe would break, and there would be a roar and crash as though the whole roof were giving way above us.

We had left a little opening in the

stopping, that we might go through and plaster the opposite side, and as I crawled back from doing this work, my helmet struck sharply and twisted sideways on my head for a second, allowing a little gas to leak in beneath the washers. A minute later, as I rose to my feet, a dizziness seized me, and calling to my two helpers, we started for the hoisting-shaft. We all realized that should a man become unconscious through a leak in his helmet, it would be impossible to get the dead weight of his body up and over the fall. With that one thought in each mind, we slowly crawled up and over the masses of rock, through which many journeys had worn a hazardous path, and down on the other side. And now flashes of light, like electric sparks, seemed to play before my eyes, sliding down across the front of my helmet. My knees began to sway, and it suddenly occurred to me that they must be bending in both directions as I walked. It was a hard trip to the shaft, and I realized how bright was the cold sunshine on top, and how clean and crisp was the open air, when they helped me off with my helmet.

On Christmas Eve we lost a man under very similar circumstances. Either by striking his head or in some other way, he had loosened his helmet and been overcome by the gas which had leaked in. His body lay on the far side of a battice, and his weight and the helmets which his companions wore so hampered them that death came before he was finally brought to the surface.

With the completion of this last stopping, the end of our terrible work seemed near, and it was with the spirit of a holiday that the men tore off the seal from the air-shaft and opened the doors of the house at the top of the man-hoist. Slowly the great fan once more turned, and after two hours, when the safety-lamps no longer detected the

presence of gas in the air which came out of the air-shaft, we cautiously descended. With our helmets laid aside and with the comparatively bright light of our safety-lamps, the mine took on a more familiar and homelike aspect. In a few hours, no longer hampered by helmets or conditions of smoke and gas, we tore down a wide passage through the fall, an operation that would have taken days to accomplish under the former conditions, with the helmets. That evening in the Superintendent's room in the office-building, those who were in charge, with the maps of the mine spread before them, planned the next move in the fight and determined which entries should next be opened and how the air-currents should be led into them in order that the mine, tunnel by tunnel and section by section, might be cleared of the smoke and gas.

Meanwhile, a dozen men, under the leadership of Boar, had remained in the mine and were tightening the stoppings and preparing for the work of the coming day. It was about eleven o'clock that night when Boar heard a slight explosion beyond the stopping by the air-shaft. Without alarming his men, he began an investigation, when two more violent explosions threatened to blow down the stopping. The unexpected had again happened. Stoppings once more had leaked, air had passed into the gas-filled tunnels, and fire still existed.

Without a second's delay the men were hoisted from the mine, and fifteen minutes after the last man stepped from the cage there came a sudden explosion in the mine. From the hoisting-shafts a huge white cloud of vapor shot up into the night; but at the air-shaft the force of the explosion was more violent, and the great dome of reinforced concrete above it fell in a mass of crumbled wreckage, swept back clean from the edge of the shaft.

It was one o'clock when I reached the fan-house, and a great full moon was standing high in the cold winter sky. Up from the square, black mouth of the air-shaft, a tall white column of vapor rose into the night, and then, when the mine began to breathe, disappeared; and with our hands held above the black hole, we could feel the rush of air sucked back into the abyss.

At an interval of about an hour following the first explosion there had come a second but less violent one; and again two hours later, when the mine had sucked back sufficient air to form another explosive mixture, a sudden hissing puff again shot out from the shaft, breaking into three pieces two twelve by fourteen green oak beams that we had laid across its mouth as the foundation for a seal. So sudden was the explosion that Peter Dawson, a powerful Negro who was crawling out over one of the beams when it occurred, was blown a distance of over fifty feet. We found him lying beside the track beyond a string of box-cars, with the blood running from a bad scalp-wound. His first words were that he had been tossed completely over the cars. 'I seen the roofs all white with frost an' moonlight,' he muttered; and the doctor later affirmed that Pete would have been killed when he landed on the rail if he had not hit on his head. A hundred men were now working in the moonlight, and in half an hour two more of the great beams were placed across the shaft-mouth, and planks and canvas, packed down with clay, above them.

The damage at the top of the man-hoist had been slight, and only the doors on the house above it had been blown from their fastenings. For the third time the shafts were sealed.

[In the January number Mr. Husband will describe the culmination of the disaster.—THE EDITORS.]

PROPHETS OR ENGINEERS

BY MALCOLM TAYLOR

Would we move the world, not earth but heaven must be our fulcrum.

IN the prevailing social unrest the clergy have received their share of the general criticism and condemnation. This criticism is not personal. There is little fault found with the average minister's moral earnestness; he is not accused of laziness, selfishness, or ignorance. But there is a widespread belief that the minister has lost a large measure of his former influence, and is no longer the recognized leader in ethical advance. His attitude toward life seems to many lacking in moral purchase; he appears to fall short of real achievement; he apparently fails to meet the exigencies of the religious situation of to-day. For the manifest decline in church attendance, and more particularly the absence of men from the average congregation, he is held ultimately responsible; and he is criticised in general for the place he occupies in the world of men. There is a growing opinion that he is surpassed in moral and spiritual achievement by others who make no direct profession of ethical leadership, but who, free from the traditions and dogmas which shackle the clergyman, are the better able to direct the awakened national conscience into those channels of social righteousness through which the best spiritual energy of to-day flows.

That such criticism of the influence of the minister is largely justified, any candid observer must admit. Our age is one of great moral earnestness; books on ethics and religion are widely read,

reform movements find enthusiastic support, philanthropy is becoming a science, missions, domestic and foreign, arouse an enthusiasm and are supported with a conviction of their supreme value unknown to the Christian Church since the apostolic age. But in the midst of this ethical and religious revival the minister has been steadily losing ground. Church attendance has fallen off, and the lack of candidates for the ministry has caused serious concern.

Where does the fault lie? Is it in the man, or in his environment, or in the way he has been trained for his work?

An explanation frequently advanced is that the education of the minister fails to fit him for his work. His training leads him too far from the ordinary life of men, leaving him unacquainted with their daily struggles and temptations. He is, therefore, unable to meet his congregation upon a common plane of experience, so that his admonitions fall short of the mark in quibbling over unessentials, or pass over the heads of his hearers in an aerial flight of speculative discussion. Thus a writer in a recent number of the *Atlantic*¹ traces the minister's declining influence to 'the fact that there is no point of sympathetic contact between the two parties,' and suggests that the minister's theological training be supplemented by several years of practical business experience. Let the young man preparing to study for the ministry first

¹ Francis E. Leupp: 'The Minister and the Men.' July, 1910.

engage in secular business for a year or two, thus becoming acquainted with the world, so that his theological training to follow may not pull him out of touch with life and lead him into the fatal error of asceticism in thought or personal experience. 'As a farmer or a merchant,' Mr. Leupp believes, as 'a clerk or a mechanic, he would learn more of the world, its burdens and temptations, in two years, than in twenty spent in theological study, or preaching, or even in paying the conventional parochial visits.'

This suggestion is characteristic of the attitude of a multitude of laymen, within as well as without the church. There is a popular belief that the influence of the minister would be greater were he to come into closer contact with those to whom he ministers; and clergymen with something of the politician's tact are much in demand. Church committees insist that the candidate shall be a man of social dexterity. A clergyman, advertising in a church paper for a parish, recently referred to himself as a 'good mixer.' 'His sermons are dull,' is a remark frequently heard, 'but he is socially attractive and he is getting hold of the young people.'

Such a point of view has one vital defect; it assumes that the occupation of the minister brings him less into touch with the world than does that of a man of business. That this is so most laymen, unacquainted with the details of a minister's life except as he appears in church on Sunday, seem to take for granted. But such is not the experience of those who, like the writer, have passed from a business or professional life into that of the ministry. As a matter of fact a minister sees more of the comedies and tragedies of life, its temptations, problems, joys, and sorrows, than does the average man of the world. Indeed, no class of men sees

so much of life, unless it be physicians. The minister needs no special course of training to make him familiar with the common experiences of men. If, like a true man, he wins the confidence of his people, his danger is rather that he will be overwhelmed by the flood of tragic experiences into which he is thrown. His difficulty is to keep his head above the flood, so that his vision remains clear and his enthusiasm undiminished. To add, as part of his training, practical experience in the difficulties of life would be simply to add to that of which he will soon have as much as he can bear.

It is true that the young minister, taking charge of his first church, has not had such experience; but in this he is not more handicapped than the neophyte in any other profession. In fact, his lack of experience is less embarrassing than that of the young physician or lawyer, for in the majority of instances he is in a measure under the direction of his ecclesiastical superiors and has always the privilege of seeking counsel and guidance. He is in far more danger of exerting a merely negative influence than of doing harm through excess of zeal.

How far, moreover, such lack of practical experience is from being the chief cause of ministerial failure is manifest when we recall the fact that it is the young man who is most in demand in the ministry to-day. When a minister is fifty years old, and has acquired a large experience, he is, too often, not wanted. May it not be that the prevailing ministerial defect is due neither to lack of experience of the world, nor to a training that holds the theological student for a few years aloof from the world, but rather to the absence of another kind of knowledge possessed by the young man, though in a cruder form, in larger measure than by the minister of mature years, — a know-

ledge which may grow less as well as greater as practical experience is acquired?

As a matter of fact, the minister is already in touch with the world to a degree quite unknown to the past generation. He cannot help it, for, from all sides, the practical aspects of his work are emphasized. The institutional church has, in the opinion of many, become a necessity as the only kind of church that will live in our larger cities; and the minister is fortunate who does not find the greater part of his time devoted to the various phases of applied Christianity. A clergyman who recently resigned from the charge of a large parish in Chicago explained his action by announcing his desire to devote himself to religion, declaring that it was quite impossible to be a religious teacher while preoccupied with efforts to run banks and employment bureaus, with the direction of clubs and athletics, and an endless chain of social engagements.

A man's powers develop along the line of his tasks, and the modern institutional church is a poor school for prophets. It is not thus that the great preachers of the past have been made. The faces at a clerical gathering are an interesting commentary on the change of emphasis which modern conditions have forced upon the Christian ministry. One sees there the faces of men of action rather than of thought, types of the engineer or banker, the lawyer or promoter, rather than the mystic or philosopher, or even the teacher. They have been made by their tasks. The first work of a minister is still to preach; he is the interpreter of the will of God to men. In theory, at least, it is his task to comfort and inspire, to guide, strengthen, and warn. But he has been forced by the pressure of circumstances to place the emphasis in his work elsewhere. He must make it go; he must

interest everybody by devising something for each to do, and each short-lived activity must be quickly followed by another, lest the members drift away. Instead of studying the will of God, he is forever prodding the wills of men. All this he does often in the face of his own conviction that these are not the things that count.

The difficulty with the minister of to-day is not that he lives too far from the common experiences of other men. Never before was he so close to them. But he is too far from God. His influence has declined because he speaks with less conviction of God's will, and his hold upon the consciences of men has slackened because he is not himself able to draw clearly the line between right and wrong. He knows the problems that puzzle and distress his congregation, but he is in doubt as to what advice to give. He resorts, therefore, to what are called simple, practical sermons, but which are too often 'tacks across a sea of pious platitudes,' without any serious attempt to reach port. He knows at heart that every moral act is the result of antecedent thought, and that there can be no noble living without high thinking; yet he is unable to present Christian truth in a way that awakens that 'admiration, hope, and love' by which men live.

In all this the minister is largely a product of his age, but this fact — though exonerating him from blame — should not obscure the reason for his declining influence. It is not that the clergy of to-day are less eager to do God's will, or less devoted in their search for truth. The uncertain note which characterizes their utterance is due rather to the breaking-down of the older sources of authority, and the consequent necessity for reliance upon personal experience. The preacher, finding that the statements of the creeds do not of themselves bring assurance,

is driven more and more to seek for conviction by interpreting his own communion with God. The authority of church or book no longer suffices; but the thinking man still eagerly asks, 'Do you know that these things are so?'

For the present age is one of eager questioning. There is a hunger for knowledge, and a thirst for the springs of spiritual life. This appeal for help the minister is too often unable to satisfy. He may give the traditional answers, but he finds them unsupported by an authority his hearers will accept; and just there lies his difficulty. He is helpless, not because he is unfamiliar with the mental and spiritual condition of those who ask, — he can enter very keenly into the situation, — but because he has himself had no convincing spiritual experience which has brought absolute conviction to his own mind, and become a passion of his own heart.

This change, this passing of authority, deeply significant as it is for the future of the Christian Church and one in which, I believe, we shall ultimately rejoice, has for a time thrown the ministerial ranks into disorder. For it means that if the minister is to regain his hold upon the wills of men there must be a revival of the order of prophets — that is, of men who speak because the word of God has come to them, who from out of their own experience can say, 'Thus saith the Lord.'

But prophets are not trained by the hard knocks of practical experience, else had the world been full of them; nor has their influence been measured by their popularity or their skill in acquiring the facile art of good-fellowship. Moses, of old, was not popular with his brethren, nor did his efforts to mix with them meet with success. The word of God with which he was charged came to him in the wilderness,

not while he lingered at the court of Pharaoh.

Elijah, Isaiah, Micah, and the other prophets of the olden time, were men of God rather than men of affairs. They had seen visions of God, — quite a different experience from that which would have come to them had they concentrated their thoughts upon the affairs of men. Where lay the source of Paul's influence? Was it due to his experience as a sail-maker, or to the vision on the road to Damascus? So of Augustine, of Luther, of Wesley, of Brooks — men who had experienced what Tennyson longed for when he wrote, 'My greatest desire is to have a clear vision of God.' We recall how Phillips Brooks failed utterly as a school-teacher because he could not maintain discipline, and how throughout his life he was unfamiliar with the ways of the business world. But Brooks's influence was vast, and his achievement real and permanent, because he was able to give in large measure that which men are ever seeking — a word from God, born of a vision of his being and beauty, and uttered with conviction because it was attested by his own personal experience.

Another danger besides loss of influence on the part of her clergy besets the church. While her ministers are developing into good parish-workers and centres of social attraction, rather than seers and interpreters of the will of God, she is in danger of being outstripped spiritually by philosophy. There is a notable tendency toward spiritual emphasis in the deeper thought of to-day. Such work as that of Rudolf Eucken and his enthusiastic disciples is significant. His answer to the 'Problem of Life' is the assertion of the supremacy of the spiritual. While the church is fondling her institutions, secular philosophy is turning toward God. It behooves the church to be

careful of her spiritual leadership. The great problem before her is the problem of a Christ-centred philosophy. On her ability to hold this ideal clearly before men her influence depends. Her ministers must be men trained to think with Christ. But thinking with Christ is very different from thinking about Christ. We have a great deal of the latter. If the Christian minister is to be a leader of others, he must be a man of one great idea. He must offer an ideal, a philosophy of life, to which his own life is wholly given. Concentrated attention on some absorbing purpose is necessary to any effective leadership. The present weakness is due to divided attention. The average minister lives the life of an executive officer, and the absorbing passion of the prophet has no time to grow strong.

The manner of life of the minister must change with the changing order, and his special training should be continually altered to meet the intellectual and moral demands of his day. The monastery as a school for the clergy, and the old text-books on systematic divinity, are now both out of place. Many theological schools are encumbered with dry bones, and from the pulpit are still heard contentions over the body of Moses. The minister is not infrequently deaf to the spirit of his age, and fails to perceive that 'the times call to him as the winds call to the pilot.' But these defects are on the surface. The underlying source of weakness is the absence of spiritual leadership. The cure is to be sought, not in a more intimate acquaintance with affairs, but in a clearer vision of God.

The thinking layman, so often unattracted by the message of the pulpit, is not moved by a sermon hastily thrown together after a week of strenuous activity in the business of a modern church. He knows before the text is announced that, save for a few com-

monplace appeals to the emotions, the speaker will have nothing to offer to his hearers. He may be persuaded of his earnestness; but unless earnestness is based on reasoned conviction its effect is but transitory. There is no more difficult task than to portray clearly the moral aspects of some complex social situation, or to renew hope and enthusiasm in depressed and discouraged hearts. Such tasks are not for the remnants of a man's efforts. No physician or lawyer could hope for success who made his study of medicine or law a side issue, nor can a minister be a spiritual leader save as he gives himself wholly to the things of God.

It is the recognition of this forced division of attention which is, I believe, a prevailing cause, if not the chief cause, of the falling-off in candidates for the ministry. The young man of moral earnestness, casting about for a life-work where he can render the most effective service, turns from the ministry because the work demanded of him there involves a division of purpose and effort which invites failure. He may believe in the value of Boys' Clubs and Friendly Societies, of afternoon calls and church suppers, of playing billiards to the glory of God, and finding church work for everybody — he probably does believe in these things, for they have real value. But he is eager for spiritual leadership. He has fitted himself by long years of study to do the work of a thinking man. He turns from the ministry because he knows that he will be required to do all these other things for which he is not fitted. Moreover a demand creates a supply, and the ministry is being filled more and more with men who are fitted for the church's social work, but who, alas, are not prophets with a message born of long and intimate communion with God.

There are in the church to-day true

spiritual leaders. But what the average minister shall be, a man of affairs or a man of God, depends upon what is demanded of him by the congregation which he serves; and the training of

the minister will also be determined by his conception of the work he will be required to do. It is for the church to choose whether she will be guided by prophets or by engineers.

A POET'S TOLL

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

THE boy's mother let the book fall, and, walking restlessly to the doorway, flung aside the curtains that separated the library from the larger and open hall. The December afternoon was sharp and cold, and she had courted an hour's forgetfulness within a secluded room, bidding her maid bring a brazier and draw the curtains close, and deliberately selecting from her son's books a volume of Lucretius. But her oblivion had been penetrated by an unexpected line, shot like a poisoned arrow from the sober text: —

Breast of his mother should pierce with a wound
sempiternal, unhealing.

That was her own breast, she said to herself, and there was no hope of escape from the fever of its wound. A curious physical fear took possession of her, parching her throat and robbing her of breath. It was a recoil from the conviction that she must continue to suffer because her son, so young, even for his twenty years, had openly flouted her for one of the harpies of the city and delivered over his manhood to the gossip-mongers of Rome.

Seeking now the sting of the winter air which she had been avoiding, she pushed the heavy draperies aside and hurried into the *atrium*. Through an

opening in the roof a breath from December blew refreshingly, seeming almost to ruffle the hair of the little marble Pan who played his pipes by the rim of the basin sunk in the centre of the hall to catch the rain-water from above. She had taken pains years ago to bring the quaint goat-footed figure to Rome from Assisi, because the laughing face, set there within a bright-colored garden, had seemed to her a happy omen on the day when she came as a bride to her husband's house, and in the sullen hours of her later sorrow had comforted her more than the words of her friends.

As she saw it now, exiled and restrained within a city house, a new longing came upon her for her Umbrian home. Even the imperious winds which sometimes in the winter swept up the wide valley and leaped over the walls of Assisi, and shrieked in the streets, were better than the Roman Aquilo, which during these last days had been biting into the very corners of the house. And how often, under the winter sun, the northern valley used to lie quiet and serene, its brown vineyards and expectant olive orchards held close within the shelter of the blue hills which stretched protectingly below the snow-

covered peaks of the Apennines. How charming, too, the spring used to be, when the vineyards grew green, and the slow, white oxen brought the produce of the plain up the steep slopes to the town.

She wondered now why, in leaving Assisi, when Propertius was a child, she had not foreseen her own regretful loneliness. Her reason for leaving had been the necessity of educating her son, but the choice had been made easy by the bitterness in her own life. Her husband had died when the child was five years old, and a year later her brother, who had bulwarked her against despair, had been killed in the terrible siege of Perugia.

Her own family and her husband's had never been friendly to Cæsar's successor. Her husband's large estates had been confiscated when Octavius came back from Philippi, and her brother had eagerly joined Antony's brother in seizing the old Etruscan stronghold across the valley from Assisi and holding it against the national troops. The fierce assaults, the prolonged and cruel famine, the final destruction of a prosperous city by a fire which alone saved it from the looting of Octavius's soldiers, made a profound impression upon all Umbria. Her own home seemed to be physically darkened by evil memories. Her mind strayed morbidly in the shadows, forever picturing her brother's last hours in some fresh guise of horror. She recovered her self-control only through the shock of discovering that her trouble was eating into her boy's life also.

He was a sensitive, shrinking child, easily irritated, and given to brooding. One night she awoke from a fitful sleep to find him shivering by her bed, his little pale face and terrified eyes defined by the moonlight that streamed in from the opposite window. 'It is my uncle,' he whispered; 'he came into

my room all red with blood; he wants a grave; he is tired of wandering over the hills.' As she caught the child in her arms her mind found a new mooring in the determination to seek freedom for him and for herself from the memories of Assisi, where night brought restless spectres and day revealed the blackened walls and ruins of Perugia.

That was fourteen years ago, but to-day she knew that in Rome she herself had never wholly been at home. Her income had sufficed for a very modest establishment in the desirable Esquiline quarter; and her good, if provincial, ancestry had placed her in an agreeable circle of friends. She and her son had no entrée among the greater Roman nobles, but they had a claim on the acquaintance of several families connected with the government, and of others well-known in the business world. There was, however, much about city life which offended her tastes. Its restlessness annoyed her, its indifference chilled her. Architecture and sculpture failed to make up to her for the intimate presence of mountain and valley. Ornate temples, crowded with fashionable votaries, more often estranged than comforted her. Agrippa's new Pantheon was now the talk of the day, but to her the building seemed cold and formal. And two years ago, when all Rome flocked to the dedication of the new temple of Apollo on the Palatine, her own excitement had given way to tender memories of the dedication of Minerva's temple in her old home. Inside the spacious Portico, with its columns of African marble, and its wonderful images of beasts and mortals and gods, and in front of the gleaming temple, with its doors of carven ivory, and the sun's chariot poised above its gable peak, she had been conscious chiefly of a longing to see once more the homely market-place of Assisi, to climb the high

steps to the exquisite temple-porch which faced southward toward the sun-bathed valley, and then to seek the cool dimness within, where the Guardian of Woman's Work stood ready to hear her prayers.

To-day as she walked feverishly up and down, fretted by the walls of her Roman house, her homesickness grew into a violent desire for the old life. Perugia was rebuilt, and rehabilitated, in spite of the conquering name of Augustus superimposed upon its most ancient Etruscan portal. Assisi was plying a busy and happy life on the opposite hillside. The intervening valley, once cowering under the flail of war, was given over now to plenty and to peace. Its beauty, as she had seen it last, recurred to her vividly. She had left home in the early morning. The sky was still flushed with rose, and the white mists were just rising from the valley and floating away over the tops of the awakening hills. She had held her child in her lap as the carriage passed out under the gate of the town and began the descent into the plain, and the buoyant freshness of the morning had entered into her heart and given her hope for the boy's future. He was to grow strong and wise, his childish impetuosity was to be disciplined, he was to study and become a lawyer and serve his country as his ancestors had before him. His father's broken youth was to continue in him, and her life was to fructify in his and in his children's, when the time came.

The mother bowed her head upon her clenched hands. How empty, empty her hopes had been! Even his boyhood had disappointed her, in spite of his cleverness at his books. The irritability of his childhood had become moroseness, and he had alienated more often than he had attached his friends. A certain passionate sincerity, however, had never been lacking in his

worst moods; and toward her he had been a loyal, if often heedless, son. In this loyalty, as the years passed, she had come to place her last hope that he would be deaf to the siren calls of the great city. Outdoor sports and wholesome friendships he had rejected, even while his solitary nature and high-strung temperament made some defense against temptation imperative.

When he was eighteen he refused to go into law, and declared for a literary life. She had tried hard to conceal her disappointment and timid chagrin. She realized that the literary circle in Rome was quite different from any she knew. It was no more aristocratic than her own, and yet she felt intuitively that its standards were even more fastidious and its judgments more scornful. If Propertius were to grow rich and powerful, as the great Cicero had, and win the friendship of the old senatorial families, she could more easily adjust herself to formal intercourse with them than to meeting on equal terms such men as Tibullus and Ponticus and Bassus, and perhaps even Horace and Virgil. But later her sensitive fear that she could not help her son in his new career had been swallowed up in the anguish of learning that he had entirely surrendered himself to a woman of the town. This woman, she had been told, was much older than Propertius, beautiful and accomplished, and the lure of many rich and distinguished lovers. Why should she seek out a slight, pale boy who had little to give her except a heart too honest for her to understand?

When the knowledge first came to her, she had begged for her son's confidence, until, in one of his morose moods, he had flung away from her, leaving her to the weary alternations of hope and fear. Two weeks ago, however, all uncertainty had ended. The sword had fallen. Propertius had published

a series of poems boasting of his love, scorning all the ideals of courage and manhood in which she had tried to nurture him, exhibiting to Rome in unashamed nakedness the spectacle of his defeated youth. Since the day when her slave had brought home the volume from the book-store, and she had read it at night in the privacy of her bedroom, she had found no words in which to speak to him about his poetry. Any hope that she had ever had of again appealing to him died before his cruel lines, —

Never be dearer to me even love of a mother
belovèd,

Never an interest in life, dear, if of thee I'm
bereft.

Thou and thou only to me art my home, to me,
Cynthia, only

Father and mother art thou — thou all my
moments of joy.

He had, indeed, been affectionate toward her once more, and had made a point of telling her things that he thought would please her. He had even, some days before, seemed boyishly eager for her sympathetic pleasure in an invitation to dine with Mæcenas.

'I am made, mother,' he said, 'if he takes me up.'

'Made!' she repeated now to herself. Made into what?

A friend had told her that the Forum was ringing with the fame of this new writer, and that from the Palatine to the Subura his poetry was taking like wildfire. She was dumb before such strange comfort. What was this 'fame' to which men were willing to sacrifice their citizenship? Nothing in Rome had so shocked her as the laxity of family life, the reluctance of young men to marry, the frequency of divorce. She had felt her first sympathy with Augustus when he had endeavored to force through a law compelling honorable marriage. Now, all that was best in her, all her loyalty to the traditions of her family, rose in revolt against a popular

favor that applauded the rhymes of a ruined boy, and admired the shameless revelations of debauchery.

These plain words, spoken to herself, acted upon her mind like a tonic. In facing the facts at their worst, she gained courage to believe that there must still be something she could do, if she could only grow calmer and think more clearly. She stopped her restless walking, and taking a chair forced herself to lean back and rest. The afternoon was growing dark, and a servant was beginning to light the lamps. In the glow of the little yellow flames, Pan seemed to be piping a jocund melody.

The frenzy of despair left her, and she began to remember her son's youth and the charming boyish things about him. Perhaps among his new friends some would love him and help him where she and his earlier friends had failed. There was Virgil, for example. He was older, but Propertius's enthusiasm for him seemed unbounded. He had pored over the *Georgics* when they came out in his early boyhood, and only the other day he had told her that the poet was at work on an epic that would be greater than the *Iliad*. The boy's likes and dislikes were always violent, and he had said once, in his absurd way, that he would rather eat crumbs from Virgil's table than loaves from Horace's.

She knew that Virgil believed in noble things, and she had heard that he was kind and full of sympathy. As the son of a peasant he did not seem too imposing to her. He had been pointed out to her one day in the street, and the memory of his shy bearing and of the embarrassed flush on his face as he saw himself the object of interest, now gave her courage to think of appealing to him.

Her loosened thoughts hurried on more ambitiously still. Of Mæcenas's recent kindness, Propertius was inordinately proud. Would it not be pos-

sible to reach the great man through Tullus, her son's faithful friend, whose government position gave him a claim upon the prime minister's attention? Surely, if the older man realized how fast the boy was throwing his life away he would put out a restraining hand. She had always understood that he set great store by Roman morals. Rising from her chair with fresh energy, she bade a servant bring her writing materials to the library. The swift Roman night had fallen, and the house looked dull and dim except within the short radius of each lamp. But to her it seemed lit by a new and saving hope.

Nearly a week later Horace was dining quietly with Mæcenas. It was during one of the frequent estrangements between the prime minister and his wife, and Mæcenas often sent for Horace when the strain of work had left him with little inclination to collect a larger company. The meal was over, and on the polished citron-wood table stood a silver mixing-bowl, and an hospitable array — after the princely manner of the house — of gold cups, crystal flagons, and tall, slender glasses which looked as if they might have been cut out of deep-hued amethyst. The slaves had withdrawn, as it was one of the first nights of the Saturnalia, and their duties were lightened by a considerate master. The unusual cold and the savage winds that had held Rome in their grip for the past few days were forgotten within the beautiful dining-room. A multitude of lamps, hanging from the lacquered ceiling, standing around the room on tall Æginetan candelabra, and resting on low graceful standards on the table itself, threw a warm radiance over the mosaic floor and over the walls painted with architectural designs, through which, as if through colonnades of real marble, charming landscapes lured and beck-

oned. One of the choicest Greek wines in the host's famous cellar had been brought in for the friends. There was enough snow on Soracte, Mæcenas had said laughingly, to justify the oldest Chian, if Horace could forego his Italian numbers and his home-brewed Sabine for one night.

'I will leave both my metre and my stomach to the gods,' Horace had retorted, 'if you will turn over to them your worry about Rome, and pluck the blossom of the hour with me. Augustus is safe in Spain, you cannot be summoned to the Palatine, and to-morrow is early enough for the noise of the Forum. By the way,' he added somewhat testily and unexpectedly, 'I wish I could ever get to your house without being held up for "news." A perfect stranger — he pretended to know me — stopped me to-night and asked me if I thought there was anything in the rumor that Augustus has no intention of going on to get the standards back from the Parthians, but is thinking only of the Spanish gold-mines. "Does he think to wing our Roman eagles with money or with glory?" he asked, with what I thought was an insolent sneer. I shook him off, but it left a bad taste in my mouth. However,' smiling again as he saw a familiar impassiveness settle upon his host's face, 'for you to-night there shall be neither Parthians nor budgets. I offer myself as the victim of your thoughts. You may even ask me why I have not published my *Odes* since you last saw me.'

Mæcenas's eyes brightened with affectionate amusement.

'Well, my friend,' he said, 'both money and glory would wing your flight. You have the public ear already, and can fix your own royalties with the *Sosii*. And everybody, from Augustus to the capricious fair, would welcome the published volume. You should think too of my reputation as showman.'

Messala told me last week that he had persuaded Tibullus to bring out a book of verse immediately, while you and Virgil are dallying between past and future triumphs. I am tempted to drop you both and take up with ambitious youth. Here is Propertius setting the town agog, and yesterday the Sosii told me of another clever boy, the young Ovid, who is already writing verse at seventeen: a veritable rascal, they say, for wit and wickedness, but a born poet.'

'If he is that,' Horace said, in a tone of irritation very unusual with him, 'you had better substitute him for your Propertius. I think his success is little short of scandalous.'

'You sound like Tullus,' Mæcenus said banteringly, 'or like the friend of Virgil's father who arrived from Mantua last week and began to look for the good old Tatii and Sabines in Pompey's Portico and the Temple of Isis! Since when have you turned Cato?'

Horace laughed good-humoredly again. 'At any rate,' he said, 'you might have done worse by me than likening me to Tullus. I sometimes wish we were all like him, unplagued by imagination, innocent of Greek, quite sure of the admirableness of admirably administering the government, and of the rightness of everything Roman. What does he think of Propertius's peccadilloes, by the way? He is a friend of the family, is he not?'

'Yes,' said Mæcenus, 'and he is doing his friendly duty with the dogged persistence you would expect. He has haunted me in the Forum lately, and yesterday we had a long talk. His point of view is obvious. A Roman ought to be a soldier, and he ought to marry and beget more soldiers. Propertius boasts of being deaf to the trumpet if a woman weeps, and the woman is one he cannot marry. *Ergo*, Propertius is a disgrace to his country. It is

as clear as Euclid. All the friends of the family, it seems, have taken a hand in the matter. Tullus himself has tried to make the boy ambitious to go to Athens, Bassus has tried to discount the lady's charms, Lynceus has urged the pleasures of philosophy, and Ponticus of writing epics. And various gray-beards have done their best to make a love-sick poet pay court to wisdom. I could scarcely keep from laughing at the look of perplexity and indignation in Tullus's face when he quoted Propertius's reply. The boy actually asked them if they thought the poor flute ought to be set adrift just because swelled cheeks were n't becoming to Pallas! The long and short of it is that he wants me to interfere and convince Propertius of his public duty. That public duty may conceivably take the form of writing poetry is beyond his grasp.'

Horace laughed. 'Now, my difficulty,' he said, 'is just the reverse. I object to this young man because he is a bad poet.'

'Why?' Mæcenus asked, rather abruptly.

'Because,' Horace answered, 'he contorts the Latin language and muddies his thought by Alexandrian débris.'

Mæcenus reached for the silver ladle and slowly filled his cup once more from the mixing-bowl before replying. Then he said in a more serious tone than he had used hitherto, —

'If you will allow me to say so, Flaccus, that is a cheap criticism to come from the keenest critic in Rome. Is it not possible that you are misled by your personal prejudices? You dislike the young man himself, I know, because he is moody and emotional, and uncontrolled, and because he considers his own emotions fit subjects for discussion. A boy, self-centred, melancholy, and in love — what do you want of him?'

'Is that quite fair?' Horace answered. 'Tibullus is young and in love, and a very Heracleitus for melancholy, and you know that I not only love him as a friend but also value him as a poet, in spite of my belief that elegiac verse is not a fortunate medium for our language. His Latin is limpid and direct, his metre is finished, and his emotion as a lover is properly subordinated to his work as a poet.'

'Ah,' said Mæcenas quickly, 'but just there you betray yourself.' He hesitated a moment and then went on as if the words were welling up from reluctant depths in his own experience. 'Flaccus, you have never loved a woman, have you?'

Horace smiled whimsically. 'Not to the extent of surrendering my standards,' he said. 'So far Mercury has always rescued me in time from both Mars and Venus.'

But Mæcenas went on gravely, 'You are then incapacitated for appreciating the force and fervor of a certain kind of genius. I know that you have never understood Catullus, and I have a feeling that something of his spirit is reappearing in this boy to-day. If Propertius lacks his virility and directness, that may well be because of a stormier heart in which there is a conflict of warring elements. Certainly his passion transcends the vivacious sentiment of poor Gallus. I tell you, my wary critic, I am almost willing to believe that through this silly young dandy we are getting a new voice in our literature. Who knows? who knows? It is un-Roman, yes, incoherent and moody and subversive of law and order, but is it false to human life? A man may choose to dwell apart with his own heart rather than with Lucretius's Science or Virgil's Nature, or your own practical philosophy. Certain lines that this boy has written haunt me — perhaps they will prove true: —

Then you will wonder, and often, at me not ignoble a poet;

Then midst the talent of Rome I shall be ranked in the van;

Then will the youths break silence by side of my grave and be saying:

'Dead! Thou of passion our lord! Great one, O poet, laid low!'¹

A silence fell between the friends. Two slaves, their faces flushed with unusual wine, came in to replenish the small lamps on the table, and stole quietly out again. Horace watched his friend with grave affection, knowing well where his thoughts had strayed. Presently Mæcenas shook himself with a laugh.

'Exit Terentia's husband,' he said, 'and reënter the galley-slave of the Roman State. I have, indeed, been thinking for some time that this new talent ought to be deflected into other lines. Its energy would put vitality into national themes. A little less Cynthia, and a little more Cæsar, will please us all. I mean to suggest some historical subjects to the boy. Thinking about them may stiffen up this oversoft Muse of his.'

'You speak hopefully,' Horace said, 'but you have our Hostia (I understand the "Cynthia" is an open secret) to reckon with. She is not going to loosen her hold on a young man who is making her famous, and whose sudden success with you is due to poetry about her. We have to acknowledge that she is almost as wonderful as the young fool thinks she is.'

'Certainly,' Mæcenas answered, 'she has insight. Her favor must have been won by his talent, for he has n't money enough to meet her price.'

'And I,' scoffed Horace, 'think the dice about equal between her favor and his talent. However, I wish you luck, and shall look for a crop of songs on

¹ This and the preceding verse translations are by F. G. Allinson.

Cæsar and Carthage and the Cimbrians.'

With a smile of mutual understanding the friends pledged each other in one last draught of Chian, as Horace rose to take his leave.

'How lately have you heard from Virgil?' Mæcenas asked while they waited for Davus to be summoned from the festivities in the servants' hall.

'A letter came yesterday,' Horace answered, 'and it troubled me greatly. He wrote in one of his blackest moods of despair over the *Æneid*. He says he feels as if he were caught in a nightmare, trying madly to march along a road, while his feet drag heavily, and his tongue refuses to form sounds and words. I confess that I am anxious, for I think his mind may prey too far upon his physical strength. Only last week Varius told me that he thought Virgil himself was obsessed by the idea that he might die before he has finished his work, he had begged him so often to promise to destroy whatever is left uncompleted.'

A sudden sadness, like the shadow of familiar pain, fell upon Mæcenas's face.

'Flaccus, my Flaccus,' he exclaimed, 'it is I who shall die, die before Virgil finishes his *Æneid*, or you your *Odes*. My life will have been futile. The Romans do not understand. They want their standards back from the Parthians, they want the mines of Spain and the riches of Arabia. They cast greedy eyes on Britain and make much ado about ruling Gaul and Asia and Greece and Egypt. And they think that I am one of them. But the Etruscan ghosts within me stir strangely at times, and walk abroad through the citadel of my soul. Then I know that the idlest dream of a dreamer may have form when our civilization shall have crumbled, and that the verse of a poet, even of this boy Propertius, will outlast the toil of my nights. You and

Virgil often tell me that you owe your fortunes to me, — your lives, you sometimes say with generous exaggeration. But I tell you that the day is coming when I shall owe my life to you, when, save for you, I shall be a mere name in the rotting archives of a forgotten state. Why, then, do you delay to fulfill my hope? Virgil at least is working. What are you doing, my best of friends?'

Davus had come in, and was laying the soft, thick folds of a long coat over his master's shoulders, as Mæcenas's almost fretful appeal came to an end.

Horace, accustomed to his friend's overstrained moods, and understanding the cure for them, turned toward him with a gentle respect which was free from all constraint or apology. His voice lost its frequent note of good-tempered mockery, and became warm with feeling, as he answered, —

'My friend, have patience. You will not die, nor shall I, until I have laid before you a work worthy of your friendship. You are indeed the honor and the glory of my life, and your faith in my lyric gift lifts me to the stars. But you must remember that my Muse is wayward and my vein of genius not too rich. No Hercules will reward my travail, so do not expect of me the birth-pangs that are torturing Virgil. I have time to look abroad on life and to correct tears by wine and laughter while my hands are busy with the file and pumice-stone. Before you know it, the billboards of the Sosii will announce the completed work, and the dedication shall show Rome who is responsible for my offending.'

The look of anxious irritability faded from Mæcenas's face, and in restored serenity he walked with Horace from the dining-room, through the spacious unroofed peristyle, where marble pillars and statues, flower-beds and fountains were blanched by the winter moon

to one tone of silver, and through the magnificent *atrium*, where the images of noble ancestors kept their silent watch over the new generation. At the vestibule door a porter, somewhat befuddled by Saturnalian merry-making, was waiting sleepily. When he had opened the door into the street the two friends stood silent a moment in the outer portico, suddenly conscious, after the seclusion of the great house and their evening's talk, of the city life beyond, — hilarious, disordered, without subtlety in desire and regret, rich in the common passions of humanity. At this moment a troop of revelers stumbled past with wagging torches in their drunken hands. Among them, conspicuous in the moonlight, the boy Propertius swayed unsteadily, and pushed back a torn garland from his forehead. Horace turned to Mæcenas.

'Cynthia's wine,' he said. 'Do you expect to extract from the lees an ode to Augustus?'

Mæcenas shrugged his shoulders. 'Probably,' he said, 'he will write me a charming poem to explain why he cannot do what I ask. I know the tricks of your tribe.'

With a final laugh and a clasp of the hands the friends parted company. Mæcenas went back to his library to reread dispatches from Spain before seeking his few hours of sleep. Horace, finding that the wind had gone down, and tempted by the moonlight, turned toward the Subura to stroll for another hour among the Saturnalian crowds.

Propertius made his way past the slave at his own door, who was surprised only by his young master's arrival before daybreak, and stumbled to his bedroom, where the night-lamp was burning. The drinking at Cynthia's — he always thought of her by that name — had been fast and furious. She had been more beautiful than

he had ever seen her. Her eyes had shone like stars, and the garlands had hung down over her face and trailed in her cup of yellow wine. And she had told him that he was the only true poet in Rome and had read his poems aloud in a voice so sweet and clear that he had been nearly crazed with pride and delight. Capriciously she had driven him away early with the other guests, but to-morrow he would see her again, or, perhaps, he could get through her door again to-night — to-night —

His feverish reverie was broken in upon by the frightened and apologetic porter, bringing a letter which his mistress had told him to deliver as soon as the master came home. Propertius dismissed him angrily, and held the letter in an unwilling and shaking hand. Perhaps he would not have read it at all if it had been written on an ordinary wax tablet. But the little parchment roll had an unusual and insistent look about it, and he finally unrolled it and, holding it out as steadily as he could under the small wick of his lamp, read what was written: —

P. Virgilius Maro to his Propertius, greeting.

I hope you will allow me to congratulate you on your recent volume of verse. Your management of the elegiac metre, which my friend Gallus, before his tragic death last year, taught me to understand, seems to me ennobling and enriching, and in both the fire and the pathos of many of your lines I recognize the true poet. Perhaps you will recognize the rustic in me when I add that I also welcomed a note of love for your Umbrian groves of beeches and pines and for water-meadows which you must have seen, perhaps by the banks of your Clitumnus, filled with white lilies and scarlet poppies. Most of all have I been moved by the candor of your idealism. It is rare indeed in

this age to hear any scorn of the golden streams of Pactolus and the jewels of the Red Sea, of pictured tapestries and thresholds of Arabian onyx. The knowledge that things like these are as nothing to you compared with love, stirs me to gratitude.

It was in these ways that I was thinking of you yesterday, when I put my own work aside and walked by the shore of the great bay here, looking toward Capri. And will you let a man who has lived nearly a quarter of a century longer than you have add that I wondered also whether before long you will not seek another mistress for your worship, one whose service shall transcend not only riches but all personal passions?

Like you, I have lain by the Tiber, and watched the skiffs hurrying by, and the slow barges towed along the yellow waves. And my thoughts also have been of the meanness of wealth and of the glory of love. But it was to Rome herself that I made my vows, and in whose service I enlisted. Was there ever a time when she needed more the loyalty of us all? While she is fashioning that Empire which shall be without limit or end and raise us to the lordship of the earth, she runs the risks of attack from impalpable enemies who shall defile her highways and debauch her sons. Arrogance, luxury, violent ambition, false desires, are more to be dreaded than a Parthian victory. The subtle wickedness of the Orient may conquer us when the spears of Britain are of no avail. Antony and Gallus are not the only Romans from whom Egypt has sucked life and honor.

Like you, again, I am no soldier. Your friends and my friends go lustily to Ionia and Lydia and Gaul and Spain, co-workers, as you say, in a beloved government. Is not Rome, then, all the more left to our defense? You pleased me once by saying that you

'knew every line' of my *Georgics*. You know then that I have believed that the sickened minds of to-day could be healed, if men would but return to the intimacies of the soil and farm. Our great master, Lucretius, preached salvation through knowledge of the physical world. I have ventured to say that it could be found through the kindly help of the country gods. But now I am beginning to see deeper. In Rome herself lie the seeds of a new birth. When men see her as she is in her ancient greatness and her immortal future, will not greed and lust depart from their hearts? I think it must have been at dawn, when the sea was first reddening under the early sun, that Æneas sailed up to the mouth of the Tiber, and found at last the heart of that Hesperia whose shores had seemed ever to recede as he drew near them. Now that our sky is blazing with the midday sun, shall we betray and make void those early hopes? Shall the *sistrum* of Isis drown our prayers to the gods of our country, native-born, who guard the Tiber and our Roman Palatine?

I am seeking to write a poem which shall make men reverence their past and build for their future. Will you not help me to work for Rome's need? You have sincerity, passion, talent. You have commended a beautiful woman to me. Will you not let me commend my Mistress to you? Farewell.

The letter slipped from the boy's fingers to the floor. The wonderful voice of Virgil, which made men forget his slight frame and awkward manners, seemed to echo in his ears. In that voice he had heard stately hexameters read until, shutting his eyes, he could have believed Apollo spoke from cloudy Olympus. And this voice condescended now to plead with him and to offer him a new love. Cynthia's voice or his —

or his. He tried to distinguish each in his clouded memory — Virgil's praising Rome, Cynthia's praising himself. His head ached violently, and his ears rang. A blind rage seized him because he could not distinguish either voice clearly. The letter was to blame. He would destroy that, and one voice at least would cease its torment. He gathered up the loose roll, twisted it in his trembling fingers, and held it to the flame of the little lamp.

'To Venus — a hecatomb!' he shouted wildly.

As the parchment caught fire, the blaze of light illumined his flushed cheeks and burning eyes, and the boyish curve of his sullen lips.

It was in the spring, when the little marble Pan looked rosy in the warmer sunlight, and the white oxen must have been climbing the steep slopes of Assisi, that the boy's mother let go her slight hold on life. In Rome the roses were in bloom, and Soracte was veiled in a soft blue haze.

Tullus came to Mæcenas to excuse Propertius from a dinner, and a slave led him into the famous garden where the prime minister often received his guests. Virgil was with him now, and

they both cordially greeted the young official. As he gave his message, his face, moulded into firm, strong lines by his habits of thought, was softened as if by a personal regret. The three men stood in silence for a moment, and then Tullus turned impulsively to Mæcenas.

'He chose between his mother and his mistress,' he said. 'When I talked with you in the winter you said that perhaps his mother would have to face death again to give birth to a poet as she had already to give birth to a child. I have never understood what you meant.'

'Ah, Tullus,' Mæcenas answered, laying his hand affectionately upon the shoulder of the younger man, 'I spoke of a law not inscribed on the Twelve Tables, but cut deep in the bed-rock of life — is it not, my Virgil?'

But the poet toward whom he had quickly turned did not hear him. He stood withdrawn into his own thoughts. A shaft of sun, piercing through the ilex trees, laid upon his white toga a sudden sheen of gold, and Mæcenas heard him say softly to himself, in a voice whose harmonies he felt he had never wholly gauged before, —

Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.

THE COMRADE

BY EDITH WHARTON

WILD wingèd thing, O brought I know not whence
To beat your life out in my life's low cage;
You strange familiar, nearer than my flesh
Yet distant as a star, that were at first
A child with me a child, yet elfin-far,
And visibly of some unearthly breed;
Mirthfullest mate of all my mortal games,
Yet shedding on them some evasive gleam
Of Latmian loneliness — O even then
Expert to lift the latch of our low door
And profit by the hours when, dusk'd about
By human misintelligence, our first
Weak fledgling flights were safest essayed;
Divine accomplice of those perilous-sweet
Low moth-flights of the unadventured soul
Above the world's dim garden! — now we sit,
After what stretch of years, what stretch of wings,
In the same cage together — still as near
And still as strange!

Only I know at last
That we are fellows till the last night falls,
And that I shall not miss your comrade hands
Till they have closed my lids, and by them set
A taper that — who knows? — may yet shine through.

Sister, my comrade, I have ached for you,
Sometimes, to see you curb your pace to mine,
And bow your Mænad crest to the dull forms
Of human usage; I have loosed your hand
And whispered: 'Go! Since I am tethered here,'
And you have turned, and breathing for reply,
'I too am pinioned, as you too are free,'
Have caught me to such undreamed distances
As the last planets see, when they look forth

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THE COMRADE

To the sentinel pacings of the outmost stars —
 Nor these alone,
 Comrade, my sister, were your gifts. More oft
 Has your impalpable wing-brush bared for me
 The heart of wonder in familiar things,
 Unroofed dull rooms, and hung above my head
 The cloudy glimpses of a vernal moon,
 Or all the autumn heaven ripe with stars.

And you have made a secret pact with Sleep,
 And when she comes not, or her feet delay,
 Toiled in low meadows of gray asphodel
 Under a pale sky where no shadows fall,
 Then, hooded like her, to my side you steal,
 And the night grows like a great rumouring sea,
 And you a boat, and I your passenger,
 And the tide lifts us with an indrawn breath
 Out, out upon the murmurs and the scents,
 Through spray of splintered star-beams, or white rage
 Of desperate moon-drawn waters — on and on
 To some blue ocean immarcescible
 That ever like a slow-swung mirror rocks
 The balanced breasts of sea-birds motionless.

Yet other nights, my sister, you have been
 The storm, and I the leaf that fled on it
 Terrifically down voids that never knew
 The pity of creation — or have felt
 The immitigable anguish of a soul
 Left last in a long-ruined world alone;
 And then your touch has drawn me back to earth,
 As in the night, upon an unknown road,
 A scent of lilac breathing from the hedge
 Bespeaks the hidden farm, the bedded cows,
 And safety, and the sense of human kind . . .

And I have climbed with you by hidden ways
 To meet the dews of morning, and have seen
 The shy gods like retreating shadows fade,
 Or on the thymy reaches have surprised
 Old Chiron sleeping, and have waked him not . . .

Yet farther have I fared with you, and known
 Love and his sacred tremors, and the rites
 Of his most inward temple; and beyond
 His temple lights, have seen the long gray waste
 Where lonely thoughts, like creatures of the night,
 Listen and wander where a city stood.
 And creeping down by waterless defiles
 Under an iron midnight, have I kept
 My vigil in the waste till dawn began
 To move among the ruins, and I saw
 A sapling rooted in a fissured plinth,
 And a wren's nest in the thunder-threatening hand
 Of some old god of granite in the dust . . .

THE MATTER WITH US

BY WILLIAM S. ROSSITER

‘WHAT is the matter with us?’ is, in effect, the question which has been asked many times of late in the Halls of Congress and in thousands of homes in the cities and towns of the United States.

This query does not relate to our external affairs, nor to any failure to achieve material success at home, but primarily to our daily experience, in the course of which the dwellers in all larger communities (forming a decided majority of the American people) find themselves so heavily penalized by the advancing cost of the necessities of life, especially food-supplies, that much of the advantage of increasing prosperity — perhaps all of it — is sacrificed.

The most reasonable answer to this inquiry carries us back from theorizing to a common-sense point of view; it

compels us to remember that at length the United States has emerged from national childhood and arrived at a considerable degree of maturity. We endured our ‘growing pains’ with complacency, realizing their cause. Having grown so rapidly, however, we seem not to appreciate that our national ailments are no longer the mere aches of youth. In reality we are now subject to the graver distempers which afflict the full-grown state. ‘The matter with us’ is principally population, — an ailment of national maturity.

When the federation of states adopted the Constitution and founded a nation, the republic possessed a large geographical area and a meagre supply of inhabitants. During the period which has elapsed since that date, the increase in number of inhabitants has

far outstripped increase in territory. In 1790, when the first census of the United States was taken, the density of population was but 4.8 inhabitants per square mile (computing total area). In 1900, it was 25.1. In 1790, the density of population in the settled area was 9.4 per square mile, but in 1900 in the same area it was 80.4. In short, in number of inhabitants we have expanded rapidly into a huge nation, but thus far we have failed to realize the limitations which of necessity accompany immense increase. In this census year 1910, the population of the United States approximates at least eighty-nine million souls. How many have awakened to the fact that this republic is now the fourth largest nation in numbers upon earth?

Moreover, the three nations which are more populous than the United States are significant: Russia, with one hundred and thirty million inhabitants, composed principally of a densely ignorant agricultural peasantry; India, with three hundred millions, of whom much the greater part are ignorant human beings subsisting upon the equivalent of a few cents per day; and China, with possibly three hundred and fifty or four hundred millions of persons who maintain their existence only by methods of living undreamed of and utterly impossible in Western lands.

It appears not to have occurred even to thoughtful Americans who have observed the conditions which prevail in overpopulated countries that some of the symptoms there noted are likely to develop in the near future in our own land, and are possibly even now beginning, since everywhere the struggle for existence becomes fiercer as population grows more dense.

Such change, indeed, is inevitably attended by decreased individual freedom of action. In densely populated

countries, whether large or small, it is recognized that great density of population carries with it definite limitations upon the individual. In France, a property-owner is not permitted to cut down a tree upon his own land; he may, however, climb his tree and snip off twigs and small branches for firewood. In consequence, in large areas many of the trees are disfigured, but they still remain standing and form a part of the national resources. In Japan, human beings do most of the work which in less densely populated countries is performed by beasts of burden. In a country so densely populated as Japan, this work is required for the support of a large element of the laboring class. In this sense, therefore, Japan literally cannot afford to breed and maintain many horses and other beasts of burden.

If a traveler asks for accommodation in a hotel in which there are but few other guests, a generous landlord may assign him even more liberal accommodation than he requires; but if the hotel be crowded, the newcomer will be compelled to share a bed with a stranger, or perchance to sit up in the office. Again, if a man's house is located upon a ten-acre lot, he is at liberty to act as riotously as he pleases at any hour of the day or night, with little danger of annoying others; but if a citizen elects to occupy quarters in a city apartment house, liberty to do as he pleases is at once restricted, and those actions or sounds will not be tolerated which interfere with the convenience or comfort of others. These illustrations in a way suggest the curtailment of individual freedom which must necessarily attend great increase of population in the United States.

In developing the resources of this continent, the pioneers and their descendants speedily forgot the frugality and the economical methods of Europe

which had been developed there by the stern necessity for preserving soil and forest and mine. Not only have the citizens of the United States by inheritance been reared in an atmosphere of individual extravagance, but they early summoned the world to migrate to America to aid them in exploiting their resources. Our case, in fact, resembles that of a poor man coming suddenly into a great inheritance.

Confronted at length by an increasing tendency to dense population, we still seek means of continuing the same wasteful methods of living which have prevailed in the past. Nothing, however, is more certain than the law that dense population can be successfully and comfortably maintained only by strictest frugality, proper distribution, and with a reasonable adjustment of callings. The abject poverty and suffering of great numbers of persons in England at the present time in all probability largely result from disregard of the altered conditions caused by dense population.

It is frequently urged that the United States is capable of supporting a vastly greater population than at present lives within its borders. This assertion may be admitted as true solely upon one condition: that the agricultural areas shall be fully peopled and intensively cultivated by inhabitants contented with reasonable returns. In that event, immense increase might occur without economic revolution; in fact, it might thus have been possible, so vast is our area and so great are our resources, to have reached our present population and to have materially exceeded it, without curtailing to any marked degree our inherited extravagance of living. But normal distribution of population between town and country would have been absolutely essential.

To the best of our present knowledge,

ninety per cent of the population of the United States in 1790 was engaged in or supported by some form of agriculture. This means that of approximately three millions of people, two million seven hundred thousand derived their support from the soil, and three hundred thousand from other callings. In 1900, the agricultural element represented about one third of the total population, and the remaining two thirds were engaged in industrial and other occupations.

It is possible to imagine the proportion of 1790 as in existence in 1910. Upon such a supposition the United States of course would be a distinctively agricultural nation. In that event, our eighty-nine millions of inhabitants would be divided in the proportion of eighty million one hundred thousand persons engaged in agriculture, and eight million nine hundred thousand persons otherwise occupied; but, on the other hand, observe that it is not practicable to apply the proportions of 1910 to the population which existed in 1790. If it were, the spectacle would have been presented in that year of two millions of persons crowded into the cities, shops, and mines of the young nation, with but one million persons living upon the farms to produce the food-stuffs and other material required for the support of two thirds of the population. It is safe to assert that at that period so small an agricultural element as one third of the total number of inhabitants could not have produced the food-stuffs required for the support of the remaining two thirds.

These comparisons not only suggest the degree to which the elements inherent in the population of the nation have been adjusted during the century which has elapsed since the Constitution was adopted, but clearly indicate the real problem that the people of this republic are now confronting.

If the crowd on an excursion steamer moves to one side, the steamer lists to that side on which the human freight is massed. For years the people on the good ship United States have been hurrying in increasing numbers to one side. They have been transforming themselves from country-producers to city-consumers, but the extent of the change which for a long period has thus been in progress has not been fully realized. The signs of this change, however, manifesting themselves in our present-day problems, have at length arrested our attention. Hence we now observe the increasing list of our ship of state.

'The matter with us' is the immense increase which has occurred in the population of this country without the maintenance of normal proportions in the number of persons engaged in agriculture as compared with those engaged in other callings. Moreover, we must not ignore the fact that, while mere increase in population of itself creates new conditions calling for many economic readjustments, when increase occurs abnormally, as in one sense it is now occurring in the United States, the result must of necessity be disastrous; and the only element of doubt is the degree of the distress which results.

During the ten years from 1890 to 1900, we added thirteen millions of human beings to our numbers, and from 1900 to 1910, we have again added at least as many more. In each decade this increment is composed principally of two elements: young children who could not be producers of food if they would; and immigrants, who for the most part remain in cities and towns. Therefore, whatever ultimately becomes of these citizens, almost the entire increase shown at each census over the population reported at the previous census, must be regarded as sim-

ply an additional drain on the agricultural resources of the nation.

It should be remembered that thirteen millions of persons are equivalent to more than four times the population of the entire United States at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. This decennial addition to our numbers in 1900 and 1910 is exceedingly important, for it necessarily increases the cost of living, unless the population is normally distributed. Thirteen million human beings, unheard of and unaccounted for in our affairs when the census enumerators made their rounds in 1900, have arrived among us with appetites and daily wants to be supplied; and if the national resources of food in 1910 are no greater than they were in 1900, or if they have increased but not proportionately, it is clear that our individual share must be decreased in order to contribute toward the need of our thirteen million new fellow citizens, or else that we must pay an additional sum to continue to obtain the share which was formerly ours. This fact is so significant that illustrations are important.

In 1890, there were 57,649,000 neat cattle in the United States, if the census figures are to be accepted. In 1900, the number was but 52,489,000. Thus an actual decrease in cattle of over 9 per cent occurred while the population increased 20.7 per cent. To have kept pace with increase of population the number of neat cattle in 1900 should have been 17,200,000 greater than it was. It appears, therefore, that so far as cattle were concerned, the food-supply failed to keep pace with our increase of population. If this decrease has persisted from 1900 to 1910 (while we have been adding another thirteen million persons to our numbers), it is to be expected that the price of fresh meat will have materially advanced.

No less suggestive are the changes

which have occurred in the proportion of swine to population. The number of hogs reported at each census from 1850 to 1900 bore the following relation to each one thousand inhabitants: —

<i>Year.</i>	<i>Number of hogs to each 1000 persons.</i>
1850	1309
1860	1066
1870	708
1880	995
1890	913
1900	837

If the decrease here indicated continued from 1900 to 1910 we should now be nearing the proportion of hogs to population which prevailed at the first census after the Civil War, 1870. It is significant that the market-price for hogs recently current was practically the same as that quoted in 1865, although we now possess approximately forty million more hogs than were found on American farms in 1870. The matter is population. The American citizen has increased more rapidly than the American pig.

The change in the proportion of sheep is even more striking: in 1850, there were 924 to each 1000 inhabitants; in 1900, but 525.

In 1899, the American hen laid eggs in sufficient numbers during the calendar year to amount to seventeen dozen for each inhabitant of the United States. Omitting all thought of adding a single egg to the individual share of eggs, but merely to maintain the 1900 proportion, the hens of the United States in 1910 must be laying annually 221,000,000 dozen more eggs than they laid in 1899. The per capita product of milk in the year 1899 was 95.6 gallons per annum. To maintain this per capita for the benefit of our increment of population, the milk-supply in the year 1910 must exceed that of 1899 by 1,242,800,000 gallons. To maintain butter, of which the per capita amount

produced in 1899 was fourteen pounds, at the same per capita in 1910, the aggregate production must exceed the former figure by 182,000,000 pounds. Of potatoes, that other staple of human consumption, the per capita product at the last census was about four bushels; hence in 1910, to maintain the potato supply for our newcomers, but not to increase it for the rest of the community to the extent of even one potato each (one potato each means approximately 180,000 bushels), there must be raised 52,000,000 bushels more of this homely but useful vegetable than were reported in 1899. What this demand means is best noted by observing that to supply it would consume the entire potato crop, as reported at the last census, of the states of California, Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Maine, Maryland, and North Carolina.

It must be evident that to meet all the requirements of our fast-growing population, there should be an equally fast-increasing farm population, since we cannot assume that those persons now engaged in agriculture will advance with sufficient rapidity in knowledge of agricultural conditions and of intensive farming to keep pace with the increasing demand. What are the facts concerning the farmer?

From 1890 to 1900, the number of males engaged in agriculture in the eleven North Atlantic states, extending from the Canada line to Virginia on the south and to Ohio on the west, decreased 2.7 per cent.

The number of farmers in the group of populous Middle Western states comprising Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan increased but little more than 6 per cent. The population in 1900 of these two groups of states was nearly half of the population of the United States; stated exactly, it was 34,963,234. This total represented an increase of

5,771,339 in ten years, or 19.8 per cent. In this area the males engaged in agriculture numbered, in 1900, 2,605,136, an increase during the decade of 55,662, or about 2 per cent. If the farm element had increased as rapidly as the total population, the number of persons engaged in agriculture in the group of northern states extending from St. John's River to Virginia and the western boundary of Illinois would have been greater by 450,000 persons than the number actually so occupied. As a matter of fact, the tendency of the population to abandon agriculture and drift into other callings was so pronounced that the number of persons engaged in farming in every thousand of the total population residing in the area above noted, shrank from eighty-seven in 1890 to seventy-four in 1900.

While the total value of all farms in the United States increased 27.6 per cent from 1890 to 1900, it is significant that the increase in value reported in the group of states above specified, comprising more than one third of the total farm valuation, was but 9 per cent. Furthermore, the average value of all farms in the United States was less in 1900 than it was in 1860, and the average value per acre decreased about 6 per cent during the decade from 1890 to 1900.

It should not be overlooked that the movement of population from farm to city also tends to augment the influence of corporations and aggregations of capital. The farmer owes allegiance to no one; as a class he possesses or may possess a greater degree of personal independence than any other class of citizens.

The intense desire for self-government characteristic of the Revolutionary period no doubt had its origin in the fact that almost every household was an independent self-thinking unit which was almost wholly self-sustain-

ing. Nearly the entire population lived on farms, and each farm family raised on its own land most of the food-stuffs and raw material required for support.

In the matter of personal independence the change from farm to city so long in progress must have wrought a far-reaching change in the body politic. In almost all cases the citizen who abandons the farm for city or town life, exchanges the farmer's independence for support secured by hiring out to others. Hence we have been transforming ourselves into a larger and larger proportion of wage-earners, or persons dependent upon employers. The shift from farm to shop and factory has in consequence proportionately increased corporate influence in daily life and politics. The immense present-day power of corporations and combinations is thus derived largely from the voluntary concentration of immense numbers of persons into these classes of employment.

Do not these facts suggest clearly the problem before the American people? It will be conceded that there must come a time when the farms of the United States as at present operated, even with the assistance of the most improved machinery and with all the advantages of agricultural science, either cannot adequately support an undue proportion of population entirely divorced from the soil, or, if support is accorded, must charge enhanced prices for farm products.

The most pronounced movement in population which has occurred during the past two decades has been abandonment of farm life by persons seeking the excitement and activity of urban communities. Every time a citizen leaves the farm and seeks residence in a town or city, he ceases to be a producer and becomes a consumer of the products of those who remained upon the farm. Obviously this process must

have an end, or the national equilibrium will be unsettled.

The conditions here noted are not peculiar to the United States. The tendency to migrate from the country to the town is also noted in other countries. But the laws of nature, although their operation may be postponed by our increasing knowledge of related laws and by other scientific discovery, cannot be permanently set at naught. Obviously a point will be reached at which, in the United States and elsewhere, the conditions prevailing in the three most populous nations of the world will begin to become operative; and either much privation and suffering will result, with a consequent decrease of population, or else the United States and all other nations which confront these problems must effect a readjustment by which a larger proportion of inhabitants will be contented to remain as tillers of the soil and with restricted ambitions. The alternative is immigration to newer lands.

It is not to be expected that the people of the United States, who have been educated to believe that opportunity is open alike to every citizen, will voluntarily turn back to quiet, uneventful, and unambitious lives in country districts. But from this time forward increase of population without corresponding soil-cultivation and individual frugality must inevitably force continual consideration of this problem. Serious social unrest and final revolt are possible but exceedingly dangerous methods of attempting to secure readjustment of the unsatisfactory conditions now prevailing; emigration in increasing volume is another expedient. But it is to be hoped that the problem of living now before us will be settled by a healthful change of public and private sentiment, creditable to an eminently common-sense nation like the United States. Viewed from any standpoint, however, the increase and unequal distribution of population is 'the matter with us.'

THE PATRICIANS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

[Lord Milton, son of the Earl of Valleys, and grandson of Lady Casterley of 'Ravensham,' is in the thick of a political campaign. By birth, training, and education he represents the old order, and is opposed by Humphrey Chilcox, with whom is associated a socialistic leader, Courtier, who is an enthusiast in the cause of Peace.

Milton, dreamy and ascetic, meets by chance a Mrs. Noel, discreetly referred to by the family as 'Anonyma.' They are mutually attracted. Little is known of her antecedents, and Lady Casterley determines to keep them apart. During one of his daring speeches against Milton's candidacy, a mob attacks Courtier, and Milton,

happening, by chance, to be at Mrs. Noel's house at a late hour in the evening, goes to his rescue. In the resulting fray Courtier is slightly injured, and is removed to 'Monkland.' While there, he meets Barbara, the young and beautiful daughter of Lady Valleys. Courtier hears that Lord Milton's opponents are making political capital out of his acquaintance with Mrs. Noel and withdraws from the canvass. Upon seeing the scandalous attacks upon him flaunted in the opposition press, Lord Milton, determined to marry Mrs. Noel, if she consents, hurries to London, where he visits his father, Lord Valleys, and tells him of his intention.]

XI

LADY CASTERLEY was that inconvenient thing, an early riser. No woman in the kingdom was a better judge of a dew carpet. Nature had in her time displayed before her thousands of those pretty fabrics, where all the stars of the past night, dropped to the dark earth, were waiting to glide up to heaven again on the rays of the sun. At Ravensham she walked regularly in her gardens between half-past seven and eight, and when she paid a visit, was careful to subordinate whatever might be the local custom to this habit.

When therefore her maid, Randle, went to Barbara's maid at seven o'clock, and said, 'My old lady wants Lady Babs to get up,' there was no particular pain in the breast of Lady Barbara's maid, who was lacing up her corsets. She merely answered, 'I'll see to it. Lady Babs won't be too pleased!' And ten minutes later she entered that white-walled room which smelled of pinks — a temple of drowsy sweetness, where the summer light was vaguely stealing through flowered chintz curtains.

Barbara was sleeping with her cheek on her hand, and her tawny hair, gathered back, streaming over the pillow. Her lips were parted, and the maid thought, 'I'd like to have hair and a mouth like that!' She could not help smiling to herself with pleasure; Lady Babs looked so pretty — prettier asleep even than awake! And at sight of that beautiful creature, sleeping and smiling in her sleep, the fungusy, hot-house fumes steeping the mind of one perpetually serving in an atmosphere unsuited to her natural growth dispersed. Beauty, with its queer, touching power of freeing the spirit from all barriers and thoughts of self, sweetened the maid's eyes, and kept her

standing, holding her breath. For Barbara asleep was a symbol of that Golden Age in which she so desperately believed.

She opened her eyes, and seeing the maid, said, 'Is it eight o'clock, Stacey?'

'No, Lady Barbara, but Lady Casterley wants you to walk with her.'

'Oh! bother! I was having such a jolly dream.'

'Yes; you were smiling.'

'I was dreaming that I could fly.'

'Fancy!'

'I could see everything spread out below me, as close as I see you; I was hovering like a buzzard hawk. I felt that I could come down exactly where I wanted. It was fascinating. I had perfect power, Stacey.'

She threw her head back and closed her eyes. The sunlight streamed in on her between the half-drawn curtains. The queerest impulse to put out a hand and stroke that full white throat shot through the maid's mind; she turned abruptly.

'These flying machines are stupid,' murmured Barbara; 'the pleasure's in one's body — wings!'

'I can see Lady Casterley in the garden.'

Barbara sprang out of bed. Close by the statue of Diana, Lady Casterley was standing, gazing up at the great house, a tiny, gray figure. Barbara sighed. With her, in her dream, had been another buzzard hawk, and she was filled with a sort of surprise and queer pleasure that ran down her in little shivers while she bathed and dressed.

In her haste she took no hat; and still busy with the fastening of her linen frock, hurried down the stairs and Georgian corridor, toward the garden. At the end of it she almost ran into the arms of Courtier.

Awakening early this morning, he had begun thinking first of Mrs. Noel,

threatened by scandal; then of his yesterday's companion, that glorious young creature, whose image had so gripped and taken possession of him. In the pleasure of this memory he had steeped himself. She was youth itself! That perfect thing, a young girl without callowness.

And his words, when she nearly ran into him, were, 'The Winged Victory!'

Barbara's answer was equally symbolic: 'A buzzard hawk! I dreamed you were flying with me, Mr. Courtier.'

Courtier gravely answered, 'If the gods give *me* that dream, Lady Barbara —'

From the garden door Barbara turned her head, smiled, and passed through.

On seeing her grand-daughter coming toward her, Lady Casterley, who had been scrutinizing some newly founded colonies of a flower with which she was not familiar, said, 'What is this thing?'

'Nemesia.'

'Never heard of it.'

'It's rather new,' said Barbara.

'Nemesia?' repeated Lady Casterley. 'What has Nemesis to do with flowers? I have no patience with gardeners, and these idiotic names. Where is your hat? I like that duck's-egg color in your frock. There's a button undone.' And reaching up her little spidery hand, wonderfully steady considering its age, she buttoned the top button but one of Barbara's bodice. 'You look very blooming, my dear,' she said. 'How far is it to this woman's cottage? We'll go there now.'

'She would n't be up.'

Lady Casterley's eyes gleamed maliciously. 'You all tell me she's so nice,' she said. 'No nice unencumbered woman lies in bed after half-past seven. Which is the very shortest way?'

So saying, she led on at her brisk pace toward the avenue.

All the way down the drive she discoursed on woodcraft, glancing sharply at the great trees. Forestry — she said — like building, and all other pursuits which required faith and patient industry, was a lost art in this second-hand age. She had made Barbara's grandfather practice it, so that at Catton (her country place), and even at Ravensham, the trees were worth looking at. Here, at Monkland, they were shamefully neglected. To have the finest Italian cypress in the country, for example, and not take more care of it, was a crime!

Barbara listened, smiling lazily. Granny was so amusing in her energy and precision! Haunted still by the feeling that she could fly, almost drunk on the sweetness of the air that summer morning, it seemed funny to her that any one should be like that. Then for a second she saw her grandmother's face in repose, off guard, grim with anxious purpose, as if questioning its hold on life; and in one of those flashes of intuition which come to women — even when young and conquering like Barbara — she felt suddenly sorry, as though she had caught sight of the pale spectre never yet seen by her. 'Poor old darling!' she thought; 'what a pity to be old!'

But they had entered the footpath crossing the three meadows which climbed up toward Mrs. Noel's. It was so golden-sweet here amongst the million tiny saffron cups frosted with the lingering dewshine; there was such flying glory in the limes and ash trees; so delicate a scent from the late whins and mayflower; and on every tree a gray bird calling — to be sorry was not possible!

In the far corner of the first field a chestnut mare was standing with ears pricked at some distant sound whose charm she alone perceived. On viewing the intruders, she laid those ears

back, and a little vicious star gleamed out at the corner of her eye. They passed her and entered the second field. Halfway across, Barbara said quietly, 'Granny, that's a bull!'

It was indeed an enormous bull, who had been standing behind a clump of bushes. He was moving slowly toward them, still distant about two hundred yards; a great red beast, with the huge development of neck and front which makes the bull, of all living creatures, the symbol of brute force.

Lady Casterley envisaged him severely. 'I dislike bulls,' she said. 'I think I must walk backward.'

'You can't, dear; it's too uphill.'

'I am not going to turn back,' said Lady Casterley. 'The bull ought not to be here. Whose fault is it? I shall speak to some one. Stand still and look at him. We must prevent his coming nearer.'

They stood still and looked at the bull, who continued to approach.

'It does n't stop him,' said Lady Casterley. 'We must take no notice. Give me your arm, my dear; my legs feel rather funny.'

Barbara put her arm round the little figure. They walked on.

'I have not been used to bulls lately,' said Lady Casterley.

The bull came nearer.

'Granny,' said Barbara, 'you must go quietly on to the stile while I talk to him. When you're over I'll come too.'

'Certainly not,' said Lady Casterley, 'we will go together. Take no notice of him; I have great faith in that.'

'Granny darling, you must do as I say, please; I remember this bull, he is one of ours.'

At those rather ominous words Lady Casterley gave her a sharp glance.

'I shall not go,' she said. 'My legs feel quite strong now. We can run, if necessary.'

'So can the bull,' said Barbara.

'I'm not going to leave you to him,' muttered Lady Casterley. 'If he turns vicious I shall talk to him. He won't touch *me*. You can run faster than I; that's settled.'

'Don't be absurd, dear,' answered Barbara; 'I am not afraid of bulls.'

Lady Casterley flashed a look at her which had a gleam of amusement.

'I can feel you,' she said. 'You're just as trembly as I am.'

The bull was now distant some eighty yards, and they were still quite a hundred from the stile.

'Granny,' said Barbara, 'if you don't go on as I tell you, I shall just leave you, and go and meet him! You must n't be obstinate!'

Lady Casterley's answer was to grip her grand-daughter round the waist; the nervous force of that spidery arm was surprising. 'You will do nothing of the sort,' she said. 'I refuse to have anything more to do with this bull; I shall simply pay no attention.'

The bull now began very slowly ambling towards them.

'Take no notice,' said Lady Casterley, who was walking faster than she had ever walked before.

'The ground is level now,' said Barbara; 'can you run, dear?'

'I think so,' gasped Lady Casterley; and suddenly she found herself half-lifted from the ground, and, as it were, flying towards the stile. She heard a noise behind; then Barbara's voice, — 'We must stop. He's on us. Get behind me.'

She felt herself caught and pinioned by two arms that seemed set on the wrong way. Instinct and a general softness told her that she was back to back with her grand-daughter.

'Let me go!' she gasped; 'let me go!'

And suddenly she felt herself being propelled by that softness forward towards the stile.

'Shoo!' she said; 'shoo!'

'Granny,' Barbara's voice came, calm and breathless, 'don't! You only excite him! Are we near the stile?'

'Ten yards,' panted Lady Casterley.

'Look out, then!' There was a sort of warm flurry round her, a rush, a heave, a scramble; she was beyond the stile. The bull and Barbara, a yard or two apart, were just the other side. Lady Casterley raised her handkerchief and fluttered it. The bull looked up; Barbara, all legs and arms, came slipping down beside her.

Without wasting a moment Lady Casterley leaned forward and addressed the bull. 'You awful brute!' she said; 'I will have you well flogged.'

Gently pawing the ground, the bull snuffled.

'Are you any the worse, child?'

'Not a scrap,' said Barbara's serene, still breathless voice.

Lady Casterley put up her hands and took the girl's face between them.

'What legs you have!' she said. 'Give me a kiss!'

Having received a hot, rather quivering kiss, she walked on, holding somewhat firmly to Barbara's arm.

'As for that bull,' she murmured, 'the brute — to attack women!'

Barbara looked down at her. 'Darling,' she said, 'are you sure you're not shaken?'

Lady Casterley, whose lips were quivering, pressed them together very hard. 'Not a b-b-bit.'

'Don't you think,' said Barbara, 'that we had better go back, at once — the other way?'

'Certainly not. There are no more bulls, I suppose, between us and this woman?'

'But are you fit to see her?'

Lady Casterley passed her handkerchief over her lips, to remove their quivering. 'Perfectly,' she answered grimly.

'Then, dear,' said Barbara, 'stand

still a minute, while I dust you behind.'

This having been accomplished, they proceeded in the direction of Mrs. Noel's cottage.

At sight of it Lady Casterley said, 'I shall put my foot down. It would be fatal for a man of Milton's prospects. I look forward to the time when he will be Prime Minister.' Hearing Barbara's voice murmuring above her, she paused: 'What's that you say?'

'I said, what is the use of our being what we are, if we can't love whom we like?'

'Love!' said Lady Casterley; 'I was talking of marriage.'

'I am glad you admit the distinction, Granny dear.'

'You are pleased to be sarcastic,' said Lady Casterley. 'Listen to me! It's the greatest nonsense to suppose that people in our caste are free to do as they please. The sooner you realize that, the better, Babs. I am talking to you seriously. The preservation of our position as a class depends on our observing certain decencies. What do you imagine would happen to the Royal Family if they were allowed to marry whom they pleased? All this marrying with Gayety girls, and Americans, and people with pasts, and writers, and so forth, is most damaging. There's not much of it, thank goodness, but it ought to be stopped. It may be tolerated for a few cranks, or silly young men, and these new women; but for Milton —' Lady Casterley paused again, and her fingers pinched Barbara's arm, — 'or for you, — oh! yes, I've very good eyes, — there's only one sort of marriage possible. As for Eustace, I shall speak to this good lady, and see that he does n't get entangled further.'

Absorbed in the intensity of her purpose, she did not observe a peculiar little smile playing round Barbara's lips.

'You had better speak to Nature, too, Granny!'

Lady Casterley stopped short, and looked up in her grand-daughter's face.

'Now what do you mean by that?' she said. 'Tell me!'

But noticing that Barbara's lips had closed tightly, she gave her arm a hard — if unintentional — pinch, and walked on.

XII

Lady Casterley's rather malicious diagnosis of 'Anonyma' was correct. She was already in her garden when Barbara and her grandmother appeared at the wicket-gate; but being near the lime tree at the far end, she did not hear the rapid colloquy passing between them.

'You have promised to be good, Granny.'

'Good indeed! What do you mean, child?'

'You know!'

'H'mph!'

Lady Casterley could not possibly have provided herself with a better introduction than Barbara, whom Mrs. Noel never met without the sheer pleasure felt by a sympathetic woman when she sees embodied that 'joy in life' which Fate has not permitted to herself.

She came forward with her head a little on one side, a trick of hers not at all affected, and stood waiting.

The unembarrassed Barbara began at once. 'We've just had an encounter with a bull. This is my grandmother, Lady Casterley.'

The little great lady's demeanor, confronted with this very pretty face and figure, was a thought less autocratic and abrupt than usual. Her shrewd eyes saw at once that she had no common adventuress to deal with. She was woman of the world enough, too, to know that 'birth' was not what

it had been in her young days, that even money was rather rococo, and that good looks, manners, and a knowledge of literature, art, and music (and this woman looked like one of that sort), were often considered socially more valuable. She was therefore both wary and affable.

'How do you do?' she said. 'I have heard of you. May we sit down for a minute in your garden? The bull was a wretch!'

But even in speaking, she was uneasily conscious that this woman's clear eyes saw very well what she had come for. The look in them indeed was almost cynical, and in spite of her sympathetic murmurs, she did not somehow seem to believe in the bull. This was disconcerting. Why had Barbara condescended to mention the wretched brute? And she decided to take him by the horns.

'Babs,' she said, 'go to the inn and order me a fly. I shall drive back, I feel very shaky'; and, as Mrs. Noel offered to send her maid, she added, 'No, no, my grand-daughter will go.'

Barbara having departed with a quizzical look, Lady Casterley patted the rustic seat, and said, 'Do come and sit down, I want to talk to you.'

Mrs. Noel obeyed. And suddenly Lady Casterley perceived that she had a most difficult task before her. She had not expected a woman with whom one could take no liberties. Those clear dark eyes, and that soft, perfectly graceful manner — to a person so 'sympathetic' one should be able to say anything, and — one could n't! It was awkward. And suddenly she noticed that this woman was sitting perfectly upright, as upright — more upright — than herself. A bad sign — a very bad sign! Taking out her handkerchief, she put it to her lips.

'I suppose you think,' she said, 'that we were not chased by a bull.'

'I am sure you were.'

'H'm! I've something else to talk to you about.'

Mrs. Noel's face quivered back, as a flower might that one was going to pluck; and again Lady Casterley put her handkerchief to her lips. This time she rubbed them hard. There was nothing to come off; to do so, therefore, was a satisfaction.

'I am an old woman,' she said, 'and you must n't mind what I say.'

Mrs. Noel did not answer, but looked straight at Lady Casterley, to whom it seemed suddenly as if this was another woman. What was it about that face, staring at her! In a weird way it reminded her of a child that one had hurt — with those great eyes and that soft hair, and the mouth thin, in a line.

All of a sudden, and as if it had been jerked out of her, she said, 'I don't want to hurt you, my dear. It's about my grandson, of course.'

But Anonyma made no sign or motion; and that feeling of irritation which so rapidly attacks the old when confronted with the unexpected, came to Lady Casterley's aid.

'His name,' she said, 'is being coupled with yours in a way that's doing him a great deal of harm. You don't wish to injure him, I'm sure.'

Mrs. Noel shook her head, and Lady Casterley went on: —

'I don't know what they're not saying since the evening that man Mr. Courtier hurt his knee. Milton has been most unwise. You had not perhaps realized that.'

Mrs. Noel's answer was bitterly distinct. 'I did n't know any one was sufficiently interested in me.'

Lady Casterley made a gesture of exasperation.

'Good Heavens!' she said; 'every common person is interested in a woman whose position is anomalous.

Living alone as you do, and not a widow, you're fair game for everybody, especially in the country.'

Mrs. Noel's sidelong glance, very clear, and cynical, seemed to say, 'Even for you!'

'I am not entitled to ask your story,' Lady Casterley went on, 'but if you make mysteries you must expect the worst interpretation put on them. My grandson is a man of the highest principle; he does not see things with the eyes of the world, and that should have made you doubly careful not to compromise him, especially at a time like this.'

Mrs. Noel smiled. This smile startled Lady Casterley; it seemed, by concealing everything, to reveal depths of strength and subtlety. Would the woman never show her hand? And she said abruptly, 'Anything serious, of course, is out of the question.'

'Quite.'

That word, which of all others seemed the right one, was spoken so that Lady Casterley did not know in the least what it meant. Though occasionally employing irony, she detested it in others. No woman should be allowed to use it as a weapon! But in these days, when they were so foolish as to want votes, one never knew what they would be at. This woman, however, did not look like one of that sort. She was feminine, — very feminine, — the sort of creature that spoiled men by being too nice to them. And though she had come determined to find out all about everything and put an end to it, she saw Barbara reëntering the wicket gate with considerable relief.

'I am ready to walk home now,' she said. And getting up from the rustic seat, she made Mrs. Noel a stiff little bow. 'You understand, don't you? Give me your arm, child.'

Barbara gave her arm, and over her shoulder threw a swift smile like a sud-

den gleam of sunshine. But Mrs. Noel did not answer it. She stood looking quietly after them; and her eyes seemed immensely dark and large.

Out in the lane Lady Casterley walked on, very silent, digesting her emotions.

'What about the fly, Granny?'

'What fly?'

'The one you told me to order.'

'You don't mean to say that you took me seriously, child?'

'No,' said Barbara.

'H'mph!'

They proceeded some little way further before Lady Casterley said suddenly, — 'She is deep.'

'And dark,' said Barbara. 'I am afraid you were not good!'

Lady Casterley glanced upwards. 'I detest this habit,' she said, 'amongst you young people, of taking nothing seriously. Not even bulls,' she added, with a grim smile.

Barbara threw back her head and sighed. 'Who could be serious on a day like this!'

Lady Casterley saw that she had closed her eyes and opened her lips, as if inviting the kisses of the sun. And she thought, 'She's a very beautiful girl. I had no idea she was so beautiful — but too big!' And she added aloud, — 'Shut your mouth! You will get a fly down!'

Instead of shutting her mouth, Barbara bent down and kissed her three times, as it seemed simply for the pleasure of kissing.

'That will do,' said Lady Casterley. 'I am not a man!' Something in those kisses had disturbed her.

They spoke no more till they had entered the avenue; then Lady Casterley said sharply, 'Who is this coming down the drive?'

'Mr. Courtier, I think.'

'What does he mean by it, with that leg?'

'He is coming to talk to you, Granny.'

Lady Casterley stopped short.

'You are a cat!' she said; 'a sly cat. Now mind, Babs, I won't have it!'

'No, darling,' murmured Barbara; 'you shan't have it — I'll take him off your hands.'

'What does your mother mean,' stammered Lady Casterley, 'letting you grow up like this! You're as bad as she was at your age!'

'Worse!' said Barbara. 'I dreamed last night that I could fly!'

'If you try that,' said Lady Casterley grimly, 'you'll soon come to grief. Good-morning, sir; you ought to be in bed!'

Courtier raised his hat.

'Surely it is not for me to be where you are not!' He added gloomily, 'The war scare's dead!'

'Ha!' said Lady Casterley; 'your occupation's gone, then. You'll go back to London now, I suppose?'

And looking at Barbara she saw that the girl's eyes were half-closed, and she was smiling; it seemed to Lady Casterley too — or was it fancy? — that she shook her head.

XIII

That evening, in the billiard-room, Barbara said to Courtier, — 'I wonder if you will answer me a question?'

'If I may, and can, Lady Barbara.'

Her low-cut dress was of yew-green, with little threads of flame-color, matching her hair, so that there was about her a splendor of darkness and whiteness and gold, almost dazzling; and she stood very still, leaning back against the lighter green of the billiard-table, grasping its edge. The smooth, strong backs of her hands quivered with that grip.

'We have just heard that Milton is going to ask Mrs. Noel to marry him.'

People are never mysterious, are they, without good reason? I wanted you to tell me—is it a very bad thing for him?’

‘I don’t think I quite grasp the situation,’ murmured Courtier. ‘You said—to marry him?’

Barbara put out her hand ever so little, begging for the truth.

‘But how can your brother marry her—she’s married!’

‘Oh!’

‘I’d no idea you did n’t know.’

‘The story about her here is that she’s divorced.’

Courtier’s eyes kindled. ‘Hoist with their own petard! The usual thing. Let a pretty woman live alone—the tongues of men will do the rest.’

‘And of women,’ murmured Barbara. ‘Tell me all about it, please. We’d better know.’

‘Her father was a country parson, a friend of my father’s; I’ve known her from a child. Noel was his curate. It was what you call a “snap” marriage—girl of twenty who’d never met any men to speak of, continually thrown with him, encouraged by her father. She simply found out, like a good many other people, that she’d made an utter mistake.’

‘What was he like?’ Barbara interrupted.

‘Not a bad fellow in his way, but one of those narrow, conscientious men who make the most trying kind of husband—born egoistic. A parson of that sort has no chance at all. Every mortal thing he has to do or say helps him to develop his worst points. The wife of a man like that’s no better than a slave. She began to show the strain at last, though she’s one of the sort who goes on until she snaps. It took him four years to realize. Then the question was, what were they to do? He’s a very High Churchman, with all their feeling about marriage; but luckily his pride was mortally

wounded, and he got the notion that it would be sin to go on living a married life with her under the circumstances. Anyway, they separated two years ago, and there she is, left high and dry. Her people are dead. She has money enough to live on quietly; and he runs a parish somewhere in a Midland town. They never see each other; and, so far as I know, they don’t correspond. That, Lady Barbara, is the simple history.’

Barbara said impulsively, ‘Oh! poor thing!’

Courtier went to his rest that night with a new and revised version of that young book bound in green and flame. She was a fuller, more complete work than he had thought. This was the first glimpse he had caught of her under the softening glow of the emotions. What a woman she would make if the drying curse of high-caste life were not allowed to stereotype and shrivel her! If enthusiasm were suffered to penetrate and fertilize her soul! He had a vision of her, as a flower, floating, freed of roots and the mould of its cultivated soil, in the liberty of the impartial air. What a passionate and noble thing she might become! What radiance and perfume she would exhale! A spirit fleur-de-lys! Sister to all the noble flowers of light that inhabited the wind!

Leaning in the deep embrasure of his window, he looked at anonymous night. He could hear the owls hoot, and feel a heart beating out there somewhere in the darkness, but there came no answer to his wondering. Would she—this great tawny lily of a girl—ever become unconscious of her environment, not in manner, but in the very soul, so that she might be just a woman, breathing, suffering, loving, and rejoicing with the poet-soul of all mankind? Would she ever be capable of riding out with the little company of big hearts, naked of advantage?

Courtier had not been inside a church for twenty years, being the son of a clergyman, and having long felt that he must not enter the mosques of his country without putting off the shoes of freedom; but he read the Bible, considering it the greatest of all poems; and the old words came haunting him: 'Verily I say unto you, it is harder for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven.' And now, looking into the night, whose darkness seemed to hold the answer to all secrets, he tried to read the riddle of this girl's future, with which there seemed so interwoven that large enigma, how far the spirit can free itself in this life from the matter that encompasseth.

XIV

A copy of the *Bucklandbury News*, containing an account of his evening adventure, did not reach Milton till he was just starting on his return journey. It came marked with blue pencil, together with a note.

MY DEAR EUSTACE, —

The inclosed — however unwarranted and impudent — requires attention. But we shall do nothing till you come back. Yours ever,

WILLIAM SHROPTON.

The effect on Milton might perhaps have been different had he not been so conscious of his intention to ask Mrs. Noel to marry him; but in any circumstances it is doubtful whether he would have done more than smile, and tear the paper up. Truly that sort of thing had so little power to hurt or disturb him personally, that he was incapable of seeing how it could hurt or disturb any one. If those who read it were affected by it, so much the worse for them. He had a real, if unobtrusive, contempt for

groundlings, of whatever class; it never would enter his head to step an inch out of his course in deference to their vagaries. Nor did it come home to him that Mrs. Noel, wrapped in the glamour which he cast about her, could possibly suffer from the meanness of vulgar minds. This incapacity for thinking meanly made his strength; this incapacity for understanding how others could think meanly, his weakness. Shropton's note, indeed, caused him the more annoyance of those two documents. It was like his brother-in-law to make much of little!

He hardly dozed at all during his swift journey through the sleeping country; nor when he reached his room at Monkland did he go to bed. He had the wonderful, upborne feeling of man on the verge of achievement. His spirit and senses were both on fire — for that was the quality of this woman, she suffered no part of him to sleep, and he was glad of her exactions.

He drank some tea, went out, and took a path up to the moor. It was not yet eight o'clock when he reached the top of the nearest tor. And there, below him, around, and above, was a land and sky transcending even his exaltation. It was like a symphony of great music, or the nobility of a stupendous mind laid bare; it was God up there, in His many moods. Serenity was spread in the middle heavens, blue, illimitable; and along to the east, three great clouds, like thoughts brooding over the destinies below, moved slowly toward the sea, so that great shadows filled those valleys. And the land that lay under all the other sky was gleaming and quivering with every color, as it were, clothed with the divine smile.

The wind, from the north, whereon floated the white birds of the smaller clouds, had no voice; for it was above all barriers, utterly free. Before Milton, turning his face to this wind, lay

the maze of the lower lands, with the misty greens, rose-pinks, and browns of the fields, and the white and gray dots and strokes of cottages and church towers, fading into the blue veil of distance, confined by a far range of hills. When he turned his back to the wind there was nothing but the restless surface of the moor, colored purplish-brown. On that untamed sea of graven wildness could be seen no ship of man, save one, on the far horizon — the grim hulk, Dartmoor prison. There was no sound, no scent, and it seemed to Milton as if his spirit had left his body, and become part of the solemnity of God. Yet, as he stood there, with his head bared to the wind, that strange smile which haunted him in moments of deep feeling showed that he had not surrendered to the Universal, that his own spirit was but being fortified, and that this was the true and secret source of his delight.

He lay down in a scoop of the stones. The sun entered there, but no wind, so that a dry, sweet scent exuded from the young shoots of heather. That warmth and perfume crept through the shield of his spirit, and stole into his blood; ardent images rose before him, the vision of an unending embrace. Out of an embrace sprang Life, out of that the World was made, this wonderful World, with its innumerable forms and natures — no two alike! And from him and her would spring forms to take their place in the great pattern! This seemed wonderful, and right—for they would be worthy forms, who would hand on great traditions! Then there broke on him one of those delirious waves of natural desire, against which he had so often fought, so often with great pain conquered. Thank God! An end to that was coming! He got up, and ran down hill, leaping over the stones, and the thicker clumps of heather.

Anonyma, too, had been early astir, though she had gone late enough to bed. She dressed languidly, but very carefully, being one of those women who put on armor against Fate, because they are proud and dislike the thought that their sufferings should make others suffer, because their bodies are something rather sacred, having been given them in trust, to cause delight. When she had finished, she looked at herself in the glass rather more distrustfully than usual. She knew that her sort of woman was rather at a discount in these days, and being very sensitive, she was never content with her appearance, or her habits; yet she went on instinctively behaving in unsatisfactory ways. She incorrigibly loved to look as charming as she could, even if no one were going to see her; she never felt that she looked charming enough. She was, too, as Lady Casterley had guessed, the sort of woman who spoils men by being too nice to them; of no use to those who wish women to assert themselves, yet having a certain passive stoicism, very disconcerting. She was one of those women who have little power of initiative, yet will do what they are set to do with a thoroughness that would shame an initiator; who are temperamentally unable to beg anything of anybody, but require love as a plant requires water; who will give themselves completely, yet remain oddly incorruptible; one of those women who are, in a word, hopeless, and usually beloved of those who think them so. With all this, however, she was not quite what is called a 'sweet woman,' — a phrase she detested, — for there was in her a queer vein of gentle cynicism. She 'saw' with extraordinary clearness, as if she had been born in Italy and still carried that clear, dry atmosphere about her soul. There was no mysticism in her, and little aspir-

ation; sufficient to her were things as they showed themselves to be.

This morning, when she had made herself smell of geraniums, and fastened all the small contrivances that hold even the best of women together, she went downstairs to her little dining-room, set the spirit-lamp going, and taking up her newspaper, stood waiting to make tea.

It was the hour of the day most dear to her. If the dew had been brushed off her life, it was still there every morning on the face of nature, and on the faces of her flowers; there was before her all the pleasure of seeing how each of the little creatures in the garden had slept; how many children had been born since the dawn; who was ailing, and needed attention. There was also the feeling, which renews itself each morning in people who live lonely lives, that they are not lonely, until the day, wearing on, assures them that they are. Not that she was idle, for she had obtained through Courtier the work of reviewing music in a woman's paper, for which she was intuitively fitted. This, her flowers, her own music, and the affairs of certain families of cottagers, filled nearly all her time. And she asked no better fate than to have every minute occupied, having the passion for work that demanded no initiative natural to those with lazy minds.

Suddenly she dropped her newspaper, went to the bowl of flowers on the breakfast-table, and plucked forth two stalks of lavender; holding them away from her, she went out into the garden and flung them over the wall.

This strange immolation of those two poor sprigs, born so early, and gathered and placed there with such kind intention by her maid, seemed of all acts the least to be expected of one who hated to hurt people's feelings, and whose eyes always shone at the sight of flowers.

But in truth the smell of lavender — that scent carried on her husband's handkerchief and clothes — still affected her so strongly that she could not bear to be in a room with it. As nothing else did, it brought before her one to live with whom it had slowly become torture. And, freed by that scent, the whole flood of memory broke in on her. The memory of three long years when her teeth had been set doggedly on her discovery that she was chained to unhappiness for life; the memory of the abrupt end, and of her creeping away to let her scorched nerves recover. Of how, during the first year of this release, that was not freedom, she had twice changed her abode, to get away from her own story — not because she was ashamed of it, but because it reminded her of wretchedness. Of how she had then come to Monkland, where the quiet life had slowly given her back elasticity. And then of her meeting with Milton; the unexpected delight of that companionship; the frank enjoyment of the first four months. And she remembered all her secret rejoicing, her silent identification of another life with her own, before she acknowledged or even suspected love. And then, three weeks ago, helping to tie up her roses, he had touched her, and she had known! Even now, until the night of Courtier's accident, she had not dared to realize. More concerned for him than for herself, she asked herself a thousand times if she had been to blame. She had let him grow fond of her, a woman out of court, a dead woman! Was it not an unpardonable sin? But surely that depended on what she was prepared to give! And she was ready to give everything, to ask for nothing. He knew her position, he had told her that he knew. In her love for him she gloried, would continue to glory; and suffer without regret.

Milton was right in believing that

the newspaper gossip was incapable of hurting her, though her reasons for being so impervious were not what he supposed. She was not, like him, secured from pain because the insinuation was mean or vulgar; it did not even occur to her that it was; it simply did not hurt her, because she would have gloried had it been true. In fact she was already so deeply Milton's property in spirit, that she was almost glad that they should assign him all the rest of her. But, for Milton's sake, she was disturbed to the soul. Had she not tarnished his shield in the eyes of men; and (for she was oddly practical) perhaps put back his career, who knew how many years! She sat down to drink her tea. Not being a crying woman, she suffered very quietly. She knew somehow that Milton would be coming to her, having that power of divining things before they happen, common to passive natures. She did not know at all what she should say to him when he did come. He could not care for her so much as she cared for him! He was a man; men soon forget! But he was not like most men. One could not look at his eyes without feeling that he could suffer terribly! Her own reputation concerned her not at all.

Life, and her clear way of looking at things, had brought her the conviction that to a woman the preciousness of her reputation was a fiction invented by men entirely for man's benefit; a second-hand fetish insidiously, inevitably set up by men for worship, in novels, plays, and law courts. Her instinct told her that men could not feel secure in the possession of their women unless they could believe that women set tremendous store by sexual reputation. What they wanted to believe, that they did believe. But she knew otherwise. Such great-minded women

as she had met or read of, had always left on her the impression that reputation for them was a matter of the spirit, having little to do with sex. From her own feelings she knew that reputation, for a simple woman, meant to stand well in the eyes of him or her whom she loved best. For worldly women she had always noted that its value was not intrinsic, but commercial; not a crown of dignity, but just a marketable asset. And so she did not dread in the least what people might say of her friendship with Milton; nor did she feel at all that her indissoluble marriage forbade her loving him. She had secretly felt free as soon as she had discovered that she did not love her husband, but had gone on dutifully until the separation, from sheer passivity, and because it was against her nature to cause pain to any one. The man who was still her husband was now as dead to her as if he had never been born. She could not marry again, it was true; but she could and did love. If that love was to be starved and die away, it would not be because of any moral scruples.

She opened her paper languidly; and almost the first words she read, under the heading of 'Election News,' were these:—

'Apropos of the outrage on Mr. Courtier, we are requested to state that the lady who accompanied Lord Milton to the rescue of that gentleman was Mrs. Noel, wife of the Rev. Stephen Noel, the vicar of a parish in a Midland town.'

This dubious little daub of white-wash only brought a rather sad smile to her lips. She left her tea, and went out into the air. There at the gate was Milton, coming in. Her heart leaped, and all her soul rushed into her eyes. But she went forward quietly, and greeted him, as if nothing were out of the ordinary.

(To be continued.)

LYING LIKE TRUTH

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

IN turning over the few pieces of early fiction which have survived the wrack of things, one marvels constantly as to what it is that has preserved them, for, to the great limbo of ideas and emotions where that which has striven to be art has not yet come to be, prose fiction has, perhaps from the very elasticity of its form, contributed more than any other form of art. What right perception of life has found expression here, we ask, in taking up the forgotten novels; what fortunate accident of form has given such perception tangible shape, crystallizing experience into a fine definiteness of outer shape which keeps these tales from melting back, as so many thousand others have done, into the uncreated? Up to a certain point the question is not hard to answer, as we think of mere line and texture; beyond that it is mystery, as the ultimate charm of creative work must always be. As the line of immortal story-tellers files past, with Cervantes at the head, one can detect in each a certain keenness in observing human life, a certain sweetness in interpreting the bizarre spectacle, and a gift of presenting in very great detail this sane and balanced view of things.

Of Defoe it was said, in a phrase which admirably defines the true art of fiction, that he had the gift of 'lying like truth,' and Defoe has captivated the imagination of all generations between his time and ours. His was the art of making the unreal, perhaps even the impossible, more evident than that which happens before your very eyes,

because amazing improbabilities are told with such close attention to immediate detail that you can but believe; and, by the side of his fictitious tales, newspaper accounts of actual happenings seem, in their sketchy presentation, unreal and improbable.

How many ways they had of 'lying like truth,' those earlier English writers of fiction! In *Gulliver*, the effect of reality is extraordinary, through the minute psychological record of every shade of perplexity, as the hero faces his astounding adventures among small people and great; while in *Sir Charles Grandison* we seem to share all phases of emotion of all the characters, for Richardson was as accurate an instrument as any lately invented by the psychologists to register the exact flutter of the human pulse. From that realism of petty, practical detail which delights us in *Robinson Crusoe*, from the crude rendering of emotion in Richardson's work, down to the subtle intellectual processes of Meredith's characters, one marvels at the many and the varied ways in which our novelists have learned to 'lie like truth,' making the very stuff of daily life visible and tangible, and tracing, thought by thought, the processes of the mind. As one ponders on the deeper aspects of the question, thinking of the inner truth or vision thus wrought out into concrete form, of Jane Austen's finely balanced sense of things, of Thackeray's pungent sweetness of interpretation, of Meredith's penetrative wisdom, the sanity and depth of our elder novelists become

as true a measure of our later work as does their creative power or gift of presenting their ideas in concrete form.

Searching, among the novels of the last six months, for the truth that comes from close observation, one finds it nowhere more apparent than in Myra Kelly's *Little Aliens*,¹ a book of tales, like her others, dealing with children of the East Side in New York. It was granted to this author, through her gift of insight, to become the interpreter of a generation of young Americans of alien blood and alien faiths, and it is largely to her sweet and sane sympathy that we owe our knowledge of how nearly they are kin to what is best and finest in us; how often they are, in their untutored gentleness, our betters. This author's gift of creeping to the very inner consciousness of these small folk is one not likely to be granted to another, and her early death is the more to be regretted as it means the loss of one who could help bridge the gulf between races. The humor and the pathos of the tales delight us, and the skill in rendering minute shades of thought and of feeling gives the work always high artistic veracity.

Close study, careful use of detail, are evinced in Alice Brown's *Country Neighbors*,² and many faithful touches of description and characterization make time, place, and people real. One finds here a certain monotony of emotion, for the author, wisely perhaps, keeps to the minor key, and there is more suggestion of phases of life which her people have escaped, or have lived through long ago, than of those which they are living.

The same quiet sentiment and gentle humor that characterize these tales

are found in her latest novel, *John Winterbourne's Family*.³ Here is free play of fancy, affectionate picturing of whimsical character, and a picturesque combination of homely New England experiences with hints of Greek myth. The book is longer and more elaborate than most of Miss Brown's tales, yet the gain in dramatic interest does not seem proportionate to the length, and the novel confirms the belief that she is at her best in writing short stories.

Searching further for those who can 'lie like truth,' we take up *The Depot Master*,⁴ by Joseph C. Lincoln. Here the homely sights and sounds of shore life are pictured, but, as the author turns over his stock-in-trade of old-sailor qualities and sailor words, one cannot help feeling a lack of freshness in the presentation. A certain zest and originality must go to the making of fiction that will live, and it is well not to use too often details used many times before. As one surveys the same articles cooking in the same utensils, the same nets drying on the shore, and listens to the same rustic expressions, the sky of New England seems unnecessarily contracted, and the thought suggests itself that possibly the material and the art of Myra Kelly point the way in which freshness may come back to our fiction, through the study of other nationalities coming into contact with our own.

Keeping in mind the one idea, the firmness and closeness of detail that bring in fiction an effect of reality, one finds cause for wonder in turning over the books of the season. More than one starts out admirably, giving the very stuff and substance of life, then falters into commonplace generalization, as, possibly, the author's mem-

¹ *Little Aliens*. By MYRA KELLY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

² *Country Neighbors*. By ALICE BROWN. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

³ *John Winterbourne's Family*. By ALICE BROWN. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

⁴ *The Depot Master*. By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ory, and keen sense of childhood's experiences, give way to fancy. *The Right Stuff*,¹ for instance, by Ian Hay, is quite the right stuff in the first chapter and the last, vital, close to reality; but all between is the wrong stuff, a tale of society life in London, having no special charm, and bearing no trace of the first-hand knowledge and observation that mark the beginning and the end.

More deeply disappointing, because failing in more ways, is *Poppy*,² by Cynthia Stockley, with its most interesting opening chapters. The very look of the sunburnt land of South Africa, with its still air, the bare 'kopje,' the mimosa trees, and the very soul of a child, hurt, tired, overworked, are revealed, and the reader feels that he is about to share a genuine record of human experience worth sharing. Then, suddenly, the tale loses its hold on the concrete, and turns into a bit of decadent literature, fortunately far less vivid than the early part, with one or two chapters which make one sorry to see upon the book the imprint of the fine old firm whose clean-minded literature was the solace of our childhood. As the new heroine with 'tendrilly' hair replaces the passionate child, we pass from the realm of real observation and real experience, and enter a made-up world, where much is generalized and much is borrowed. Luce Abinger is an absurd combination of Charlotte Brontë's Mr. Rochester and Mrs. Voynich's hero in *The Gadfly*. The manners of the former, the distorted face, the scar, the stammer of the latter, make up a rather formidable creature who possesses all gifts save that of reality, to quote I know not whom. Have our later novelists not

patience enough to go on observing for themselves, that they must thus rifle earlier stores?

It is partly a lessening of this quality of close study which makes Miss Montgomery's *Kilmeny*³ less appealing than *Anne of Green Gables*. There was a distinctness about the former, an artistic truth in the portrait of the quaint child with individual fancies. This story is pretty and fanciful, in the green and gray setting of a Prince Edward Island orchard, but vagueness replaces the close rendering of real things, and, in spite of the poetic touch, the tale does not hold the reader. Only the genuine poet, one to whom the invisible is more real than the visible, dare write the story 'all made up of the poet's brain.'

Something of the glamour attending the stirring tales of brave knights and lovely ladies attaches to Mr. Chambers's story of the Civil War, *Ailsa Paige*.⁴ Highly spiced to suit the popular taste, both in the rendering of sentiment and in the presentation of the horrors of war, it betrays more effort to produce a sensation at all costs than to achieve a fine quality of artistic truth, and falls short of being among the best.

A new story by the author of *The Inner Shrine*⁵ is sure to rouse interest this year, if not next year or the next. This tale, like the earlier one, begins in a tensely dramatic situation, full of sensational elements; then drifts into a narrative whose chief interest lies in the character-development. This novel is, on the whole, better than the earlier one, though neither is of especially fine quality, and the character-study is none too profound. Both are full of what

³ *Kilmeny*. By L. M. MONTGOMERY. Boston: L. C. Page.

⁴ *Ailsa Paige*. By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

⁵ *The Wild Olive*. By the author of *The Inner Shrine*. New York: Harper & Bros.

¹ *The Right Stuff*. By IAN HAY. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

² *Poppy*. By CYNTHIA STOCKLEY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

might be called a 'light seriousness,' well fitted to make a popular appeal. Giving the life-history of a man wrongly accused of murder, and of the woman who loves him throughout, it employs somewhat hackneyed materials with a certain air of freshness. The heroine, in her scorn of man-made laws, and her deep insight into real laws of action, betrays more originality than does anything else in the book, but the hero's character is so blurred and indefinite that her fine loyalty seems often to lack dramatic point. How far removed is most of the workmanship in the book from close picturing of reality! How evidently it lacks the specific touch that creates! It belongs with those bits of pottery whose edges begin to crumble before they leave the maker's hand, and which slip back easily, after brief use, into the elements from which they emerged.

Careful study of local conditions, people, scenery, appears in more than one novel of the season. *Cavanagh, Forest Ranger*,¹ brings to us something of the mountain heights, the clear air, the distances of the West. Roaring Fork, Nebraska, and the mountains that guard it are the scene of a tale full of picturesque and stirring incident, dealing with the struggle between the old West and the new, the lawlessness of the old order, and the fine patriotism that means obedience to law. Fierce struggles for land and pasture are depicted; murder, by supposed reputable citizens, of Mexican sheep-herders, carnage, recklessness, fidelity, perfidy, struggle in civic chaos; and athwart it all, embodiment of the nation's determination that law shall prevail, rides Cavanagh, the Ranger. It is an interesting story, with a certain vitality, much realistic detail, and often beauty of line and color. Even if we find here

¹ *Cavanagh, Forest Ranger*. By HAMLIN GARLAND. New York: Harper & Bros.

no new and original nature-sense, no new interpretation of human character, there is a breeze-like quality of enthusiasm in the tale, and there is pleasure in sharing the wide spaces of the range.

Another local study appears in *By Inheritance*,² by Octave Thanet, a story of the South. Despite its charm, it is frankly polemical, a plea against thrusting upon the Negro the white man's lot, and everywhere, expressed and unexpressed, runs through it the thesis that, at any cost, the races must be kept distinct. The author has the genuine story-teller's gift, and here artistic definiteness lends itself in unobtrusive ways to the interpretation of grave matters. This truth-telling observation might well give pause to far-away theorists and idealists, stoutly maintaining lofty abstract views upon a basis of invincible ignorance. The subsequent misery of the young colored man who was educated at Harvard does not, perhaps, convince the stubborn Northern mind that all purely intellectual education for the Negro is wrong; but the author brings, even to those who disagree with her, an uncomfortable sense that she knows more about some aspects of the matter than they do, and that those who plan for the future of this unfortunate race would do well to learn from those who have lived with it. Meanwhile, the book is an interesting example — in its record of actual word and phrase, act and thought, of the people it depicts — of 'lying like truth.'

An unusual kind of reality may be found in *The Thief of Virtue*,³ by Eden Phillpotts. Looking back at the author's earlier tales, one detects a growing subtlety in his peculiar identification of human lives with the life of nature.

² *By Inheritance*. By OCTAVE THANET. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

³ *The Thief of Virtue*. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. New York: The John Lane Company.

In this lingering study of experience, the little group of people of whom he writes are almost completely swayed by the same forces that dominate moor and peat and cloud, yet the act of wrong in which the book centres becomes sin because of dim spiritual forces, differentiating them from the earth to which they are closely akin. It is the story of one Henry Birdwood, whose slight grip on the things of the spirit is loosened by an act of passion and of revenge; of Philip Ouldsbroom, hero of the tale, a very incarnation of physical forces, who faces in bewilderment the tragic issues of life; and of his wife Unity, in whom natural instincts, greater than herself, work out transgression. The hero's pathetic effort to father the child that he thinks his own makes one feel the depth of the natural tie, and realize anew how deeply rooted is human life in the soil.

This is a close rendering of human experience, 'a dream of life mating with matter.' It is not mere intellectual truth that is worked out, but organic truth, the facts of plant-life reproduced in human life, and all subdued to art. The tardy sense of wrongdoing, the lingering consciousness of reaping the fruits, are rendered with such an effect of reality, that you feel as if grass and rock were growing sentient. If Mr. Phillpotts takes you constantly 'back to hours when mind was mud,' he also carries you all the way from clod to rudimentary soul. It is this gleam of forces other than purely physical which differentiates his work from that of his master, Hardy, in whose novels man and his nature are identified with the soil, having a weed's choice, no more. In *The Thief of Virtue* a slow evolution, reaching even to spirit, is suggested; and the very beauty and vastness of the moor, constantly kept before you, help bring before you something of Mother Nature's final sweet philosophy

in the harmony which works out from even the blunders and the sin. You are aware of ruined sheepfold, cromlech, menhir, of human life and of earlier life that have come and gone, and you share the gray and green ancient wisdom crowning the waste.

Yet the author's art is often blurred, and in method he is sometimes one of the 'Children of the Mist.' At times he seems striving to reveal the lightning flash of soul through matter; at times the tale so wavers as the hero fumbles blindly along the ways of life, that the reader becomes as uncertain of the way as he, and wonders whether, after all, the author had the deep meaning divined earlier in the book. Yet Mr. Phillpotts's work grows clearer as the years go on, his manner more masterly and more reserved. His style has richness and depth, often great beauty.

It has been, in many ways, an unfortunate year in the world of fiction. A number of so-called 'genuinely American' stories have appeared, in all their futile smartness of phrase and of adventure; the impossible has happened in that Mr. W. J. Locke has written a romance¹ almost without charm; and Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has produced an epoch-making novel that places her, her admirers say, among the immortals. When Mr. Locke pauses to expound his peculiarly happy philosophy, which heretofore has seemed a divine accident, he destroys its potency, and Simon the Jester is a very tired jester, content to go labeled lest the hearers should not understand. As for Mrs. Atherton, there are immortals and immortals; Dante, it will be remembered, recognized several kinds. The four hundred and sixty closely printed pages of her *Tower of Ivory*² tell

¹ *Simon the Jester*. By W. J. LOCKE. New York: The John Lane Company.

² *The Tower of Ivory*. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. New York: The Macmillan Co.

the story of a young English diplomat who meets at the Bavarian court Margarethe Styr, an opera-singer, is interested in her, then marries a shallow young American girl, whom he finally deserts for Margarethe Styr.

The tale, wide in scope, is intended to be tremendous in *motif*, and has been so pronounced by more than one critic. It must be remembered, however, that a great part of our public, lashed by the scorn of many a cosmopolitan, Mrs. Atherton among them, would perhaps be ready to welcome as 'strong' any novel which presents a husband's desertion of his wife at her hour of supreme need of him. We should remember, however, that this act in itself does not constitute greatness, either in life or in fiction, and that to tell this tale so that it would rouse, in finer minds, anything except disgust, the power of a supremely great master of tragedy would be necessary. This power Mrs. Atherton does not possess. Now and then in literature appears a study of human experience which makes one feel the irresistible power of the great tides of life. From the old Tristram tale, down through some of the master dramas of the days of Elizabeth, to Tolstoi's *Anna Karenina*, the type is familiar, and we are indeed purged by pity and terror as we follow breathlessly the working of passion that is fate. We do not feel this here. The author fails to make the impelling force of passion real, and the tale turns, at the end, where its power should be greatest, into a revolting spectacle of cold-blooded brutality. There is little in the character of John Ordham, there is nothing in the march of events, which makes inevitable this ending when the wife and new-born child lie dead. When the hero goes to Paris, on his way to Margarethe Styr, instead of northward, as he had said, to his brother's sick-bed, one cannot tell whether it is anger

with his wife that makes him change his plans, or love for the other woman, or inability to manage the railway timetable. There is no possible reason why the singer should not have ridden her horse to death a few days earlier, and so have spared a deal of trouble. That inevitability which alone justifies such an ending is lacking both in character and in event.

This is preëminently the kind of fiction in which the second-rate will not do, and second-rate the book is, in management of *motif*, in character-delineation, and in style. The fine truth-telling of which we have been speaking is absent; here is none of the pitiless veracity in detail which gives *Anna Karenina* its peculiar power, nor is there that underlying sense, which the Russian novel shares with great tragedy, that artistic truth, in the last analysis, harmonizes with ethical truth. In *The Tower of Ivory* there is a remoteness about the characterization; the hero is vaguely and negatively done, and, in spite of all that is said about John Ordham, you do not at the end know him better than you know any self-centred and reticent English traveler with whom you may have shared a railway carriage. The minute rendering of character in thought and act which would make his manner of choice at the end seem inevitable is lacking, and one can but conclude that the author has not had the opportunity for close observation, from which a character-study can be built up point by point, and that she lacks the fine quality of penetrative imagination which can project a character in its wholeness to act in least things and in great as a personality.

The tale makes the impression of being morally and artistically underbred. This shows in the characterization, in the dramatic scenes, and in the style. 'She wept, she had hysterics, she bit

several handkerchiefs to pieces'; and again, 'She tore and gnawed her handkerchief until her gown was strewn with lint.' This seems an artistic as well as an economic extravagance. 'The hand-shake and smile, the challenging glance at herself, caused the depths of the desperate woman to swarm with fighting devils, rushing on their armors, and polishing their swords!' Poor lady! Surely here we are wandering out of the realm of tragedy, which this tale purports to be, into the region of melodrama.

The many ways in which the style of the book falls short of fineness might be instanced as a reason for doubting its immortality. It is possible to find ungrammatical sentences, but perhaps that is a minor point. English, wherein three adjectives are used where one would do, three phrases, where one would be far better, will, fortunately, not endure. Lengthy prose descriptions are added to the already complex texture of the Wagner drama, and Wagner dramas set to adjectives are hard to bear. A great theme should command something of the severity of the grand style, but there is nothing of that here, only a lashing and straining of language to an impotent fury of ink. The lack of fastidiousness in thought and in language would alone bar the book from the first rank. The constantly reiterated 'revealing gown,' and 'a more perishing languor' might well date from the days of debased English and debased morals of the time of Charles II, while, 'If their brains were not in a state of toxic poisoning from this love secretion' betrays a vulgarity which could date only from our own century. Possibly all the points suggested in regard to the style could be summed up in one further quotation: 'But when the rich soil of a woman's nature, long covered with the volcanic ashes of old passions, is sprouting with the roses and the toadstools of a new

passion —' Ah, when that is happening, would it not be well perhaps to wait for a saner moment in the life of the heroine before writing a book?

This book, with its effort to be cosmopolitan in material, cosmopolitan in point of view, gives pause for thought. There has been of late much discussion by Mrs. Atherton and others of the narrow provinciality of our taste. Scoffed at for domesticity, timidity, innocence, and other defects, we are hastening to make good our lack, for, full of a sense of uncertainty as to right critical standards, we are greatly afraid of not being up-to-date in matters of culture. As the fashion of these later days points to decadent literature, literature in which the sins and shortcomings of humankind are dealt with admiringly, or flippantly, as the case may be, we strive to achieve a taste for it, and are greatly abashed when we cannot.

No race has ever achieved great literature by following foreign fashions; and a greater fear than the fear of not being up-to-date might well possess us, the fear of forgetting our own point of view, the fear of failing to find expression in literature for that which has been best and finest in our experience. Looking at the world's great pieces of fiction bequeathed to us by the past, one realizes that each, from whatever country, is fundamentally true to race-consciousness; each contains some fine rendering of the heart of life as this people has discovered it. *Don Quixote* is Spanish to the core; the very soul of the country is revealed here so clearly that, in chance meeting with a Spaniard of to-day, you understand him better for having known the Don. How essentially English are *Gulliver* and *Robinson Crusoe*! How vastly, in each case, the wonders gain because of the practical, stolid character of the hero who faces them! How Russian in every

fibre, un-English and un-French, is *Anna Karenina*! In each case the close rendering of an individual's sense of things, through this detailed 'lying like truth,' expresses also something of this people's peculiar contribution to human experience, and so takes on a larger meaning and a greater value.

Pondering this truth, one is inclined to take issue with Mrs. Atherton as regards both her theory and her practice. Our own tradition will serve us better as a starting-point than a borrowed one; it may be a poor thing, but it is our own, and it is our only legitimate basis for art. I do not mean that we should confine ourselves to American material or to American soil, but that we should not borrow a point of view, nor imitate the thought or the emotions of other peoples. I doubt if we shall ever be able to deal with the sins and the shortcomings of humankind admiringly or flippantly. There is, happily, enough of morality and of decency in our tradition to forbid our thinking this way, and our race-consciousness under all the shift and change of fashion is as true as is great drama to the underlying laws of life. As for studies of human passion, what American has done, or can do them, in the French way, the German way, the Russian way?

It is well that our artists, for the most part, confine themselves to those phases of human life which they have had the opportunity to observe, those aspects of experience that they understand. Keen observation, close analysis, delicate psychological detail in dealing with moral and mental and physical dilemmas, one finds in the best of our fiction, and we have had more than one writer capable of telling a good story that is all story; but passion, simple and entire, has been greatly rendered and dramatically rendered by no American. William Dean Howells, Edith Wharton, Henry James, — the very

names that stand highest on our brief roll of fame, — illustrate and prove the point; and the lesser American novelists would do well to avoid that of which our best and wisest have fought shy. Even Hawthorne, who comes nearest to passion-study in the one great romance which our country has produced, *The Scarlet Letter*, begins the tale at the point where the modern novelist would leave off — the moment when passion is over. How deeply, in its spiritual interpretation of experience, does *The Scarlet Letter* embody the soul of old New England! How inevitably, like an unerring finger-post, does it point the way in which our novelists must deal with these themes if they are to interpret our finer sense of things.

Singularly enough, the next book at hand is a satire, and an exceedingly clever one, on our American fear of not being abreast with the world in matters of culture. *Franklin Winslow Kane*¹ is quite in line, in its fine analytical work wherein minute shades of individuality are recorded, with the best that has been achieved in American fiction. It has been written that the disciple shall not be greater than the master, yet there are moments when the pen of Anne Douglas Sedgwick weaves a more potent charm than that of Henry James. Her work, more restricted in range, is now and then, if one dare whisper it, keener in insight, while the incisive workmanship sometimes betrays by contrast the labyrinthine nothingnesses of the master's work in some of its lesser phases. With an almost uncanny insight into certain failings of humankind, this author combines unusual delicacy of perception of shades and values. Her American heroine, cultured far beyond her ability to receive culture, groping for standards, afraid of not showing the finest judg-

¹ *Franklin Winslow Kane*. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. New York: The Century Company.

ments, might be regarded as a symbol of our national tendency to imitate in all matters of the mind.

'She had . . . so little stuff in her; it was as if she had to find it all the time in other things and people. . . . She wants something, but she does n't know whether it's what other people want or what she wants, so that she can't want anything very definitely.' Her way of appealing to the English-woman for her opinion, changing her attitude toward her would-be lover, Kane, as she knows the other's esteem for him waxes or wanes, is a bit of character-delineation as subtle as it is painful, and the fashion in which the Bostonian setter of standards is betrayed as having none of her own is masterly.

There is here a keenness of insight that must hurt the author; if it were not for Kane, one might say that she was unsympathetic, and indeed one does not find here a tender Thackerayan sympathy with the very failings of humankind that are being exposed. As for the hero, he is done too much in extremes, being a shade too homely and a shade too good. We should feel more akin to him if he had some touch of inner defect to match the outer; there is a Grandisonian perfectness about him that irritates, and one regrets that there could not be as delicate a shading in this picture of extreme goodness as in the picture of feminine weakness.

Nowhere does Miss Sedgwick's skill show more clearly than in developing the predicaments of her plots from the inner characteristics of her people. The causal relationship between character and event is, of course, the final test of dramatic work, and this author has rather unusual power in tracing the flowing of will into action. The touch of character on character, the fine play of shifting emotions that result in choice are subtly rendered; and here the entanglements where the two sets

of lovers weave and interweave dramatic complications bring a delight in the artistry to mingle with the human sadness at the pathos of it all.

Miss Sedgwick's style has always great charm in its clearness of stroke and its deftness of expression. Its distinction makes the English of many of the other books of the season seem either slipshod or tawdry. The intellectual and moral fastidiousness of the author result in a kind of work greatly needed in the America of to-day, and it will make for fine things, for in it life, character, and motive are held steadily to a standard of reality, of honesty, the 'comic spirit' working in sad sincerity, separating the true from the false, the honest from the dishonest, the fine from the less fine.

It is with a certain refreshment of spirit that one welcomes *Enchanted Ground*,¹ by Harry James Smith, which brings with it a breath of fine, clear air from the New England hills. Something of the best that was in our older life is in this tale, set against a background of contemporary New York, — a sense of the worth of the struggle, of the greatness of the end. The workmanship is uneven; there is perhaps too much of that light sketchiness of method that characterizes many of our writers; but humor and pathos mingle in more than one episode in the book as naturally as they do in life, and talent is evinced which will doubtless work out in more sustained efforts. Above all, one feels thankful for an honest attempt to build up fiction upon our own, not upon borrowed, standards. The story is finely American, in the best sense of the word.

Mr. Robert Herrick's *A Life for a Life*² is a book of large scope, and of

¹ *Enchanted Ground*. By HARRY JAMES SMITH. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

² *A Life for a Life*. By ROBERT HERRICK. New York: The Macmillan Company.

serious interest. American in subject-matter and in setting, it seems, at first glance, to contain much of our early fine and stern idealism. It is an arraignment of present social conditions in our country, and, through the shifting scenes of which Hugh Grant, the hero, forms the shifting centre, our numberless weaknesses are exposed: the luxury of the rich, the misery of the poor, the questionable rights of property, the corruption of our banks, the many-sided oppression of working women, with emphasis on the way in which they are mutilated by machinery and driven on the streets, the dishonesty of promoters, the venality of our courts and of our national government, the consciencelessness of universities, our passion for intellectual fads, discord between parents and children, between husbands and wives, the selfishness and lack of honor of both parties in the labor controversy, the wrongs of our tariff, the petty pilfering in our trade.

The accusations are true, and we who live in a country which has promised a fairer hope to humankind cannot hear too often, 'lest we forget,' a recital of the countless ways in which we have failed; but here too many points are attacked at once. The real general concentrates his forces; this is a kind of guerrilla warfare all up and down the line. One is reminded of the little girl in a South African mission school who chose as a subject of an essay, 'History, Geography, and the Earth,' and began by saying, 'History, Geography, and the Earth just do go together.' So they do, but one is occasionally singled out for special attention. There is in *A Life for a Life* a Victor Hugo scope without a Victor Hugo grip. So many and so various are the themes discussed that all is blurred and confused, and one wonders that a book so apparently noble in motive can be so singularly ineffective in result.

Possibly this comes, in part, from a lack of the balance and sanity of judgment that one finds in the great masters of fiction. Mr. Herrick has enumerated, in a series of episodes, nearly all our sins, but, inasmuch as he is endeavoring to put in the whole, he ought, in fairness, to admit that there is another side. As one reads, one cannot help feeling how incomparably potent above a mountain of foreboding is a grain of faith. That fire of the spirit which thrills Victor Hugo when he presents human wrongs, that insistence on the soul, is not here. There is not enough resistance in the book; the novelist, like his hero, Hugh Grant, goes down too easily before the wrongs he faces, and Hugh Grant sinks like a discomfited marionette before the swords of tin arrayed against him. He is no fighter, and can tell us nothing of the battle. Not thus did our ancestors wrestle with Satan; they faced their warfare as those who meant to win. What if, after all, even in machine-ridden America, life be

just a stuff

To try the soul's strength on, educe the man?

Nowhere in this book is there any dramatic presentation of the age-long struggle wherein the Spirit is at strife, for the acting forces are all on one side. Only here and there some reflection suggests chance vision of the light, and a momentary sense of higher things, which one wishes the author could make integral. Note the fine passage where, after the fire, Venable points out the way in which, when trouble comes, the spirit is released, and men 'become themselves, large and free,' not the beast, but man emerging from agony. If Mr. Herrick can see this truth, if he can write *The Master of the Inn*, one can but wish for him the power to work out this finer vision in his dramatic presentation of human life.

There is, in truth, in his fiction more analytic than dramatic power, and he is more often the academic man searching for themes about which to write problem-novels than the man possessed by insight, conviction, emotion which he must voice. His work covers a large range of subjects, is extensive rather than intensive; and his novels, like the themes in this special book, succeed one another too rapidly. This one is half treatise, half story, wavering between nothingness and creation, in the limbo of uncreate art. Mr. Herrick tells much abstract truth, and it is perhaps profitable to read him, but artistic truth he does not tell in this book, wherein the somewhat vague characterization, the indefinite detail, fail to convince us of the reality of that concerning which he writes.

Oddly enough, this work of a professor of English betrays a most careless prose. Even if it stops short of being ungrammatical, it is often slipshod. His ubiquitous short sentence fails of the Hugo effect perhaps intended, and the constant use of the dash, with swift breaking of the thought, is most annoying. The disintegrated sentence becomes an all-too-fitting symbol of disintegrated thought and purpose.

*Nathan Burke*¹ takes us back to days when machinery counted less in our lives than it does at present; when, possibly, the individual counted for more. It is refreshing to find a book which so contradicts the present trend of fiction, wherein most of our story-writers, adopting the pace set by the second-rate magazines, are eliminating every shade of meaning and of character-interpretation which do not bear on the next accident, and are producing work stripped of inner interest and of all psychological significance. There is an air of Olympic, or of Early Victorian,

¹ *Nathan Burke*. By MARY S. WATTS. New York: The Macmillan Company.

leisure about *Nathan Burke*, an old-fashioned tale which, in the manner of an elder day, follows the hero from boyhood, through all phases of his development, into ripened manhood. It deals with the growth of an Ohio lad during the years preceding the Mexican War, and portrays country life, and life in a small town, with close and excellent local color. The book has at the core a fine Americanism, far removed from the cheap vulgarities of *Blaze Derringer*,² and the superficial smartness of *The Fortune Hunter*,³ and it makes one realize, with all the Spartan plainness of country life, its heroic and silent idealism.

This is the kind of interpretation of American life that we most need, not that which shouts our sins through the market-place, but that which erects above the market-place, for all men to see, the figure of one full of fine practicality, of humor, of humanness, yet incorruptible enough to shame the sin. It may be that this book will take its place among those pieces of fiction which, through masterly interpretation of an individual, have become the interpretation of the inner heart of a race. One takes it up and lays it down with a fresh sense of patriotism, remembering that this country which has produced corrupt politicians and conscienceless financiers has produced also Lincoln, and an unnamed host of those who share his humor and his integrity.

At first glance it would seem as if the author had chosen an unfortunate moment to depict. It would take genius to make the Mexican War interesting, yet that is what Miss Watts has done, and Nathan's experiences here are as absorbing as are his earlier ones as chore-boy, grocer's clerk, lawyer. Interesting

² *Blaze Derringer*. By EUGENE P. LYLE. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

³ *The Fortune Hunter*. By LOUIS J. VANCE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

pictures are given of some of the early phases of life in this country; the career of the old uncle, George Marsh, is especially notable, in showing how a shrewd type of American was made out of Englishmen by the necessities and the opportunities of frontier life. The story is firm in texture, real in its solidarity, with a Thackerayan power of making you feel the complexities of a social community, 'the boundaries wherein life inheres.' There is here a most unfeminine thoroughness in attention to detail, and the slight happenings that give fine shades of meaning are recorded as the story meanders on, ignoring sensational incident, slowly and surely developing the characters. Nathan, Mrs. Ducey, Francie, and the weakling George, stand out with great distinctness, wearing that lifelike air of reality which some of our earlier English novelists could create, and which makes most of the people in the fiction of to-day seem to have been made, like paper-dolls, in two dimensions only. There is, too, about this novel, a masculine breadth of sympathy and an underlying sweetness in interpreting human nature which go far in giving the tale the indefinable quality that endures.

The most curious thing about *Nathan Burke* is the way in which it is haunted by Thackeray. Rarely is an author's way of perceiving human life so inspired by an earlier thinker, the very tricks and turns of thought, as well as of expression, being like Thackeray. It is as if this later writer's eyes had been opened by the former to the meaning of the human spectacle, and she must forever after see in something of his way. The influence shows most clearly in the minor characters: Jim is an Americanized Warrington; Mary Sharpless is Thackeray's sylph type; Francie is a younger sister of Amelia. Certain

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scenes are too nearly like some of those created by the great Englishman, notably those about Jim's sick-bed, recalling in matter and in manner the illness of Pendennis, with his mother and Laura at his side; while whole paragraphs of reflection sound like Thackeray's very own. The odd thing about this imitation is that one does not resent it, though it would seem wiser for the author to outgrow it; it is a very fresh and vital perception of life which here borrows much of another's manner, and even when the cadence of the sentences makes one feel that he is listening to the master's voice, it seems only as if a beloved grandchild had inherited something of the ancestor's very gift.

Even with the admission that the author has not yet quite found her own manner, *Nathan Burke* must be pronounced the best novel in the pile of fiction of the last half-year. Setting aside for the moment the deeper aspects of the story, the sweetness and the sanity of its interpretation of life, and coming back to the humbler task with which we started out, we realize that Miss Watts's gift for close and realistic work is remarkable. Detail is quietly given, not with the air of the writer of treatises, alert for fact wherewith to prove abstract statements, nor with the self-conscious manner of the professional novelist, industriously searching for touches wherewith to embellish certain points in the story, but with an exceeding naturalness, as of life itself. Here is a gift which cannot be taught; it comes by divine right, and it is rare. One cannot at this moment ask, for American fiction, anything better than that Miss Watts will go on interpreting other individuals and other periods, and, in the deeper, inner sense, as in that relating to outer fact, 'lying like truth.'

A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD¹

BY GIDEON WELLES

XI. THE RESULTS OF IMPEACHMENT

[The Senate set aside Monday, May 11, as a day of deliberation. Proceedings were secret, but the discussion was too momentous not to leak out.]

Monday, May 11, 1868.

Dixon came in yesterday. Has heard the President intends to resign, if it shall be clearly ascertained that he will be convicted. Told him I gave the rumor no credit, and he said he would not, but that the President once made a remark which the rumor had brought strong to his mind. In an interview with the President on Saturday, he told D[ixon] he wished to know with certainty the result on Monday. 'Why on Monday,' said D[ixon] to me, 'unless he has an object in view.'

The afternoon and evening have been exciting. The Senatorial court sat to-day with closed doors, the members expressing and discussing their views on the articles of impeachment. As they made their speeches, respectively, their opinions got outside the doors. Sherman declared himself opposed to the first article, but would vote for the second. In other words the President had the right to remove Stanton, but no right to order another to discharge the duties. Poor Sherman. He thinks the people fools; they know him better than he does them.

Grimes boldly denounced all the articles, and the whole proceeding. Of

course he received the indignant censure of all radicals; but Trumbull and Fessenden, who followed later, came in for even more violent denunciation, and more wrathful abuse.

This evening the radicals are greatly crestfallen, and have hardly a hope, while their opponents can scarcely restrain their elated feelings over the probable defeat of an infamous and dastardly conspiracy. A marvellous change has come over both parties.

McCulloch came in overjoyed, and wished me to go with him to the President's. We found he had all the news, but was calm, though gratified. He showed us the notes he had from time to time received through the P. M. and evening.

Groesbeck² soon came in, said the work was accomplished, but there must be no exulting outbreak. Both he and McCulloch declare there is no question of acquittal. Randall soon joined us, and is even more sanguine, says the vote will stand at least 22 to 32; likely better than that. I would rather see the votes, though I have no cause to question his accuracy.

The Senate is in session this evening; and will be, probably, most of the night. A motion has been made to reconsider the ordering the vote to be taken to-morrow, but failed. Still I am apprehensive. The radicals have

² One of the President's counsel.

a majority and are alarmed, for there are some who refuse to be disciplined into doing a wrong act.

Tuesday, May 12, 1868.

The radicals, fearful of the result of the vote which they had ordered should this day be taken on impeachment, have postponed the question until next Saturday. The excuse for this is the illness of Howard, one of their members, who is said to be delirious, — the brain fever. I suppose he is really ill, though many think not. Had it been one of the Senators friendly to the President, there would have been no four days' postponement, — not even with Howard's sickness, had they been limited to a two-thirds vote. When Attorney-General Stanbery was taken ill, the leading radicals would not consent to delay a day, although he was the principal counsel of the President.

The postponement did not greatly surprise me. It required only a majority vote, and very likely a still further postponement will take place, if the Senatorial conspirators have not sufficient force to convict. There is little honor, justice, or truth with the impeaching judges. If by any trick or subterfuge they can succeed, the radicals will resort to it, however unprincipled. The President was, I think, more disturbed by the postponement than I have ever seen him, but he soon rallied.

Great consternation prevails among the radical impeachers, who have never permitted themselves to doubt for a moment the conviction of the President whether guilty or not. It was a foregone conclusion, a party decree. Any one who disobeyed was to be denounced. Such men as the late Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Chandler, are almost frantic. I have long assured McCulloch that Chandler was playing a double game and deceiving him; but

McCulloch was incredulous, and retained him long in office.

Thursday, May 14, 1868.

One of the tricks of the whippers-in to influence the doubtful Senators is to send abroad for letters and telegrams favoring and craving impeachment in order to sustain the party; to get members of the House to call on the Senators and urge them to vote to convict, right or wrong; and in every possible way, by extra means, to extort a decision adverse to the President. This monstrous prostitution of the conspirators is acquiesced in by the radicals, who seem to think it proper, so utterly are they demoralized; and men making pretensions to character participate in the abuse, Butler, Stevens, and men like them taking advantage of prejudices and as yet unforgiving hate growing out of the war. They do not attempt to cover up intended villainy. One of the schemes now on foot is to admit the bogus Senators elected under the bogus constitutions, which the carpet-baggers aided by Negroes under military dictation have imposed on the Southern States. Strengthened in numbers by these interlopers, they hope to carry conviction.

How long can a government stand which is in the hands of such profligate and unprincipled wretches?

Grimes is no better. I fear the worst. Still I hope he may recover, and that soon. But he is of a family subject, I am told, to sudden death, and has himself been apprehensive that such might be his fate. It was this, I am informed, which led him to one of the reasons to decline a reelection. Howard is reported better. Conflicting rumors and opinions prevail in regard to the final result of impeachment. I apprehend but little is known, and nothing with certainty. The doubtful men do not avow themselves, which, I think, is

favorable to the President, and the impeachers display distrust and weakness. Still their efforts are unceasing and almost superhuman. But some of the more considerate journals, such as the *New York Evening Post*, *Chicago Tribune*, etc., rebuke the violent. The thinking and reflecting portion of the country, even Republicans, show symptoms of revolt against the conspiracy.

Friday, May 15, 1868.

The managers of the impeachment, on the part of the House, have summoned witnesses before them to testify in regard to the views and opinions of the Senators and the President. This wholly illegal and unauthorized inquisition by this presuming and usurping House shows the spirit which prevails, and how personal rights are disregarded. In a very short time, these men, if not checked, would break up the foundations of the government and of the whole social system. Strange that such men should get the ascendancy over their associates, but it is by party organization and discipline, through secret caucuses, and the tyranny imposed by the majority rule, sharpened by the angry remnants of the rebellion, which still linger and compel the timid, passive, and obedient, to violate law, constitution, equity, justice, morality, right, and any and all the fundamental principles of government. Abject subserviency!

A few matters of current interest were disposed of in Cabinet. Some conversation on the topic which comes up in every meeting of two or more, viz.: impeachment. The same general confidence was expressed by Seward, McCulloch, and Randall of acquittal whenever a vote shall be taken, but there is doubt whether another postponement will not take place to-morrow. It is a question whether the sick men will be then in attendance. Dr. H[orwitz], his

physician, tells me that Grimes will ride up though at some risk, if the vote is to be taken.

I do not yet get from my associates who express themselves so confidently any positive assurance of seven Senators from the Republicans. We can count up pretty surely five, perhaps six, but where and who is the seventh or eighth? Is Anthony, or Sprague, certain for acquittal? Pretty certain, at least on most of the articles. How stands Frelinghuysen? How Van Winkle, and Willey? How is Ross, and how are Corbett and Cole? Not one is vouched for when pruned down, though there seems a general impression that Van Winkle and Fowler may be depended upon.

To me the result looks exceedingly doubtful, although I have an inward faith that Providence will not permit so great a wrong or outrage as conviction to be committed. There is some good sense, some self-respect, some integrity and patriotism remaining among a few — some of the radicals even, as we see by the course pursued by Grimes and others. These Senators are being vilified and denounced with unsparing malignity by leading radical persons, and politicians, who assume to dictate to them what the party demands should be their vote or judgment in this case. For a conscientious discharge of their official duty, and a regard for their oaths, the ablest Senators of long experience are assailed with bitterness, as apostates and renegades, by the Secretary of the Senate Forney through his two papers, and by others.

Saturday, May 16, 1868.

The day had been one of excitement. Such was the outside pressure and such the confidence of the radical majority after many secret meetings and much caucus discipline, that the Senate was brought to a vote on impeachment.

There has been constant caucusing daily, and twice a day, by these triers — these judges — since Tuesday. Letters and telegrams have been pouring in, especially to the doubtful and so-called recreant Senators, all prompted from here. Schenck, Chairman of Ways and Means in the House and of the Congressional Radical Committee, has sent off telegrams, — it is reported a hundred, — calling for instructions from the Loyal League to influence the Senatorial judges. Governor Burnside, the weak and feeble general whose silly and incompetent orders at Fredericksburg caused the slaughter of 50,000 men, responded to Schenck, whose telegram was published in R. I., and another [identical] *verbatim*, in West Virginia. They show beyond doubt that public opinion is manufactured in Washington by the conspirators.

The caucusing of radical Senators was held yesterday at Senator Pomeroy's, called by Theo. Tilton, a whipper-in of impeachment, the first at noon, the other in the evening. At this last, the members became satisfied under the sanguine representations of Tilton they would succeed on the eleventh article, provided that should be put first.

Judge Harris of Albany, who called on me this morning on business, said he met Van Horn, Representative from New York, who informed him the vote on impeachment would be taken today. They could not afford to delay longer. The necessities of the country, and the cause of the party, required immediate action.

At twelve-thirty I went to the President's. McCulloch was there, and a messenger with a telegram entered as I did. The telegram stated a vote on the eleventh article had been taken, and the President was acquitted. Soon after, Edgar¹ came in with the par-

¹ Edgar T. Welles, son of the Secretary.

ticulars on that vote, which had been made the test, and on which the radicals considered themselves strongest. It was the sheet-anchor of Stevens.

The Senate was full, so far as the usurpers have permitted, and the vote was 35 to 19. Seven Republicans voted with the Democrats. Ross, who had been less strongly relied upon than some others, voted for acquittal, while Willey voted guilty. This last was quite a disappointment to the President. He had also hoped for Anthony and Sprague, and was not without hope of Corbett and Cole.

Willey, after being badgered and disciplined to decide against his judgment, at a late hour last night agreed to vote for the eleventh article, which was one reason for reversing the order and making it the first. Ross, it is said, had promised he would go for impeachment, basing his action on the first article, which was the basis for the movement. This, however, he did not communicate, but what he said relieved him from further importunity, and the great effort was made upon Willey. Bishop Simpson, the high priest of the Methodists, and a sectarian politician of great shrewdness and ability, had brought his clerical and church influence to bear upon W[illey] through Harlan, the Methodist elder and organ in the Senate. While Willey's vote disappointed the Democrats, the vote of Ross disappointed the radicals.

When the result was known, Williams of Oregon, a third-rate lawyer who got into the Senate from that remote State, moved a postponement of further proceedings until the 26th inst. The Chief Justice declared this not in order, but his decision was overruled by the majority, on an appeal taken on motion of Conness, a man of about the capacity of Williams. Rules, orders, regulations are wholly discarded and disregarded by the radical revolution-

ists. Their getting together in caucus, on a judicial question, is a specimen of radical policy, character, integrity, and sense of duty.

[Seven Republicans voted for acquittal on the crucial article: Fessenden, Fowler, Grimes, Henderson, Ross, Trumbull, and Van Winkle.]

Monday, May 18, 1868.

The wrath of the conspirators and their creatures the radicals continues with little abatement, but it has, so far as Senators are concerned, turned most vindictively on Ross, who is their latest disappointment. There is, however, a determination on the part of the leaders to formally expel the recreants from their party, and to do this at their Chicago Convention. But for the great folly here, I should hardly believe such folly there.

As regards the seven Senators themselves, I have doubts. They are intelligent, and, I think, conscientious, but it remains to be seen whether they will have the firmness and moral courage to maintain their position independently through the fiery conflict in the near future. Whatever may be the doings at Chicago, these Senators are marked and spotted men so far as the radicals are concerned. Yet I am inclined to think that some of them flatter themselves they have not lost caste, that they will regain their party standing by being more radical than their party. A shallow delusion, which other men, their equals, have fallen into before them.

Senator Trumbull has made haste to report the bogus constitution of Arkansas with all its enormities, in order to demonstrate his radical fidelity. Dr. Horwitz tells me that in an interview at Grimes' room with Trumbull, Grimes expressed some concern or made some enquiry in regard to this

movement, when T[rumbull] said it was for effect, that the President would let it slide, with a protest, perhaps, and [that] they [who are] now called the apostates would get the inside track on reconstruction, and thus prove themselves the most skilful managers. I asked Dr. H[orwitz] if they deceived themselves by believing the President would in any way assent to such a scheme. He says Trumbull seemed to so consider. These men do not know the President. There are rumors, asserted with great positiveness and apparent sincerity, that when impeachment is disposed of, there is to be a renovation or a reorganization of the Cabinet. It is too late to be productive of any good if attempted, and there is no probability that it will be attempted. Whether the rumor is set afloat by the radicals to take off the sharp edge of their disappointment, or by zealous friends of the President to conciliate the radicals and help over the trial next week, the 26th, I know not; nor is it of any consequence.

I called this evening on Senator Grimes, and felt sad to see him so afflicted, yet gratified to find him so cheerful and his mind so clear and vigorous. It is a great public calamity that he should have been stricken down at this time when his services are so much wanted. A number came in while we were there, too many I thought, among them Fessenden whom I was glad to meet. There is great friendship between him and Grimes. Both of them smart under the attacks which are made upon them, and each tells me he is in daily receipt of atrocious letters. These they wisely cast aside and destroy without reading more than what is sufficient to know their contents. Pike, who came in later, had some talk in defense of impeachment. Said he took a different view from Grimes and others. He was for removing the President without re-

gard to the charge, and for mere political party reasons.

Grimes took from his table a piece of paper and read aloud the oath he had taken as one of the court; said it was not the first time such appeals had been made to him, and asked Pike how he would dispose of that oath. This was a stumper, but Pike undertook to say that he could get along with that. I said that such getting along showed the demoralization which was going on, and which actually pervaded Congress; that if he and his party could succeed in removing the President for mere party considerations regardless of oaths and the Constitution, one of two results must follow, the overthrow of the party, or the government; that the government could not survive such shocks ten years, probably not five. Grimes concurred with me. Pike attempted to whistle away the remarks, but I saw they affected him.

Tuesday, May 19, 1868.

The Senate adjourned over to Thursday, and will then do nothing until their friends get through at Chicago and return, — in other words, not till the 26th inst., when impeachment will be again taken up, for I do not believe the reckless men, the real conspirators, intend to give up the question — though the sensible men of their party wish it. Threats and vengeance are abundant against the seven 'recreants,' and thunders are threatened from Chicago; but better counsels will be likely to prevail; not better feeling, for there is intense, and, for the present at least, unforgiving hate by the conspirators towards them.

Our friends in the Cabinet pronounce impeachment dead. I prefer to see the vote. One man would have turned the scale on Saturday. How he will vote on the 26th remains to be seen. It is a thread on which the result hangs.

Ross is abused most. He is to be investigated by the House, or his acts are, and the Senate will submit to the indignity. I have no idea that there has been any corruption as is insinuated and asserted. It is claimed he was pledged, that he has broken his promise, etc. Who tampered with him? Who got his pledge? Who received his promise in advance to give judgment? The enemies of the President who are going to investigate Ross's conduct. The managers are sitting as a committee to investigate the Senators under authority of the House, and Butler, vile and unscrupulous, is calling men before him and compelling them to disclose their private affairs. Last night he spent several hours at Jay Cooke's bank, overhauling private accounts. These outrages are tamely submitted to, and are justified and upheld by radical *legislators, patriots, and statesmen*. Heaven save the mark!

Wednesday, May 20, 1868.

Senator Henderson went before one of the House committees and submitted to impertinent interrogatories, but refused to go before Butler and the Impeachment Managers. Private individuals do not get off so easily. There is a perfect inquisition by Butler and the chief conspirators, when individual rights are stricken down, and the outrage is sanctioned and enforced by this radical Congress. The mass of telegrams sent by the public in confidence has been seized by these Inquisitors. Men are required to tell how they expended their money, what were their pecuniary transactions, and also explain their correspondence. Nothing is private, nothing sacred.

Thursday, May 21, 1868.

The Chicago Convention is the sensation of the day. As Grant is to be nominated President, the scuffle is over

the Vice-Presidency. Wade, Colfax, Wilson, Fenton, and Hamlin are the candidates, with little disposition on the part of either to give way to the other. There is not much to be said in favor of either. Wade has become demoralized, and is not the plain, single-minded, honest, unambitious man he was a few years since. His employment as one of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, his association with Stanton who was indifferent and regardless of individual rights, and with Chandler, have blunted the better feelings, affected the habits, and tainted the principles of bluff old Ben Wade.

Friday, May 22, 1868.

In the scuffle at Chicago, little man Colfax¹ beat his competitors, and on the fifth ballot was put on the ticket with Grant. There was some manufactured enthusiasm in the Convention, but very little earnest feeling; none for country, but calculations for party. Grant's name is not magnetic, while Colfax has a feeble and superficial hold on sound and enduring public opinion. The candidates were serenaded this evening, but the attendance was slight. Colfax lives near my house and I could at my window hear his speech.

The Impeachment Managers are prosecuting their inquisitorial enquiries in the basement of the Capitol, and the public are submitting to the outrage with a tameness that is surprising. Outrages are so frequent and enormous, however, that the people look with indifference, and even composure, on new villainies. Reckless and lawless men like Stevens and Butler, clothed with authority, are ready to abuse it and trample down the Constitution, and law, and individual rights. Their party associates do not object, but lend themselves to the proceeding, provided the outrages and abuses are di-

¹ Schuyler Colfax, Speaker.

rected toward their political opponents. These things cannot be long continued, but may be submitted to until the grievance becomes intolerable. Strange how a few bad men in [high] position, sustained by party, can damage society, pervert government, and inflict disorder and evil upon a country.

Monday, May 25, 1868.

There is a deep feeling but no noisy excitement on the subject of impeachment. There is caucusing and canvassing among the radical Senators for conviction, but it is not allowable for any two men to converse on the subject of acquittal. Butler, violent, cunning, unscrupulous, devilish, has control of the managers and of the House, and is carrying on an extraordinary game of inquisitorial prosecution and persecution. In view of the action of the Court to-morrow, he made a partial report to-day of broken testimony from several witnesses that the Inquisitors had before them. It made, as intended, something of a sensation, and may, as intended, lead to a further postponement. This seems the present object; but there are some radicals, in the court and out of it, who wish this matter brought to a conclusion, and they may, united to the anti-impeachers, be able to bring on a decision, when the facts and truth, now withheld, may to some extent appear. It is, however, hardly probable, for the party discipline is strong and serenely hostile to truth.

The impression among all parties is that there will be an acquittal.

Tuesday, May 26, 1868.

The radical Senators held a caucus this morning and resolved to postpone further voting on impeachment for four weeks. But all their number did not attend, and no one of the seven 'recreants' was invited. The result was, that the extreme radicals could not

carry all their friends with them, and after several votes the conclusion was to come to a decision. But here again the indecency and partisanship of the Senatorial impeachers appeared. Williams of Oregon moved to take the vote on the second article instead of the first, and the motion was of course carried. Ross had, on matters of postponement, voted with his party through the morning, but when the test came on the second article, and excitement was high, the attention of Senators, spectators, and all concentrated on him, and he in the hush and stillness that prevailed said, '*Not guilty.*' A sense of relief to some, and of wrath to others, was perceptible.

It was Cabinet day, and a telegram brought us word promptly of every motion made, and every vote that was taken. We had considered matters pretty secure, when word reached us that Ross was voting with the radicals. This was for a few minutes a damper, but the next telegram announced the vote on the second article to be the same as it was on the eleventh, an acquittal. This was followed by a like vote on the third article, and this by an abandonment of the case, and an adjournment of the court, *sine die*.

The Cabinet were all present with the President when the various votes were announced. His countenance lightened up and showed a pleasant and satisfied smile, but the same calm, quiet composure remained. He had never believed otherwise than in acquittal.

Butler's report yesterday is printed. It is artful and malicious. Only such testimony or parts of testimony as he and his radical associates choose to disclose is brought out. There is no member not of radical views on the Committee, and the managers can therefore distort, pervert, and falsify to any extent; and Butler and most of the

managers are not nice in their means. By seizing the telegraphic despatches, these unscrupulous men have obtained a clue to the transactions of every person who trusted to that means of communication on any subject in those days, and finding many things to them inexplicable, they have formed their own conclusions, often erroneous and mere fallacies. All the despatches which are private and have to them a suspicious appearance and [those] they cannot understand or explain, they charge to impeachment. The lobby-men, claim-agents, gold-gamblers and the whiskey ring, who gather about Congress, like buzzards around carrion, use the telegraph extensively, and the managers have, I doubt not, thrust their noses into the nests of these unclean birds. Not unlikely there were large bets and stock-gambling on the result of the trial, and this flock like others entered into speculation and wagers, and had their feelings and purses enlisted. Some of them may have tried to seduce moneyed fools to make them advances for improper purposes, and some may have used impeachment as a blind to cover other operations. But, neither the President, nor do I believe any one of the seven Senators who refused to go with their party for conviction, gave or received one cent for their vote. No intelligent, honest, candid man, who regarded his oath, would have voted otherwise than these seven Senators. Those Senators who voted for conviction are either partisan knaves, or weak, timid blockheads, the tools of knaves. There is not a man among them who is not conscious that he is guilty of wrong in the vote he has given.

Wednesday, May 27, 1868.

The Chicago nominations create no enthusiasm. Neither Grant nor Colfax has the ability or power to magnetize the people. Grant has lost moral

strength by his untruthfulness, and Colfax is very weak and superficial. Stanton has cleared out of the War Department mad, and 'relinquished' all to Asst. Adj. General Townsend. Last August he defied the President and refused, for the public good, to resign when requested, and five months since he crawled back into the Department and has held on to the place under Senatorial sanction, without discharging its duties, or advising or communicating with the President or any member of the administration. He was told to 'stick,' and the public business has in consequence been obstructed, the government and country [have] been subjected to great inconvenience and loss, and lo! the result. He goes out without respect, except on the part of ignorant and knavish partisans. His administration of the War Department has been wastefully extravagant and a great affliction to the country.

Stanton has executive ability, energy and bluster. He is imperious to inferiors, and abject to superiors. Wanting in sincerity, given to duplicity, and with a taste for intrigue, he has been deep in the conspiracy and one of the chief instigators of the outrageous proceedings of Congress, a secret opponent of the President's from the commencement of his administration. A host of puffers and toadies have ministered to his vanity by giving him undue praise, and Seward made himself ridiculous by lauding him as 'Stanton the Divine,' 'Carnot of the War.' His administration of the War Department cost the country, unnecessarily, untold millions of money, and the loss of thousands of lives. There was some efficiency, but it was not always well directed.

Thursday, May 28, 1868.

There are strange, but almost positive rumors of resignations by Randall, Seward, and others. I am incredulous,

— not prepared to believe them. The nomination of General Schofield to be Secretary of War in place of *Stanton removed*, which the President sent in some time since, does not get through the Senate. The extremists do not like to say by their votes [that] Stanton [is] removed; he was, when Schofield was nominated, holding the place with their sanction. He has since 'relinquished' the office. I asked the President if he thought Schofield reliable. He said it depended on the turn things might take.

Friday, June 5, 1868.

The Senate, in its spite, has rejected the nomination of Mr. Stanbery as Attorney-General. There is in this rejection a factious and partisan exhibition by Senators which all good men must regret to witness. I know not the vote, but am unwilling to believe that some of the better class of radical Senators could have been guilty of so unworthy an act. Yet after the result of the impeachment and the proceedings which took place at the trial I can believe almost anything of that body. It will not surprise me greatly if Trumbull opposed the confirmation, and perhaps others who voted to acquit the President, but I hope not. Some of them, and I think Trumbull in particular, are extremely desirous to reinstate themselves in their party, and therefore in matters of party go with the extremists. It is a mistake, as they will learn.

Wednesday, June 24, 1868.

The President has nominated Mr. Evarts to be Attorney-General. It is doubtful whether he will be confirmed and yet there is no reason why he should not be. I am surprised that the President should nominate him, and surprised that he should accept the office. But the finger of Seward is in this. As a lawyer Mr. E[varts] is at the head of the bar; as a politician he is the op-

posite of the President. He can, however, accommodate himself very readily to any party and any set of principles, views them much as he does his clients. The Senate might confirm him without question, for he has avowed himself a Radical and opposed to the President's policy, although he was one of his counsel in the impeachment case.

Wednesday, July 1, 1868.

Much confusion prevails among Democrats relative to a candidate for President. Delegates to the Convention which meets at New York on the 4th, and many who are not delegates, have passed through Washington. Others are now here. The aspect of things does not please me. There has been mismanagement and weakness in New York, and little vigor or right intention anywhere. A personal demonstration, and extremely partisan, too, has been made for Pendleton,¹ who will probably have the largest vote of any candidate at the commencement, but who will not be allowed to be nominated.

Chase, who is conspicuous as an opponent of the Democrats, as a Negro-suffragist, and until recently as a reconstructionist, is strongly pressed. The New Yorkers appear to have surrendered all principle in a feeble, sprawling anxiety to triumph, and will thereby endanger success. Possibly they have overmanaged in regard to Pendleton, who has been fostered as an auxiliary, merely, to New York.

The President, I perceive, has strong hopes of a nomination. But what he might have made a certainty is, by himself and his course, placed beyond the confines of possibility. He has said nothing to me direct, and I am glad of it, for it would be a subject of extreme embarrassment to me.

[General] Hancock seems a fair man. I know not his mental strength, but

¹ George H. Pendleton of Ohio.

have a favorable opinion of it. In many respects he would make a good candidate.

Tuesday, July 7, 1868.

While at the President's, two telegrams were received from the Convention in New York, stating the result of the ballots to nominate candidate for President. Pendleton leads, as was expected, and the President was next, which was not expected. Most of his votes must have been from the South. The vote of New York was given for Sanford E. Church. This, I told those present, was a blind and meant Seymour.

Thursday, July 9, 1868.

Horatio Seymour and F. P. Blair, Jr., were nominated President and Vice-President at New York. Ohio dropped Pendleton and went unanimously for Seymour. This was followed by other States successively, ending in a unanimous vote. 'A spontaneous movement,' say Seymour's friends, 'unexpected,' a 'general recognition of the first statesman in the country,' etc., with much similar nonsense.

The threatened demonstration for Chase appears to have alarmed the Pendletonians, who dislike him. All worked as New York intended. The friends of Pendleton were unwilling, I judge, that Chase, Hendricks, or any Western man should be selected, lest it might interfere with P[endleton]'s future prospects. We shall know more in a day or two.

I do not consider the nomination a fortunate one for success or for results. Seymour has intellect, but not courage. His partyism predominates over patriotism. His nomination has been effected by duplicity, deceit, cunning management, and sharp scheming. He is a favorite leader of the Marcy school of Democrats in New York, if not of the Van B[uren].

A general feeling of disappointment

will prevail on the first reception of the nomination, discouraging to Union men, but this will be likely to give way in the exciting election contest to the great questions involved. The radicals will take courage for a moment from the mistakes of the Democrats.

I was at the President's when the telegram announcing Seymour's nomination was received. The President was calm and exhibited very little emotion, but I could see he was disturbed and disappointed. He evidently had considerable expectation.

The nomination of Blair with Seymour gives a ticket which is not homogeneous. Blair is bold, resolute, and

determined; has sagacity as well as will.

Friday, July 10, 1868.

The President was, I thought, more affected to-day than yesterday, but was quite reticent on the nominations. McCulloch and Browning expressed, and evidently felt great dissatisfaction, — said Seymour was, next Pendleton, the worst selection which could have been made. I said he was not, save in financial matters, preferable to Pendleton. That P[endleton], though a demagogue, had played no double game, or cheated and bamboozled his friends, but Seymour and the New York managers had.

(To be continued.)

ARASH-HO'O'E

BY ARTHUR COLTON

I

IT was eight o'clock of a December evening. Mr. Todd's feet, which had been creaking on the wheel-hardened snow, now made no noise in the soft whiteness toward Rosina's gate. The night was still, brilliant, tingling. So he came with muffled steps to Rosina's gate.

Suddenly the stillness was shattered by a shout behind him, a roar and a wail, a rending burst followed by a cry, that went yearning up into the night toward the critical stars and the cold, silvery dark concave of sky, as if to symbolize the impetuous onrush of

human life and its high, its unattainable aspirations.

'Arash-ho'o'e!'

'Berry!' said Mr. Todd mechanically, and paused with his hand on Rosina's gate. 'He's sneezing on the bridge.'

Mr. Berry was a miller by trade. As he passed to and fro between the mill-house and the village, he always sneezed in crossing the bridge. There was an association fixed in habit, some mystical link between the mind and the mucous membrane, some mechanism that acted with precision and certainty. It was said, at one time or another, that it acted at the plank which

was third from one end of the bridge and eighth from the other, but his fellow townsmen were not apt to consider so curiously. He was a man of settled ways. When they heard his roar and wild halloo, they thought mechanically, 'Berry! He's sneezing on the bridge.' They set it down in their mental images of Mr. Berry along with his size and massive features, his heaviness and strength and slow manner; along with thoughts of the wet splashing mill-wheel and buzzing saw, the sifting yellow sawdust and piles of cleanly boards; along with the fact that he went to see Rosina on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights.

'Arash-ho'o'e!'

'Berry!' said Mr. Todd, with his hand on Rosina's gate. 'He's sneezing on the bridge.'

He wondered if Mr. Berry were going northward toward the mill-house, or coming southward to the village. Presently he heard the creaking of feet on the hard road, and soon Mr. Berry loomed up in the night. Mr. Todd made no motion or sound until Mr. Berry turned into the soft snow and arrived at the gate. Then he spoke with indignation.

'You go away! It ain't your night.'

'I made up my mind,' said Mr. Berry doggedly.

Mr. Todd danced from one foot to the other in helpless wrath. He was a small trifle of a man, but heavily muffled against the cold. His beard was thrust upward by his muffler and projected horizontally.

'What's come to you, Berry? Why don't you keep your night?'

'I made up my mind,' repeated Mr. Berry with his hand on the gate.

'It ain't as if Rosina showed a leaning,' said Mr. Todd plaintively. 'But if she does laugh me to scorn, she does laugh you to scorn.'

'T is true,' said Mr. Berry; 'though

I'd have more tender feelings than to say it and thereby rub salt on human troubles. I always said your feelings wa'n't tender.'

'They be too!' said Mr. Todd snappishly.

'Not agonizing, Todd. No!'

'They be too!'

Mr. Berry shook his head thoughtfully.

'What I want to know,' said Mr. Todd, 'is why you're here on my night.'

'Now,' said Mr. Berry slowly, 'you've got to let me put it as it should be put, and you ought to take it as intended. I made up my mind by thinking this way. I says, why have I got heft, if not for advantage? Why was Todd made like fried bacon to look at and yet chirpy to hear. Every man has his gifts. There's something about Rosina that coops in speech with me. I set dumb, and Todd sets sociable, for it's the working of his gifts. And yet heft should have its right advantage. Now, I says, it's come to this. If laying Todd over and spanking him before Rosina off-hand and easy, as if it was a common thing and a humorous thing, or if pulling up his pants leg, le's say, only so far as to show him laughable, which is the advantage of heft — I says, it'll be agonizing to Todd, but I'm a desperate man.'

Mr. Todd gasped and gurgled in his throat. When he could speak, he said in a stuffed voice, —

'You ain't going to do those things to me, Berry!'

'I suppose it'll be agonizing,' said Mr. Berry thoughtfully.

'Before Rosina,' shrieked Mr. Todd.

'Why, it would n't be any point except before Rosina. That'd be malice, and it ain't malice, it's just putting it to Rosina —'

'I won't stand for it, Berry.'

'Whereby,' Mr. Berry persisted,

'she'll see the advantage of heft and conceive of you as laughable, and she'll see the advantage of heft equals the advantage of chirpiness. I've thought it all out, Todd. Rosina likes to laugh, don't she? After seeing you laughable, it ain't likely she'd think of you serious thereafter, is it? No! Because she'd think of how you looked laughable then, would n't she? It stands to reason, and it's well thought out, though I may be a slow man. You can see yourself how she'll laugh.'

Mr. Todd clung to the gate and thought of Rosina's laughter. He beat his mittened fingers on his chest for warmth and for relief of a heart surcharged.

'You've made a dreadful bad mistake there, Berry,' he said at last. 'I ain't going to be sarcastic, I'm a man that thinks of other folks' feelings, I am. But that's a foolish plan. My land, it's a shallow one!'

'What's the matter with it?' asked Mr. Berry angrily.

'Make me laughable it would. But the idea of your not seeing it would make you laughable too! Ho, ho! Picture yourself doing such a scan'lous thing, do, now! How do you look? Rosina'd laugh us both to scorn.'

'It's so!' said Mr. Berry weakly. 'She would so!'

'Lucky for you I stopped you, Berry.'

'Maybe it is, Todd. But what'll I do? What else'll I do?'

Mr. Todd stretched his mitten toward Mr. Berry, and his voice trembled.

'You're a shallow man, Berry. If I must help you out, I must, though it goes against the grain. You don't see the real points of heft. It's like this. A light-weighted man like me has to have smartness, and I have it; but in hefty men like you a woman looks for forwardness, and you ain't got it. There's a fact and there's the trouble with you.

You've got no forwardness. Where'd be the forwardness in misusing me? Do I scale a hundred and twenty pound? No, I don't. Fiddle! You can see that, can't you?'

'How 'm I going to show forwardness?'

'How can you, when you ain't got any? Humph! Well, but if I was you — well — I'd watch when Rosina was n't looking, and — then — no — Berry, it's asking too much of me to show you how to get Rosina, and that to leave me grieving.'

'What'd you do, Todd?'

'What's the use of my telling you? You would n't do it.'

'I would too!'

'Well, when she wa' n't looking — well — I'd grip her sudden and hold on. She might wriggle; she might say, "Le' go!" She might; I don't deny it's woman's nature to speak out against man's forwardness. And yet she will have forwardness in a hefty man.'

'There's pins in her belting,' said Mr. Berry after a long silence.

'Oh, if you ain't got forwardness!' sneered Mr. Todd.

'I have too got forwardness!'

Mr. Berry opened the gate and walked on heavily in the snow. Mr. Todd followed, his beard bristling out over his muffler, and above his beard his sharply pointed nose.

'You might be friendly, Berry,' said Mr. Todd, 'seeing what I've done for you.'

'I'm friendly, Todd, but I ain't going to distract my mind.'

II

Rosina Rippon was a strong, plump, fair, round-eyed woman, breezy and joyful, whose single condition was not easily explained, unless by her upwelling sense of the ludicrousness of lovers. One by one they had fallen before her

laughter, drawn in the horns of vanity, and gone their ways. Only Mr. Berry and Mr. Todd persisted: Mr. Berry because of a certain unchanging continuance in his nature, Mr. Todd because of a certain faith he had in the victory of intelligence. Their rivalry had become a habit, with boundaries and customs, such as the claim of Mr. Todd to Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights, of Mr. Berry to Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights. Mr. Todd sometimes encroached. Mr. Berry had never objected. He had never encroached himself, before the cold December night when they stood together on Rosina's porch, and Mr. Todd knocked at the door and kicked impatient feet, and Mr. Berry concentrated his mind.

'It's not your night, Mr. Berry! Ha! ha!' Rosina laughed in the doorway; 'it's Mr. Todd's. Come in, both of you.'

The fire burned cosily in the round stove. White-and-blue teacups stood in their saucers on the table beside the sofa; the sofa was between the stove and a door which led through a passageway into the kitchen. Mr. Todd undid his muffler, showing a clever peaked face, and chatted sociably with Rosina. He sat on the sofa, Mr. Berry on the other side of the stove, buried in gloomy thought.

'Why don't you say something, Mr. Berry?' said Rosina at last.

'Berry ain't got any confidence,' said Mr. Todd pleasantly. 'It's laughable in a man of his size, and shows a feeble spirit. He's timid, and that's a sorry sight in a hefty man.'

'What's he afraid of?' asked Rosina.

'Afraid he might do something unbecoming.'

'Nonsense!' laughed Rosina.

'So I tell him. And yet a feeble spirit can't be heartened.'

'You le' me alone,' growled Mr. Berry.

'The more heft of bone a man has the more laughable he shows,' went on Mr. Todd thoughtfully, 'if his spirit's feeble; and a feebler spirit than Berry's I never saw.'

'No gumption?' said Rosina.

'Not a bit!'

Mr. Berry glared at Mr. Todd.

'I don't believe it!' laughed Rosina. 'It's too bad!'

She went into the passage which led to the kitchen, to get hot water for the tea. Mr. Berry listened to her steps in the passage, then rose, and with sinister tread approached Mr. Todd, who slid deftly behind the sofa.

'I was putting heart into you, Berry,' he pleaded. 'Can't you see a thing?'

'You called me a feeble spirit,' said Mr. Berry hoarsely.

'She's in the kitchen now, Berry,' Mr. Todd whispered. 'She'll be coming through the passage; now's the time. Perk up, Berry!'

Mr. Berry hesitated. Mr. Todd stepped behind and pushed him.

'You get back of the kitchen door.'

'Le' me alone!'

'Forwardness, Berry! Forwardness! Hefty men's got to have it.' Mr. Todd was breathless with pushing.

Mr. Berry, slowly yielding, disappeared in the dark passage, and Mr. Todd sat down on a sofa by the door, panting. He heard the heavy breathing of Mr. Berry in the passage, and the sounds of Rosina's industry in the kitchen. He rubbed his knuckles and beat his feet on the carpet. His mouth worked, his beard bristled forward. He leaned his head on one side, hearkened, and smiled. The wooden clock on the mantel behind the stove ticked monotonously, mocking his impatience. He heard the sound of Rosina's steps in the passage. He sprang to his feet.

There was a shriek, a trampling, and Rosina entered in the air, not projected, but held aloft. Mr. Berry's

anxious face, red with effort and emotion, glowed above her like a storm sun above the struggling storm. She brandished the teapot in her hand.

'Put me down,' she cried, 'or I'll —'

'Shame, Berry! Shame!' cried Mr. Todd solemnly, with uplifted hands. 'How your actions do disgust my soul!'

'You impudent man!' cried Rosina. 'I'll —'

'Berry! Berry!' protested Mr. Todd. 'Show respect! And you pretending to admire her! Oh, the shamelessness of it!'

'I'll pour tea on you!' shrieked Rosina.

She poured hot tea wildly on Mr. Berry's hands. Mr. Berry groaned and set her down. Rosina raged.

'Go away! — Don't you ever come here again! The idea!'

'I'm afraid it's no more'n you deserve, Berry,' said Mr. Todd sadly. 'Disrespect ought n't to be forgiven. I'm afraid you're a violent man, Berry. Maybe a low-minded man.'

Mr. Berry stood dumb, and solid as a column. A scorching sense of wrong flowed over his soul, hot as the tea on his hands. He turned slowly to Mr. Todd.

'Did n't you tell me —?' he began.

'Did n't I tell you to go away?' cried Rosina, stamping.

'*You* said they liked forwardness in a hefty man,' went on Mr. Berry doggedly, moving toward Mr. Todd. '*You* said she might wriggle and she might say, "*Le* go!" but *you* said, "Hold on!" *You* said she'd like it. And she *don't*! *You* said, "Now's the time!" *You* said —'

'Berry, you're a feeble spirit,' said Mr. Todd, shaking his head, and backing anxiously away.

'*You* said —'

'*Will* you go!' cried Rosina.

Mr. Berry said nothing, but grasped

Mr. Todd's shoulder, and silently urged him toward the outer door. Mr. Todd struggled and remonstrated. Rosina began to laugh.

'*Le* me go, Berry!' pleaded Mr. Todd, vainly holding back against grim propulsion. Mr. Berry thrust him through the door, across Rosina's porch, and into the snow. The stars twinkled merrily through Rosina's leafless trees, and the snow lay white, soft, and deep in her dooryard. Up and down the village street dimly-lit windows looked at them askance with red cordial smiles.

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed Rosina. Mr. Berry, holding Mr. Todd down, with slow circular motion, with conscientious care, rubbed Mr. Todd's face with snow. Mr. Todd kicked here and there and made vague noises. Mr. Berry rubbed on. Rosina ran across the porch. Mr. Berry gathered more snow and continued.

'Stop!' cried Rosina.

Mr. Berry rose, but Mr. Todd lay still.

'Oh, you've hurt him!' cried Rosina pitifully. 'Get up, Mr. Todd!'

He did not move. She knelt in the snow beside him.

'I'm a goner,' he said feebly. 'My vitals!'

III

Rosina lifted him tenderly, and carried him lightly indoors. Mr. Berry stood still a moment hesitating. Then he followed indoors, brushing the snow carefully from his shoes. He closed the door, and looked with suspicion at Mr. Todd, who moaned on the sofa, while Rosina hovered over him with ministrations, with indignant cries.

'Oh, Mr. Todd!'

Mr. Berry sat down in his former place, on the other side of the stove, and stared at the glow in the damper.

'I'm a goner,' whispered Mr. Todd.

'I ought to have warned you against Berry. He's showed you what he is. He's a desperate man, he is. Though I speak with my last breath I'd bear no malice, but I ought to've said so before, but it would n't have looked right when he was sitting up with you off and on nights, for I'm a fair man up to my poor lights. He's showed himself now.'

'You're a good man, I do believe, Mr. Todd,' murmured Rosina.

'It heartens me to hear you. Maybe I'll get over this.'

'Of course you will.'

'Sometime, I dare say. But oh, the sufferings!'

'Have some tea, Mr. Todd, do!'

'Oh! Maybe it would hearten me.'

Rosina turned sharply to Mr. Berry.

'If you've got any decency you can bring me the teapot. It's on the stove.'

Mr. Berry rose from behind the stove, and lifted the teapot. It was shaped and colored like a cocoanut shell. He came to the table on which stood four blue-and-white cups in their saucers. Rosina was leaning over with her back to him, pushing pillows down affectionately behind Mr. Todd. Mr. Todd groaned with fluttering breath. Then he looked up at Mr. Berry, groaned again—and winked, sarcastic, triumphant.

Mr. Berry stopped and stared. Mr. Todd dropped his head forward. The thawed snow dripped from his hair on the pillows. His coat-collar bulged out from his neck.

'Do you feel worse, Mr. Todd?' asked Rosina.

'Tongue could n't tell it, but I'm a patient man.'

'Indeed you are!'

'And a forgiving man,' he whimpered, 'only mashed vitals do try the spirit.'

'How do you feel now?'

'Faint,' whispered Mr. Todd; 'sort of passing away.'

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'Will you pour that tea, Mr. Berry!'

Mr. Berry made a noise in his throat, like the sound of a shot bolt, locking the door of resolution. He leaned forward, and poured a stream of hot tea down the opening between Mr. Todd's collar and neck.

Mr. Todd yelled, and leaped, bumping Rosina's chin in his uprising. He ran into the middle of the room, and there stopped, clutching at his back, recollecting, considering the case. He felt the heat of the tea diminishing.

'It's the same tea she poured on me,' said Mr. Berry. 'It ain't on the boil, Todd, and it's heartening. Keeps a man from passing away.'

'What—what happened?' asked Rosina, rubbing her chin.

'I did let it out sort of careless,' said Mr. Berry apologetically; 'some of it went down his neck, I don't deny it!'

'You did it a purpose!' said Mr. Todd bitterly, putting on his overcoat.

'Oh, ha ha ha!' laughed Rosina.

'Why, I made up my mind, to be sure,' said Mr. Berry slowly. 'To be sure, I made up my mind. We've give her a sight of enjoyment, Todd, and it's no more'n reasonable—'

'Go away!' gasped Rosina. 'Both of you, or I shall die!'

Mr. Todd moved to the outer door, and opened it.

'I ain't going to be misused by any man,' he said angrily, and slammed the door behind him.

'Both of you!' cried Rosina. 'Ha ha ha!'

Mr. Berry continued heavily,—

— 'no more'n reasonable. For Todd said a man ought to be forward if he's hefty—'

'Go away!'

— 'or else I would n't be so forward as to mention, if you was to take out the pins from the belting, or neighborhoods where they do harm—'

'Well, I never!'

— 'whereas hooks and eyes, or buttons, or provided it was safety-pins, there ain't any harm in them, but those with points discourage a man's spirit when he's feeling forward as a hefty man should —'

Rosina waved her hand helplessly toward the door.

— 'and you ought n't to think I've got no forwardness, because I *hev* got forwardness; but mortifications have ate into me like a buzz-saw!'

'Goodness!' said Rosina. 'Have they?'

— 'and yet being laughed at, nor hot tea, ain't the equal of pins in the belting to discourage the spirit and take the edge of man's intentions like a nail in a log.'

'Oh, go away!' sighed Rosina.

'So if it ain't more'n reasonable, if you'd take the pins out of the belting, I guess I could get along hereafter.'

And Mr. Berry departed soberly.

Rosina stood reflecting a moment, then went to the door, opened it, and stood on the step. The night air was biting. The snow sparkled in the starlight. Far away to the right she could see the retreating form of Mr. Todd, as he passed from glimmer to glimmer of lit windows that were close to the street. To the left there were no lit windows, and the white road sloped toward the distant bridge. Mr. Ber-

ry's steps creaked steadily away on the wheel-hardened snow.

She looked at the spot below her, where the snow was flattened — where Mr. Todd had resisted and contrived while Mr. Berry had rubbed his face with a circular motion. She laughed again.

Mr. Todd and Mr. Berry each heard her. Each paused a moment, shook his head doubtfully, and went on.

Rosina turned back into the house. She poured out the remaining tea into a blue-and-white teacup.

'I never was hoisted before!' she thought, sipping the tea and sighing. The wooden clock on the mantelpiece ticked monotonously. Suddenly it struck nine. 'By the way!' it seemed to say, and struck nine.

Now, in the distance without, she heard Mr. Berry's vast far shout and following cry, vague and pathetic — the roar, then the high, melancholy wail.

'Arash-ho'o'e!'

'Berry!' she thought; 'he's sneezing on the bridge;' and sighed again, and sipped her tea. 'It would be convenient to hark for, when he came home to meals,' she thought. 'I guess I'll see about the pins.'

'Berry!' thought Mr. Todd at the other end of the village. 'He's sneezing on the bridge.'

WILLIAM JAMES

BY JAMES JACKSON PUTNAM

THE news of Professor William James's death overwhelmed with deep sorrow the large circle of his friends and colleagues in every land, and the still larger circle of those who without knowing him had felt for him a sense of personal affection. But the grief at the loss of this warm-hearted friend and charming companion, this inspiring teacher and courageous advocate of justice, must soon have allowed room for the thought of what a noble and useful life he had led, and for gratitude that his frank, straightforward ways had made it possible to think of him as still animating the varied scenes with which he was identified so closely. He was so eager, so soldierly in spirit; his philosophy had so little of what he used to call 'the Dead-Sea-apple flavor,' that it will be a lasting pleasure to think how he would act if present; what humorous, generous, illuminating, or indignant utterance he would bring forth.

Those who knew him personally think of him most easily as he appeared in private life, and indeed it was easy to forget — so simple were his tastes and so unaffected his manner — that he was a great man and lived also in the eye of the world.

Surrounded at home by all that he really cared for, — family, friends, books, everything except robust health, — he did not seek the fame that found him. Yet he prized the honors that had come to him so abundantly, although mainly because of the assurance which they brought him that he had done

and was doing the best work he was qualified to do.¹

I well remember the earnestness with which he said to me, two years ago, that the results he had achieved were, in kind, just those he had aspired to achieve; that he had asked no more than to succeed — by dint of personal weight and by striking a note appropriate to his day and time — in accentuating certain tendencies in the minds of thinking men which he believed to be wholesome and of vital significance.

James's ideals were generous. He cared less to see his private views prevail than to see philosophy counting as a real influence in men's lives. He longed to see the day when the advocates of a philosophic doctrine should recognize that the best warrant for its value lay, not in their ability to defend its claims against all comers, but in its power to inspire them with a desire for ever-increasing knowledge, greater liberality, a more courageous life. His attitude was at once an appeal against indifferentism, and for the recognition of a common meeting-ground of all philosophic tendencies of thought. In this sense pragmatism was a move toward mediation and conciliation, and this was one of the main interests of his own life.

James's foreign colleagues were quick

¹ He was a member of the National Academies of America, France, Italy, Prussia, and Denmark; and was Doctor of Letters of Padua and Durham, a Doctor of Laws of Harvard, Princeton, and Edinburgh, and a Doctor of Science of Geneva and Oxford.

to note this tendency and promise of the new-world thinker's work. The distinguished historian, Guglielmo Ferrero, has written eloquently, in a letter to the *Figaro* of September 22, of results already won among the philosophers of the Continent by this refreshing breath: 'Neither in Europe nor in America will men soon forget the simple, modest courage with which this student of philosophy proclaimed that men have need, not alone of philosophic and scientific truths, but also of peace, happiness, moral balance and serenity, and declared that no philosophic doctrine can be considered adequate, however solid its logical foundations, unless it satisfies the aspirations that lie deep within the mind.'

Many of his papers and addresses, though not strictly popular in tone and matter, were purposely kept free from needless technicalities, and so carried a wide appeal. People of all sorts found that through one or another of his writings, and equally through the impression of the writer, that went with them, they got something which made them do their own work better and led them to adopt a broader, a more considerate, and a kindlier view of life.

He, in his turn, was always eager to show sympathy and to notice signs of merit. Biography, and especially autobiography, was his favorite reading, but his search for noteworthy personal chronicle was by no means confined to the lives of famous men. His *Religious Experiences* will testify that he was fond of discovering and making known all outspoken lovers of the truth, especially if obscure. He went about like a herald or torch-bearer, among those who seemed to him deserving of recognition or in need of stimulation, as if calling to them, 'If you have anything to say on which you are willing to stake yourselves, follow me and I will help you to get heard.' This habit

sometimes brought him into queer company and exposed him to many jests. He was not, however, greatly disturbed by this, thinking more of the chance that he might find some grains of intellectual or moral wheat which would otherwise have remained unfound. With all the warmth of a very warm nature, he tried to bring it about that every one whose needs he knew should be given the opportunity to set himself free, to choose for himself, to develop on his own lines.

This sense of the value of individuality in thought and act, which lay so deep in his heart and was woven into the texture of his thoughts, was chosen by him as the theme of his speech on the reception of his degree of LL.D. from Harvard University in 1903. He spoke as one who, in spite of his long contact with the university, had always looked on it somewhat from without. So he could clearly see, he said, 'two Harvards.' One of these had certain special educational functions, and served, also, in a very visible way, as a sort of social club. The other was 'the inner, spiritual Harvard. . . . The true Church was always the invisible Church. The true Harvard is the invisible Harvard in the souls of her more truth-seeking and independent and often very solitary sons. The university most worthy of imitation is that one in which your lonely thinker can feel himself least lonely, most positively furthered and most rightly fed.' In this respect he believed that Harvard 'still is in the van.'

James's love of personal liberty made him always ready to break a lance in its defense, even when in so doing he incurred the displeasure of many a respected friend and colleague. He came forward, unasked, as an advocate of those who wished to keep the privilege of consulting Christian Scientists and other irregular practitioners, when

their standing was at issue before the legislature; he was an ardent defender of the rights of the Philippine Islanders, and a tireless supporter of all measures tending toward universal peace. Since his death several of those who stood with him on these and kindred issues have written warmly and gratefully of his aid. His belief that the Anti-Imperialist League had a real task to perform in national affairs never ceased, and he was one of its vice-presidents until his death.

This is no place to discuss the merits of the public questions here alluded to. I will say only that I have several letters written by him immediately after his speech at the State House, urging that no legislative action should be taken against the Christian Scientists and 'Mind Healers,' in which he declares that it was solely a love of right and the public welfare that had prompted him to come out against his medical colleagues. 'If you think I like this sort of thing you are mistaken. It cost me more effort than anything I have ever done in my life. But if Zola and Colonel Picquart can face the whole French army, cannot I face their disapproval? Far more easily than the reproach of my own conscience.'

To know William James thoroughly one should have seen him in company with a great variety of his friends in turn, so many notes did the gamut of his nature hold. These various notes were by no means out of harmony with each other; it was rather that he had many striking traits which no one person could bring out with equal emphasis. It was an especially rare treat to see him in friendly contest with one or several colleagues from whose views his own diverged. Such encounters brought out his own attitude and theirs as if with a rapid series of flash-light illuminations. He realized also that the fire of genius is distributed widely among

men, as radium is found in minute quantities among baser minerals, and his generous instinct and intellectual zeal prompted him to seek its traces out.

Throughout his abundant social life he was so frank and so obviously friendly that it was impossible to take offense at anything he said, and this made it easier for him than for most men to strike the personal note in human intercourse. He could get at once upon a footing which made a basis for intimacy, if occasion called for this; a footing, which, in any case, left each new acquaintance feeling the gates of his own mind unlocked for him. He said jokingly, one day, that when he met a new person he asked him first his age and then his income, and this was almost literally true. Furthermore, these friendly relationships that he was so ready to establish did not always end with social courtesies. Generous in deed as he was in word and thought, he gave without stint, now, perhaps, a contribution of money to a friend in need, now a book from his library, now time and friendly counsel, offered to show appreciation and sympathy or to meet distress. This sense of kindliness was thorough-going. He had made it a principle, so he told me, to abstain from unfavorable personal criticism unless called for by some need. It was a rare event to hear him pass an unfriendly judgment, and he disliked to hear it done by others. He appreciated keenly the peculiarities of his acquaintances, and could characterize them with accuracy and wit. But such comments were always kindly or marked by a light and playful touch, devoid of sting.

My first meeting with William James was in 1866, at the Harvard Medical School, then on North Grove Street, and in thinking of him there I am reminded of the old dissecting-room in the basement of that building, where

the students gathered every afternoon to recite and listen to the demonstrator of anatomy. Perhaps I recall this with especial distinctness for the reason that James congratulated me on having made a good recitation; but I was greatly impressed at once with the frankness of his expression, the generosity of his manner, and the peculiarly attractive quality of his voice. There must be few of his friends who have not felt the same glow that I felt that day, at the sound of his ever-ready and welcome words of praise. He was five years my senior, but his education had been of an unusual sort and he had come late to medicine, so that we were fellow students. I learned afterwards that he had spent much time in Europe as a boy and youth, had then studied for one or two years at the Lawrence Scientific School, and had finally decided to follow a strong instinct and make himself an artist. In pursuance of this plan he had entered the studio of Mr. William M. Hunt, then living at Newport. In Hunt's studio he made the acquaintance of Mr. John Lafarge and they became close friends. But he soon gave up painting and allowed his talent to lapse, though he always remained capable of expressing himself freely in line-drawings.

The next move was again toward natural science. He studied comparative anatomy for a time with that delightful teacher, Professor Jeffries Wyman, and later he made one of the company of naturalists and students who accompanied Professor Louis Agassiz on his journey of exploration among the rivers of Brazil. Here his skill in drawing came into good service.

James's foreign training had given him a thorough mastery of French and a good familiarity with German, and, better still, habits of mind and thought which helped him to take a more cosmopolitan, and thus a more independ-

ent and personal, view of American affairs. To hold and to express such views, on matters political, social, and moral, was soon to become an opportunity for great usefulness.

During the medical-school period and also later, I saw James from time to time at the house of his father, Mr. Henry James, on Quincy Street in Cambridge. His father, his mother, and his sister were then living and at home, and one or another of his brothers was usually there. My memory of this house, and of each one of its occupants, is a memory warm and mellow with half-pictured scenes of gayety, kindness, and charm. William, the oldest of the five children, was very like his father in feature, in manner, and in mind, and his father was an excellent person to be like. Both of them had the instinct generously to espouse unpopular causes, where the principle of personal liberty seemed at stake, and in both the advocacy sometimes went to the verge of what many persons called the fondness for a paradox. But this impression usually disappeared upon more familiar acquaintance.

In conversation both of these men had a delightful sense of humor, and a remarkable richness of vocabulary. A peculiarity of both was the habit of delaying speech for an instant, while the mind was working and the telling sentence was framing itself for utterance — a brief interval during which the lips would gather slightly, as for a sort of smile, and the eyes and face take on an indescribable expression of great charm. Then would burst forth one of those longer or shorter epigrammatic or aphoristic sayings which all their friends recall so well, full of meaning, full of kindness and humor, never sarcastic, but always keen. Occasionally, too, they were full of fiery wrath. This James humor has often been referred to as of Irish origin. If so, it

certainly thrive well on American soil. It pointed also to the wide vision of real culture and to experience with men and books, thus showing itself to be cosmopolitan or universal, rather than racial. Certainly old and young, rich and poor, foreigner and native, appreciated its great charm and penetration. Sometimes a mere trifle would call out one of these rich, explosive extravaganzas of speech. I remember listening one day with trepidation when Mr. James, Senior, gathered his face into a half-humorous, half-thunderous expression and then rolled out a series of denunciations on the people who insisted on misusing the word 'quite.'

As I remember James at home, during the period of which I have been speaking, he was somewhat quieter and gentler in manner than he afterward appeared to be, though always full of playfulness and fun. His laughter was never boisterous, but no one could be quicker than he to see the chance for merriment, let the joke be with him or against him.

He had been much of an invalid, but he never lost for long his courage or his buoyancy. He believed that one should industriously cultivate the bearing, the expression, and the sentiments that go with health, and one of his former pupils has recently told me of his making an appeal to his college class on this subject. He succeeded, too, as a rule, in practicing what he preached, in spite of a real tendency to occasional depression, which might easily have been allowed to get control of him. I believe that through these frequent contests with his health James materially modified his character and, indirectly, his philosophic tendencies and views. This lack of vigor kept him at that time much at home, and he had a small laboratory there where he did a good deal of work.

James's mother, quiet in temper-

ament and manner, was a very real power in the family, beloved by all, and holding all together; and this was also true of her sister, Mrs. Walsh, who for a long time made her home with them.

All the members of the James family were gifted with rich, melodious voices, and William's had a resonance and charm which those who had once heard it, especially in conversation, never could forget.

James took his medical degree in 1869, but never practiced. He had already become greatly interested in physiology and comparative anatomy, and was early invited to teach these subjects to the undergraduates at Harvard. From physiology he slipped into psychology, and so onward until finally he became the chief figure in the department of philosophy, one of the best departments of the college.

From the time of our first meeting until a few months before his death I had the privilege of seeing James fairly often, and of knowing something of his intellectual interests and work. From 1876 onward he made almost yearly visits to a charming spot in the Adirondacks, where there lies, in the midst of mountains, brooks, and forests, a little group of rough houses forming a sort of camp. James was formerly part owner of this very satisfactory establishment, and appreciated to the fullest extent its simple but copious resources.

These visits meant an opportunity of meeting a variety of acquaintances and friends under the most informal of conditions, and usually meant also a fresh deal of health. As a walker, he used to be among the foremost, in the earlier years, and it was a pleasure to watch his lithe and graceful figure as he moved rapidly up the steep trails or stretched himself on the slope of a rock, his arms under his head, for resting. He had the peculiarity, in climbing, of raising himself largely with the foot

that was lowermost, instead of planting the other and drawing himself up by it, as is so common. This is a slight thing, but it was an element counting for elasticity and grace. There were periods when he took the longest walks and climbs, but after a time he felt that very vigorous exertion did not agree with him; and this belief, combined with his love of talk with some congenial person on some congenial subject, usually kept him back from the vanguard and rather at the rear of the long line, where he could walk slowly if he liked and find the chance to pause from time to time in order to enjoy and characterize in rich terms the splendid beauty of the steep forest-clad slopes, with the sun streaming through the thick foliage and into the islets between the tall trees.

There were certain spots which he particularly liked to visit, and even to visit alone or with a book — for he was always industrious and often did his fifty pages of solid reading daily. One such place, a ledge forming the verge of a superb precipice, with two fine pine trees overhead and the heavily wooded valley of the Ausable River rising steeply toward the north and descending into a broad plateau toward the south, was named for him many years ago by a warm friend and admirer. Another beautiful spot, well up on a steep side of Round Mountain, I remember reaching with him toward the end of a still and golden September day. We had been walking for a number of hours through the thick, dark woods, and this beautiful bit of cliff, nearly inclosed by the dense spruces of the forest, and carpeted with moss of a rich, yellowish-green tint, afforded the first chance for the afternoon sun to stream in and for the trampers to obtain a glimpse of the hazy valley winding off far beneath, and of the sun-deserted mountains closing in the deep ravine, along one side of

which runs the narrow trail. I recalled this spot to his memory in a letter written several years later (in 1899), when he was in Europe, seeking health at Nauheim. He wrote back, saying, 'Your talk about Keene Valley makes me run over with homesickness. Alas, that those blessed heights should henceforward probably be beyond my reach altogether! It is a painful pang!'

Fortunately, this prediction was not fulfilled. He improved greatly on his return to America after this trip, came several times again to revisit old haunts, and even did a fair amount of walking.

He was very fond of stirring poetry, and one or another of our fellow campers has spoken of verses by Kipling or Walt Whitman or Goethe as associated with the thought at once of him and of some special mountain-top or forest walk. Occasionally, also, in the afternoon, he would read us portions of his own writings, at which he almost always was at work, and thus we had the first chance at bits of several of his best papers.

James was married in the spring of 1878 to Miss Alice H. Gibbens, and began at once to improve in health and to lead a fuller and more active life. He soon became widely known in Europe both through his writings and his fairly frequent visits, and it was felt by all his colleagues there that the Harvard faculty had rarely been represented by a brighter light than he.

In the autumn of 1892 he established himself in Florence with his wife and children for the winter, and thus amusingly describes their housekeeping: —

'If we can escape freezing this winter the retrospect of next spring will doubtless be a good one. Our apartment (just moved into) is snug, clean and sunny, and though devoid of every "domestic convenience" except one stop-cock and a hearth in a kitchen some ten feet by six, seems a place in which

housekeeping can go on. Our cook, Raffaello, with whom we converse by means of raw Latin roots without terminations, seems nevertheless to grasp our meaning and evolves very savory dinners out of the nudity of his workshop. A one-sou fan is his principal instrument — by it he keeps the little fires from going out. I ought to say that we have a big Bernese governess, who looks like Luther in his more corpulent days, and, knowing more Italian than we do, has been quite useful as interpretess. But her appetites are ungovernable, she has no tact, and we shall have little use for her when the boys get to school, so we shall soon say farewell and give her a recommendation to some very full-blooded family.

‘I’m telling you nothing of our summer, most all of which was passed in Switzerland. Germany is good, but Switzerland is better. *How good* Switzerland is, is something that can’t be described in words. The healthiness of it passes all utterance. The air, the roads, the mountains, the customs, the institutions, the people. Not a breath of art, poetry, æsthetics, morbidity, or “suggestiveness.” It’s all there, solid meat and drink for the sick body and soul, ready to be turned to and do you good when the nervous and gas-lit side of life has had too much play. What a see-saw life is, between the elemental things and the others. We must have both; but, aspiration for aspiration, I think [that] of the over-cultured and exquisite person for the insipidity of health is the more pathetic. After the suggestiveness, decay, and over-refinement of Florence this winter, I shall be hungry enough for the eternal elements to be had in the Schweiz.’

From the very beginning of their married life in Cambridge, Mr. and Mrs. James showed a hospitality which made them a marvel to their friends. In season and out, all were made wel-

come. This was especially true of visitors from Europe, whether those at whose hands James had received hospitality in his turn when abroad — for he was everywhere a welcome guest — or those who came to Cambridge attracted by his writings and reputation. All such visitors were made at home, for shorter or for longer periods, and only the friends of their hosts realized how much trouble was taken to make their stay successful.

What his home was to others, to him it was more, a thousand-fold. Every one who watched him saw clearly that he owed a distinct portion of his steady growth in tranquillity and power of accomplishment to the home influences — intellectual, physical, and moral — that formed the main background of his life. If the vital force was native and resident in him, its development was fostered by the untiring devotion which was constantly at his command. And this he himself well knew. Seconded by his wife, he made friends in every land, some of them through personal intercourse, which he always sought, and some through correspondence only. He was as sociable as Montaigne, both from principle and from true love of his fellow men.

One of the many foreign friendships which he greatly valued and frequently referred to was that with M. Renouvier, the able editor of the *Critique Philosophique*. There was a strong personal and intellectual sympathy between these two men. James was also an occasional contributor to the *Critique*. He wrote French with fluency and grace, and infused into it some of the elements that made his English style so engrossingly effective.

He had thought much, also, cosmopolitan as he was, about the relative advantages of the life in Europe and in America, and was always ready to talk about this subject. With his sensitive-

ness and his fine taste, he loved the cultivated, æsthetic atmosphere of France and England, and there were times when he longed for it and felt that he must gratify the longing. But he was at heart an American, and even a way-breaker, as well as an artist. One of his friends remembers his quoting from Gray's 'Eton,' the lines ending, 'And snatch a fearful joy,' with reference to the satisfaction and at the same time the sacrifices which American conditions offer and require. His attitude on this question illustrates his attitude on many questions. He could feel a warm glow in favor of two opposing sets of interests, each in turn, and yet one could predict which, in the end, would prove the stronger. I recall hearing him speak one day, in the dining-room of our Adirondack camp, of certain 'bitter-sweet' articles of food, of which it was 'hard to say whether one likes or dislikes them most.' But there are many bitter-sweets in life, and he was alive to the value of both elements that they contained. His readers will recall a charming essay¹ in which he describes a journey in the mountains of North Carolina and tells of passing by a large number of unkempt, squalid clearings, littered with the stumps and boughs of fresh-cut trees, and savoring of destruction, devastation, and discomfort. As he was in the act of drawing this lesson, he said to the mountaineer who was driving him, —

'What sort of people are they who have to make these new clearings?'

'All of us,' the man replied. 'Why, we ain't happy here unless we are getting one of these coves under cultivation.'

James 'instantly felt' that he 'had been losing the whole significance of the situation.' 'The clearing which to me was a mere ugly picture on the retina, was to them a symbol redolent

¹ "On a Certain Blindness in Human Beings." *Talks to Teachers*, p. 231.

with moral memories and sang a very pæan of duty, struggle, and success.'

Few persons have written more charmingly or more lucidly than Professor James, or with greater evidence of personal conviction. This last feature of his books and papers was indeed so marked, what he said came so obviously from his heart, that to speak of his 'style' seems inappropriate. He was through and through an artist, in writing as in speech, and yet he used his art so obviously as a way of making his meaning clear that the reader thinks of his charming and telling manner mainly in terms of the conclusions that it enforced. When one reads his books it is a pleasure to assume one's self in full accord with him, even in the face of disagreement, so delightfully does he call learning, humor, fancy, abundant and apt citation, the homeliest of illustrations and the most daring of analogies, to the aid of his incisive argument. In all this he shows himself not only expert in knowledge and in literary skill, but a broad reader and an intimate knower of human thoughts and passions in wide range. He was of course a delightful correspondent, and he wrote copiously and to many persons. Even when very ill or very busy he managed to keep in touch in this way with a large number of his friends, though he was sometimes forced to call in the ready service of his wife as amanuensis.

He began to make scientific communications within a few years after his entrance on academic work. The earlier papers dealt with physiological questions. Even in these his psychological and philosophical interests were foreshadowed, while, on the other hand, his early training as a physiologist affected all his later work. One of the early papers, on 'The Law of Forward Action in the Nervous System,' in which

he showed that the impulses in nerve fibres run always in one or the other direction, according to the function of the nerves concerned, is cited as important by the eminent English physiologist, Sherrington. His well-known papers on the absence of dizziness in deaf-mutes, on 'The Sense of Effort,' and on the 'Perception of Space,' are partly of physiological and partly of psychological interest.

It would be out of the question to review here his contributions in the psychologic field, but attention may be called in passing to his insistence on the very important part played by sensation in the feeling of emotion and even of consciousness itself. This doctrine, which was brought out at about the same time by the Swedish psychologist Lange, promptly became famous, the world over. It has a decided interest here as being closely related to some of his later philosophical generalizations. Sensations of various subtle kinds, as those coming from the circulatory and digestive apparatus, well known to be excited in the strong emotions, were recognized by him as deserving of more attention than they had received; and when he came to analyze the feeling of emotion closely it seemed to him that the honest observer could not assert that anything else was there. Strip off 'sensation' from emotion and what is left? he asked. At a later day the sense of consciousness was analyzed in the same fashion.

I cannot discuss the merits of these difficult subjects here, but I desire to point out that just as he felt that he must fully reckon with the influence of *sensation*, the most tangible element in *emotion*, before he would allow that anything else was there, so he felt that the influence of *experience* should be fully reckoned with before other means of judging of the *truth* were turned to.

This seems to me a distinct illustration of the way in which his mind worked. Although thoroughly alive to the existence of influences in the world which can only be reached through a free use of a trained imagination, his love of simplicity and directness led him to estimate at their full value the factors that had the merit of being relatively commonplace, and therefore more familiar to the ordinary mind, and to exert all his powers of observation to note more of these than others had discovered.

The earliest of his philosophical papers, so far as I am aware, was one written for the *Critique Philosophique*; and the next, on much the same subject, was that which was published later as the first part of *The Sentiment of Rationality*. This was first given as an address in 1879, and was finally brought out, in 1897, together with other valuable papers, in a volume called *The Will to Believe, and Other Essays in Popular Philosophy*.

His first enterprise in actual book-making was in 1885, when he edited *The Literary Remains of Henry James*, the preface to which was partly his own work, partly made up from extracts from his father's writings. All those who wish to gain insight into the evolution of Professor James's mind by noting the influences which were early at work on him, should read this admirable volume. The theology there defended is sufficiently simple and sufficiently well adapted for men's needs to have commanded James's respect, and both the character of the sentiments and the splendid language of the father strongly remind one of the son's thought and style.

His next book was the important two-volume *Psychology*, published in 1890 and written for the most part during a trip to Europe. This book proved an immense success. It has continued

to win popularity and fame and has been translated into a number of languages, the latest being the Italian. Professor James told me only recently that this success had surprised him greatly. He had not taken especial pains, he said, to make a monumental work. But his mind and thoughts were so untrammelled, so keen and fresh, that he could not help writing a good book. He was one of the few scientific writers whose productions became a source of revenue. He made sundry trips to Europe, largely on the income derived from the *Psychology*, the *Talks to Teachers*, and the *Religious Experiences*, and the sale of his last two books also has been large.

In 1898 he delivered the Ingersoll lecture on *Personal Immortality*.

In 1899 he gave and published his now famous *Talks to Teachers on Psychology; and to Students on Some of Life's Ideals*, a book of great charm, great wisdom, and true scientific penetration.

In 1901 and 1902 he delivered at Edinburgh his first English lecture course, the Gifford Lectures, which at once appeared in book form as the *Varieties of Religious Experiences; a Study in Human Nature*. It was understood that he had long been collecting the materials for this book, for his object was not so much to give his own religious convictions as to show under how many and how varied aspects, convictions that could be called religious had impressed themselves on a variety of men and had helped to mould their lives. In the closing chapter he makes statements which indicate how he felt at that time on certain subjects which were being studied by his English colleagues of the Society for Psychical Research. He always took intense and appreciative interest in the investigations of both the English and the American branches of this society, though

he did not bear so active a part in them as many people have supposed. The more prominent workers, both in England and America, were his personal friends, especially Richard Hodgson, the devoted secretary of the American branch. For a number of years James served as president of this branch.

Finally, in 1907 and 1909, respectively, came out the two books on *Pragmatism* and on *Pluralism*, and a third, *The Meaning of Truth* (1909), which formed an explanatory supplement to the course on pragmatism. He also wrote a large number of scientific papers and minor addresses, such as the fine tribute to Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, and several delightful biographical sketches, as those on Professor Louis Agassiz and on Thomas Davidson.

Professor James's attitude toward the general problems of philosophy is well known. He called himself a 'radical empiricist,' a 'pragmatist,' a 'pluralist,' and it is fair to say that these terms, indicative of his beliefs, indicate also important features of his own character. It is evident that he approached the deeper problems of life as a lover of men and a sympathizer with human needs, but also with the conscientiousness of a person trained to careful observation, and yet fully realizing that in the desire to make observation 'careful' it is very easy to make it narrow. He insisted on making 'experience' the touchstone for determining the value or the truth of a belief. But experience was construed by him in a far wider sense than by many others, and he was always ready to extend its scope. If a man could truly say that his life was made richer in any important respect by the acceptance of a given doctrine, vision, or intuition, then, in so far, the doctrine should count as true for him. He felt strongly that each person should strive to satisfy the demands, not only of his reason, but also of his

aspirations and his sense of the power to accomplish something new and real, which every man possesses in some measure. Just because he felt the deep practical significance of the task which philosophy assumes, in trying to explain the rationality of a world filled with suffering and sorrow, he shrank from encouraging the acceptance of interpretations which might sound well but which a deeper searching of one's observation did not verify as helping to a truer and a sounder life. He objected strongly to the method of education which enabled the scholar glibly to 'throw the rule at the teacher' but left him unable to do the sum to which the rule applied.

It is safe to say, of course, that but few of the colleagues with whom he joined issues over philosophic problems would consent to be classed as opposing these propositions stated in this broad way. Every one acknowledges the claims of observation, thoroughness, and honesty, and so every one is a pragmatist and an empiricist. But James believed in drawing trenchant distinctions as an aid to clearer thought and more fruitful discussion, and conscientiously believed that the existence of a distinct difference of *emphasis* between his views and those of certain of his colleagues pointed to the practical need of a distinctive name. He longed to go to the furthest possible limit in his estimate of spiritual freedom and the possibility of a real unity and harmony underlying the distracting signs of multiplicity and discord in the world, but he felt that he should best help this cause, which he had so much at heart, by indicating distinctly the features by which each man might hope to recognize the sought-for angel of his truth, when met, and by making it perfectly clear what degree of success he himself had had. He came, eventually, to direct his search, not for *the* truth but

for *truths*. For the attempt to assert *the* truth makes it necessary to depart from the pathway of experience — so he thought — and to trust one's self to forms of reasoning which, after years of study, he had found himself unable to accept as binding. His description, in *The Pluralistic Universe*, of this contest in his mind is full of the deepest interest.

In this crusade against an intellectualism which he considered *ultra*, James found a powerful ally in the admittedly great French philosopher and psychologist, Bergson, who with keen arguments asserts that the ultimate facts of life are only to be appreciated by immersing ourselves in life's stream and feeling it. Life implies motion, and motion we can create but cannot picture or describe. What we can do is to use the intellect for approaching nearer and nearer to the point from which, with the aid of intuition, we may get the sense of dipping into the fountain of reality.

Closely related to James's confidence in experience was his belief in the creative power of a voluntary act. He recognized that the practical issues with which philosophy indirectly concerns itself are so momentous for the everyday life of men, that it is unwise to wait too long before committing one's self to the view which seems the best. He therefore urged that every one, after looking at the facts as fairly as he could, should choose and act, even at the risk of choosing and acting from reasons that he might afterwards judge to have been mistaken. In thus acting, men might be, he thought, not only discovering the truth, but helping to create it.

It might be supposed, by one who did not know Professor James, that with his fixed confidence in experience as the proper touchstone of the truth, he would have been led straightway

into the materialistic camp, or, at least, into the camp of those who though idealists are practically determinists. But not only was it untrue of Professor James that he took that road, but a fair reading of his arguments makes one agree with him that he was at liberty, logically, to refuse to take it. Every book, every essay, of his is redolent with the doctrine that if a man takes his whole self into account, realizing that he is not only a reasoning being but a feeling and aspiring being, and that his very reasoning is colored by emotion, then choices, preferences, leaps-in-the-dark, the 'presentiment of the eternal in the temporal,' become justifiable in so far as they are real. This was one of the pragmatic out-comes of his *radical* empiricism.

While his course of lectures upon pragmatism was in progress I wrote to him, saying that although the practical value of his recommendations to rigid honesty in applying the test of experience seemed undeniably of value, yet I thought the *tendency* of his doctrine might be to encourage, among some persons, a too narrow conservatism of a materialistic stamp. He wrote back, saying for himself at least, — 'Surely you know there is an essence in me (whatever I may at any moment appear to say) which is incompatible with my really being a physico-chemico-positivist.'

This quality in Professor James's mind which enabled him to maintain his stout adherence to scientific accuracy and to assert the necessity for taking experience as the court of last resort, yet at the same time to recognize the existence of influences that transcend the evidence of the senses, kept him in touch at once with science and with religion, and made it possible for him to believe in a real spiritual freedom.

Instinctively devout and possessing religious sentiments, and sympathizing

doubtless with his still more strongly religious father, he found no difficulty, in spite of his critical attitude with regard to the doctrine of an all-absorbing 'Absolute,' in reconciling his conception of an imperfect, perhaps essentially disjointed and pluralistic universe, helped along by the combined efforts of the spiritual powers resident in men, with a belief in the possible and probable existence of a greater spiritual personality, between whom and ourselves and all the phenomena of the world a perfect intimacy must exist. We cannot prove this, he declares, but there is no argument or evidence which can prevent us from assuming it if we will, and if our assumption is sound our acts help to make the truth efficient for our needs.

It is idle to say, he would insist, that this procedure is unscientific; that the truly scientific man does not assume but always proves the truth. For not only does every progressive scientific man necessarily use his imagination in forecasting his results, but the attitude of holding back from a decision for the chance of a greater certainty is in itself an emotional, and not alone a rational, attitude. There are times when you must '*believe what is in the line of your needs*, for only by such belief is the need fulfilled. . . . You make one or the other of two universes true by your trust or mistrust, — both universes having been only *maybes*, in this particular, before you contributed your act.' Applying this principle to the question of religious belief, he says, [This] 'command that we shall put a stopper on our heart, instincts and courage, and *wait* — acting of course meanwhile more or less as if religion were *not* true — till doomsday, or till such time as our intellect and senses working together may have raked in evidence enough — this command, I say, seems to me the queerest

idol ever manufactured in the philosophic cave.' Again, 'Better face the enemy than the eternal Void.'

In the same essay from which the last sentence is quoted, James points out that the chief and primary function of the intellect is to bring practical results to pass; to answer the question, 'What is to be done?' and says, 'It was a deep instinct in Schopenhauer which led him to reinforce his pessimistic argumentation by a running volley of invective against the practical man and his requirements. No hope for pessimism unless he is slain.' In the whole set of inspiring essays which *The Will to Believe* leads off as with a trumpet's note, this thesis, that the will, if strong enough to lead to action, is a real factor in the world's progress, is maintained with strong emphasis; and in the lectures on the *Pluralistic Universe* the same theme is taken up again and reinforced.

Even in his psychology he foreshadowed a certain portion of this philosophic attitude by asserting it as at least possible, and scientifically quite as admissible as the opposite assumption, that in the act of attention the will adds something new to the forces theretofore present in the world. This was a great step for an academic psychologist to take.

Though frankly iconoclastic and outspoken, and a hard-hitter in an intellectual combat, Professor James made no enemies, but usually drew closer and closer, as time went on, the ties of early friendships. Soon after his complete retirement, his colleagues of the department of philosophy at Harvard asked him to let them have his portrait painted, to be hung upon the walls of the Faculty Room in University Hall. When the portrait was finished, Professor James entertained the whole division of philosophy at his house. The occasion was a memorable

one, and especially so for the reason that Professor Royce, who had always been one of James's most loyal friends and admirers, made an exceedingly warm-hearted and eloquent address. I quote here a few of his sentences, though the choice is difficult where everything was so good: —

'Nothing is more characteristic of Professor James's work as a teacher and as a thinker than is his chivalrous fondness for fair play in the warfare and in the coöperation of ideas and of ideals. We all of us profess to love truth. But one of James's especial offices in the service of truth has been the love and protection and encouragement of the truth-seekers. He has done much more than this for the cause of truth; but this at least he has always done.

'He has lately warned us much against thinking of truth as a mere abstraction. And indeed it has always been his especial gift to see truth incarnate, — embodied in the truth-seekers, — and to show his own love of truth by listening with appreciation, and by helping the cause of fair play, whenever he found somebody earnestly toiling or suffering or hoping in the pursuit of any genuine ideal of truth. . . . Other men talk of liberty of thought; but few men have done more to secure liberty of thought for men who were in need of fair play and of a reasonable hearing than James has done.'

James was one of the first among professional psychologists to recognize the full bearing of the contributions which medical observation — that is, the psychology of the unusual or the slightly twisted mind — has made to the more classical psychological attitudes and insights. In the early portion of his short but stirring address, *The Energies of Men*, he says, 'Meanwhile the clinical conceptions, though they may be vaguer than the analytic ones, are cer-

tainly more adequate, give the concreter picture of the way the whole mind works, and are of far more urgent practical importance. So the "physician's attitude," the "functional psychology," is assuredly the thing most worthy of general study to-day.'

The truth of these propositions has been amply verified, and the fact that he made them is but one more illustration of his power to see and seize upon

the significant elements of a situation, as a skillful commander recognizes the points of strength and weakness of his adversary's lines.

William James was a manly and a radiant being. Loving and loved, he made all men think, and helped many a doubting soul to feel a man's glow of hope and courage, each for his own work. This was a noble task.

NATHAN IN THE WELL

BY ATKINSON KIMBALL

THREE years ago, we moved permanently into the real country, taking with us as our most valuable asset, a fresh, city eye which we had unconsciously been cultivating all our lives. To a man born and brought up in the city, the commonest things in the country seem marvelous.

In my college days in the city, having read somewhere of caged crickets, I remember asking a classmate who hailed from the suburbs, what crickets looked like, and whether they were easy of capture. At the time, I could not understand his broad, suburban grin. This naïveté of the city man was exemplified by a friend, who averred that no one could raise good vegetables in the country. I gathered that one's radishes would be tough and one's lettuce bitter unless subjected to some mysterious city process, grafting perhaps. But since living at Half Acre, I have learned that some vegetables are raised in the country, after all, and very good ones, too. Another friend,

on moving to the country, wanted a field of clover, and asked the local storekeeper to quote lowest prices on clover plants. I believe this was the man who sowed clipped oats, expecting to raise a crop of oats already clipped. Like most humorous things, this has its elements of the pathetic; city people transplanted to the country always remind me, in their eagerness and ignorance, of slum children in Central Park; but, personally, I would not purchase immunity from rural ridicule by the surrender of the privileges given me by my fresh city eye.

For instance, after three years of living in the country, I never draw a pail of water from the well without an appreciation of its charm such as a country-bred man, I imagine, could never feel. He might gape at open plumbing, looking at it with his fresh country eye, where I should simply take it for granted; but I am afraid he never could fully experience what might be called the sentiment of a well, that

delightful, inverted tower of darkness and dampness and coolth. If there is n't such a word as coolth there ought to be.

Our tower, if turned skyward, would rival Pisa's leaning miracle; and it is surmounted by a well-curb resembling a miniature judge's stand at a country fair, so that an involuntary exclamation of a visitor might naturally be, 'How many laps to the mile?' It has no primitive, picturesque sweep: but, on the other hand, there is no modern contraption such as a chain pump; and the old oaken bucket, made of ash, fastened to a romantic rope such as sailors use at sea, descends and ascends the cylinder of greened granite boulders worn smooth, ages back, in some terminal moraine. The source of our drink, strangely enough, is also the conservator of our food-supply. In early spring and late fall, before and after the capricious visits of the ice-man, a small flotilla of pails rides safely in the land-locked harbor, moored with marline twisted around tiny cleats. No danger of anything being tainted by anything else in those separate compartments; no trouble but a hearty heave ho! of hunger, and the food of our selection appears before us, cool and sweet in its receptacle of frosted silver. Our subterranean, supereaqueous refrigerator is simple, sanitary, and as inexpensive as the sky.

To my city consciousness, it's wonderful to draw water from the ground. Pipes, conduits, bottles, I can understand; it's difficult for me to apprehend that simply by digging anywhere, if you dig deep enough, you can get living water filtered by the earth. I knew a man before the days of aeroplanes, who took delight in kite-flying. As the string ran out and the kite soared, he felt an exalting of his spirit, as if, in some vicarious way, he, himself, were piercing the empyrean; similarly,

when I go to nature's bounteous breast, I feel that I am drawing up more than water in my bucket. This is sometimes literally true; sometimes, a new-frog, disdaining the time-honored method of three feet up and two feet down again, steps into my elevator, and regards me placidly with his complacent, human countenance.

Less attractive, are the pale, amorphous earthworms, sprawling lifelessly in the bucket after a rain-storm; and, two years ago, some inspired person suggested that we get a trout to eat the earthworms. We immediately took fire at the idea; we could n't understand why we had n't thought of a trout before; we remembered that every well-regulated well had a trout in it. With some difficulty, a man was found who could find a trout. He found it; and the trout duly arrived in state one morning in a gypsy kettle.

He was a trout of size and substance; he was evidently a trout of the world. He bore his honors calmly, with neither pride nor meekness; he was reserved without being taciturn. He was a New England trout. Something in his grave demeanor, the light of experience and sagacity glowing in his eye, caused us to divine his name; for if a well is nothing without a trout, what is a trout without a name? Slowly, solemnly, the gypsy kettle was lowered into the well; and Nathan the Wise officially became a member of our family.

For weeks afterward, I drew water very gingerly, and then I grew careless; but apparently I never hurt Nathan with the bucket, and on the other hand, he was evidently too contented to make use of the frog-elevator. The rainworms disappeared; and whenever we felt too weak to walk by faith alone, we dropped a grasshopper or a cricket, with which I have become tolerably familiar, into the well; and the miniature sea was stirred as by the surge of

a mighty leviathan. Even when we were n't feeding him, and after we failed to notice the absence of rain-worms as one forgets pain that is past, the fact that Nathan was in the well was a pleasant part of our subconsciousness. It's wonderful how much affection can be inspired by a fish. If we inspired affection in Nathan's breast, he concealed it like a true New Englander. He showed his affection by his faithfulness, by remaining at his post in the well, by not forsaking us during the long, inclement winter, by greeting our first vernal bug with a stupendous splash.

The season brought its multitudinous glories, feathered friends and friends in silk and linens, a thousand new flowers looking up at us each morning with their innocent faces, trees as murmurous as the sea, a sea which had put on its softer summer colors and had grown less imperious in its surge. Enemies, too, came in their appointed time, bugs of every ingenuity of shape and dye, fogs, chilling and mysterious, long droughts, black blights. In the activities of what is supposed to be too quiet a life, welcoming the coming guest, speeding the departing bug, emptying the cistern on the flower-beds, we forgot the faithful friend who, during the winter of outdoor inactivity and social vacuity, had been so often in our thoughts and talk. One day, a wayfaring friend of ours, who is quite the reverse of a fool, inquired, in the interest he feels in all created things, 'How's Nathan in the well, these days?'

Our hearts smote us. Poor Nathan!

'Oh, I hope he is n't dead! There was only eight inches of water in the well last Saturday, and we haven't been able to drink of it for weeks.'

'Have you looked down lately?'

We hastened to the curb, and peered over; but all we could make out was

darkness, with an ambiguous gleam at the bottom. A smile came to our wayfaring friend's face, which is as granitic and lined as the glacier-scored ledges he loves to fish from.

'I mean with a mirror.'

Mystified, we brought our friend a hand-mirror; and with the precision of a navigator taking an observation, he caught the sun, swept it through an arc of half the heavens, and shot it into the depths of the well. Alas, the shaft of sunlight was as disillusioning as a searchlight of truth would probably be if flashed into one's character. The cylinder of greened granite boulders was dry and dun-colored; the water of our well, which before the drought had sparkled a veritable blue in our white-enamel drinking-pail, had shrunk to a yellow puddle. The puddle was ringed with mud; exactly in the middle of it, we could see the olive back of a fish, apparently no bigger than a minnow. It was Nathan, patient, imperturbable even in the surprise of sudden sunlight, wasted, but evidently alive.

I eagerly volunteered as a rescue party of one, as if present solicitude could atone for past neglect. We got our longest ladder, our wayfaring friend steadied the top, and down I went, the gypsy kettle which had been Nathan's triumphal chariot now serving as his ambulance. In my hurry, I forgot what I had read about noxious gases in well-bottoms; but I did take time to glance upward at the firmament. The roof of that pesky judge's stand hid the heavens, like many other ugly, ostentatious impedimenta of so-called civilized life. I determined to take the well-curb down, and substitute one open to the sky; then I continued the work of rescue. Nathan's nose was buried in the mud; he was struggling for breath like an entombed miner; and when I had brought him to the surface and the sunlight, the rav-

ages of his ordeal were painfully apparent to us. He had become the diaphanous wraith of a fish; his emaciated body was almost translucent; there was nothing left of him except head, speckles, and indomitable spirit.

I have always been an advocate of open plumbing, and my advocacy was now justified. We carried our bathtub outdoors. We filled it with pure water from a neighbor's well that never goes dry. Tenderly, we placed Nathan in his new ocean; we gave him a whole fleet of crickets and grasshoppers that worked their walking-beams with provocative, propulsive force; but Nathan the Wise, with slowly moving fins and weakly pulsing gills, took no notice of them; and we decided that it was part of his wisdom not to gorge himself on an empty stomach, or perhaps he was delicate about eating before so large an audience.

We, however, suffered no such scruples; and, leaving Nathan with high hopes, we dressed to attend a large supper-party at an opulent neighbor's who has an artesian well on his place, a ridiculous affair that you could n't hang even a cream-jar in. Afterwards, we walked home under the stars; and by their dim light, we could descry Nathan, still breathing in the depths of his sea. In the fleet of crickets and grasshoppers, anchored close together, there was now no motion of walking-beam or paddle-wheel. Fires were evidently banked, and steam was down for the night. Next morning, we found that the vital steam was down in Nathan's breast, that his fires were out forever, unless, if the hope be not impious, they are rekindled in some Devonian Paradise.

Poor Nathan, stiff, stark, was lying in the bottom of the bath-tub, with his pale, pathetic belly turned uppermost

in an attitude that I am sure he would have considered indecorous. He had made no outcry; no one heard his last words, if he spoke any. Personally, I believe he did not speak any. I believe that he died as he had lived, inarticulate, a martyr to duty, like a true New Englander. And the pity of it is that if we had been a tithe as faithful to him as he was to us, he would be living now, developing into the very patriarch of trout, with an ever increasing stock of experience which he would distill into an ever-deepening silence.

Of course, soon after Nathan's death the rain descended, the floods came, and our well filled again with living water, living in more senses than one; for we again found pale, amorphous rain-worms in our water-bucket. We accepted these meekly, however, as less than the just punishment for our neglect. They will be a continuing punishment and a continuing reminder of Nathan. We have resolved never to have another fish.

Weeks afterward, it suddenly flashed across us that we had missed an unexampled opportunity to turn defeat into a glorious victory. While I was fruitlessly rescuing Nathan from the bottom of the well, right under my nose, right before my eyes, right within my grasp, there was something more precious and more fabulous than the pot of gold at the rainbow's foot. Truth was at the bottom of the well; but I failed to spy it out or smell it out or grasp it. A single thought, a single movement, and I could have come up that ladder laden with a heritage richer than Plutus' mine. Poor, panting man was never so near Eternal Verity before. And now, it's under thirty feet of water! All we can do is live in the hope that there may be another drought this summer.

OUR COUNTRY

BY JULIA WARD HOWE

1819-1910

On primal rocks she wrote her name;
Her towers were reared on holy graves;
The golden seed that bore her came
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves.

The Forest bowed his solemn crest,
And open flung his sylvan doors;
Meek Rivers led the appointed Guest
To clasp the wide-embracing shores;

Till, fold by fold, the brodered Land
To swell her virgin vestments grew,
While Sages, strong in heart and hand,
Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.

O Exile of the wrath of Kings!
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!
The refuge of divinest things,
Their record must abide in thee!

First in the glories of thy front
Let the crown-jewel, Truth, be found;
Thy right hand fling, with generous wont,
Love's happy chain to farthest bound!

Let Justice, with the faultless scales,
Hold fast the worship of thy sons;
Thy commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs!

So link thy ways to those of God,
So follow firm the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,
And storm-spiced Angels hail thy cause!

O Land, the measure of our prayers,
Hope of the world, in grief and wrong,
Be thine the blessing of the years,
The gift of Faith, the crown of Song.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE IMMORALITY OF SHOP-WINDOWS

AT the heart of morality lies content. That is a statement either optimistic or cynical, as you choose to look at it; but it is a statement of fact. Even the reformer seeks to allay his discontent, which does not arise from the morality in him, but from the immorality in other people. Anybody who has lived with a reformer knows this. Therefore are modern shop-windows — by steel construction made to occupy the maximum amount of space, to assault by breadth and brilliance the most callous eye — one of the most immoral forces in modern city life.

This is especially true of the shop-windows on Fifth Avenue, New York. For these windows, even at night illuminated like silent drawing-rooms vacant of people, expose to the view of the most humble passer on the curb as well as to the pampered rich racing by in motors, the spoils of all the world. Here are paintings by the old masters and the new; rare furniture and marbles from Italian palaces; screens from Japan; jewels and rugs from the Orient; silk stockings, curios, china, bronzes, hats, furs; and again more curios, cabinets, statues, paintings; things rare and beautiful and exotic from every quarter of the globe, 'from silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.' And they are not collections, they are not the treasures of some proud house — although they might have been once: they are for sale; they may be bought by anybody — who has the price.

But who has the price? That stout woman riding by in her limousine,

with a Pomeranian on her lap instead of a baby? That fifteen-dollar-a-week chorus-girl in a cab, half buried under a two-thousand-dollar chinchilla coat? That elderly man who hobbles goutily out of his club and walks a few short blocks to his house on Murray Hill, 'for exercise'? Assuredly, somebody has the price, for the shops are ever open, the allurements of their windows never less. But not you, who gaze hungry-eyed at these beautiful objects, and then go to a Sixth Avenue department store and wonder if you can afford that Persian rug made in Harlem, marked down from \$50 to \$48.87; or that colonial mahogany bookcase glistening with brand new varnish. Envy gnaws at your heart. And yet you had supposed that yours was a comfortable sort of income — maybe four thousand dollars a year. Your father, on that income, back in a New England suburb, was counted quite a man in the community, and you put on airs. He selected the new minister, and you set the style in socks. But now you are humiliated, embittered. You rave against predatory wealth. Thus shop-windows do make Socialists of us all.

Nor are you able to accept the shop-windows educationally, recalling that when you went to Europe you saw nothing that had not already stared at you through plate-glass on Fifth Avenue — for sale. Who wants to view one of the chairs that a Medici sat in, only to recall that months before he saw its mate in a shop-window at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-first Street; or to contemplate a pious yellow heathen bowed down before the image of Buddha, while the tinkly temple bells

are tinkling, only to have rise in his mind the memory of a much larger and more venerable Buddha which used to smile out inscrutably at the crossing of Twenty-ninth Street, below a much sweeter string of tinkly temple bells?

We've a bigger, better Buddha in a cleaner (!), greener (!!) land,

Many miles from Mandalay.

There is no romance in an antique, be it god or chair or China plate, when it is exposed for sale in a shop-window. And there is no romance in it amid its native surroundings when you realize that any day it may be carried off and so exposed. Thus do shop-windows destroy romance.

But in the humbler windows off the Avenue there is an equal, if grosser, element of immorality. For these are the windows where price-tags are displayed. The tag has always two prices, the higher marked through with red ink, the lower, for this very reason, calling with a siren voice. The price crossed off is always just beyond your means, the other just within it. 'Ah,' you think, swallowing the deception with only too great willingness, 'what a bargain! It may never come again!' And you enter the fatal door.

Perhaps you struggle first. 'Don't buy it,' says the inhibition of prudence. 'You have more neckties now than you can wear.'

'But it's so cheap,' says impulse, with the usual sophistry.

And you, poor victim that you are, tugged on and back by warring factions in your brain, — poor refutation of the silly old theological superstitions that there is such a thing as free will, — vacillate on the sidewalk till the battle is over, till your mythical free will is down in the dust. Thus do shop-windows overthrow theology.

Then you enter that shop, and ask for the tie. Or perhaps it is something else, and they have n't your size. You ought

to feel glad, relieved. Do you? You do not! You are angry. You feel as if you had lost just so much money, when in reality you have saved it. Thus do shop-windows destroy logic.

This has been a particularly perilous season for the man with a passion for shirts. By some diabolical agreement, all the haberdashers at one and the same time filled their windows with luscious lavenders and faint green stripes and soft silk shirts with comfortable French cuffs, and marking out \$2.00 or \$3.00, as the case might be, wrote \$1.50 or \$2.50 below. The song of the shirt was loud in the land, its haunting melody not to be resisted. Is there any lure for a woman in all the fluffy mystery of a January 'white sale' comparable to the seduction for a man of a lavender shirt marked down from \$2.00 to \$1.50? I doubt it. Heaven help the women if there is! So the unused stock in trunk or bureau drawer accumulates, and the weekly reward for patient toil at an office dribbles away, and the savings bank is no richer for your deposit — and the shop-windows flare as shamelessly as ever. There is only one satisfaction. The man who sells shirts always has a passion for jewelry. And that keeps him poor, too!

ULTIMATE CONVICTIONS

Most of us if questioned as to our ultimate convictions would unhesitatingly give such answers as — the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, the unvaryingness of natural law, the relativity of knowledge, the inaccessibility of the supernatural, democracy. A few cautious or frivolous folk would want to sleep on it. The small number of really serious people who answered quite honestly would avow such ultimate convictions as that sausage and Germans are nasty, that red-headed women are bad-tempered,

that well-dressed people are mostly fools, that servants are dishonest, that whoever wears a ready-made tie is not a gentleman, that doctors are ignoramuses, that eating smoked herring is vulgar. But these are prejudices. Not at all; by any fair test they better deserve the name of ultimate convictions than the ambitious articles of faith with which we began. And the test is simply this: on which set of convictions do men act? Plainly on the second. Your believer in immortality will cheerfully imperil his soul through a long lifetime, your fanatic of the relativity of knowledge will be completely irate in discussion with a dogmatist, your advocate of the unknowable, if entrusted with power, would conscientiously proclaim, 'The Unknowable or the sword.'

In short, these ambitious categories are not, properly speaking, convictions at all, but mere simulacra thereof. They are emblems, not principles. We would willingly die for them, just as the predatory politician will honestly yearn to die for his country's flag; but Heaven keep us from the folly of living by our ultimate convictions! Such is the unspoken prayer of most sensible people who reserve their creeds for Sunday or election-day use. A rather plain-spoken person, Geoffrey Chaucer, once wrote,

For Plato seieth, whoso can him rede,
The word mote be accordant to the dede.

We should then be following two eminent truth-tellers should we degrade most metaphysical, theological, and political formulas from their false estate of convictions to that of intermittently recurrent prejudices. To complete the demonstration, we need only show that the real ultimate convictions are invariably acted on. You may make a Christian Scientist out of a Jesuit, but hardly a sausage-eater out of a sausage-hater. Nor shall you win to friendly association with Germans one whose axiom it is that they

are nasty. Many persons call in a physician as an expected social form, and habitually disregard his advice. In fact, a true medicophobe will gladly pay a fee for the pleasure of flouting his doctor. At every point we shall find that the test of action will prove what we commonly call prejudices to be our genuine and most intimate convictions.

In great as in small affairs this truth holds. We know a business man who after careful scrutiny of an enterprise was on the point of a large investment. Hearing casually that the promoter's cheeks were adorned with side-whiskers, the capitalist brushed the project aside. He knew that no luck could come of association with a man who wore 'weepers.' Indeed, experience had taught him that such persons were not merely inauspicious, but positively untrustworthy. At the risk of antilimax the present writer must avow that, saving the case of very ancient clergymen, he has absolutely no confidence in the taste or morals of any person wearing congress gaiters. Of course such a conviction, being based on a sound analogy between elasticity in principles and in footgear, is not to be confused with the more irrational sort of ultimate convictions. But at bottom the reason hardly comes in. We simply feel and act in a certain way, and that is all there is of it. We dig our last ditches where we please, and not where any moral Vauban dictates. The chaste Lucretia, it will be recalled, because of the outrage of Tarquin, killed herself. This certainly looks like the working of a transcendental ultimate conviction. Yet we should not forget that it is quite possible that the chaste Lucretia would equally have killed herself if her husband had persistently required her to eat mutton, if indeed, in proper resentment of such persecution, she had not killed him.

Shortsighted people will feel that

this reversal, by which, according word with deed, our prejudices become our convictions, somehow degrades human nature. To which the answer is, first, that the truth is no respecter of persons; and next, the counter-query, Does it degrade? On the contrary it exalts. By an instinctive altruism we dig our last ditches where they will endanger few but ourselves. If the theological and political creeds which we profess really guided our conduct, New York soon would be a new Constantinople, with massacre hanging on the presence or absence of a grammatical prefix. To build your ultimate convictions too high is socially dangerous. The man who stands on his notion of the substance or essence of divinity will appeal to the fagots if he may; the man who would perish before eating snails or frogs' legs is content with a subjective superiority. In fact, while dissent is only an offense to our philosophical and churchly prejudices, it is actually a salve to our ultimate convictions. We pride ourselves in those who vulgarly breakfast on smoked herring; they are our background, the conspicuous evidence of our own gentle tastes. It might seem that some Providence had deliberately set our more rigid principles in the field of the wholly inconsequential, in order that men might differ without hating. Lest, influenced by reason, we should act too unreasonably, a great gulf has wisely been established between the proud heights of reason and the pleasant table-land of our ultimate convictions.

OF WALKING

WITH SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT SITTING ON FENCES

WALKING is fundamentally a matter of boots. Nay, friend, I do not mean top-boots, but boots in the sense of the English, who, being most perfectly

enfranchised for walking, have thence the right to name the gear in which they travel. But I do not here discourse of fine details. So the boot fit, the sole be adequate, and the heel not loftily inclined, choose your own wear, and you shall know content. There be that favor rubber heels, and here again each man is his own arbiter; yet this, at least, is not to be forgotten or lightly overpassed: there is a tang in the sharp crunch of a hard heel on fair road-metal that greets not him who goes delicately on rubber. Let temperament decide.

Most men walk merely to arrive. To such the right flavor of walking is not known; though chance may reveal to them the unsuspected good, and so kindle a longing for the proper bliss of the walker. The true pedestrian knows that the means is itself an end. Not for him 'so many miles and then begins the actual business,' but 'so many miles of utterly fulfilled content'; and if at the road's end he find some pleasant hostelry, with fire and food and all manner of cheer, this is but the fair setting of the stone, not the gem's perfect self. Not that the walker scorns good entertainment, or fair weather, or congenial fellowship. His feet are on the earth; he is no detached dreamer; and all these things may be accounted part and parcel of his pleasure without disloyalty to the pedestrian creed.

Walking is not merely moving two legs rhythmically over certain intervals of ground. It is the primal and the only way to know the world, the deliberate entering into an inheritance, whose parts are wind and weather, sky and prospect, men and animals, and all vital enjoyment. The bicycle has some advantages in point of speed, but it is a foe to observation. All carriages, whether propelled by horse or motor, destroy all feeling of achievement. The

very word 'mile' is a walker's word, — *mille passus* — a thousand double-paces. So the Roman legions measured their conquering advances; so the legion of pedestrians estimates its conquests of the day. 'So many thousand buffets have mine own two feet given the resisting soil 'twixt sun and sun; so many thousand times have the good muscles of calf and thigh lent their elastic force.' What has the dusty reader of figures on a dial to match with that?

Another element, of grave importance and unquestioned worth, is the privilege, nay, the imperative necessity, of sitting on a fence from time to time. Literature hints at this. Lewis Carroll's 'aged, aged man a-sitting on a gate' had, by the sunset of his days, at least, acquired this wisdom. Poor Keats owned to a hankering to 'sit upon an Alp as on a throne' — although the German school of critics, keenly sensing the discomfort which inevitably disqualifies a mountain pinnacle for the scene of prolonged sessile repose, suggests metathesis, and would amend the reading to 'sit upon an Alp as on a thorn'; adducing as collateral argument Keats's well-known admiration for the nightingale, and that bird's familiar practice of artificially stimulating the centres of voice-production by causing its breast to impinge upon a thorn or similar sharp object. Leaving this delicate problem to the competent consideration of the wise, we may safely conclude that our first thesis is correct, and that to sit on a fence beside a road is of itself a satisfaction and an inspiration. For, be it posited again, the walker walks not to arrive, but to be in the world, to contemplate the same, and to take sufficient leisure for the formation of his judgments. To do this, he must sit. Sitting on a grassy bank is not, indeed, barred, although to the unwary it brings perils of ants, rheumatism, and (in some re-

gions) snakes. It is, indeed, provocative of idleness; it leads one to forget that the interlude is not the song; and he who sprawls may ultimately sleep.

But the fence — and cursed be he who first conceived the hellish scheme of substituting barbed wire for honest rails! — the fence invites no such relaxing pose. The feet on their supporting rail are still in contact with reality, and it needs but a spring to be on the way again; while the seat, none too soft, gives perpetual reminder that the stay must be transitory, and that wits are not to slumber. To rest, and as he rests descry, discern, and fill the mental eye through the gateway of the physical — that is his portion who sits upon the fence. I will not mention the gain that comes from elevation, or even hint at the scenes which to have missed were to have suffered loss, revealed to him who climbs even to this humble post of vantage.

Only to those who will drink is the water good; one does not describe beverages to the thirsty: they would rather taste. So to the uneasy loiterer at home, to him who has found in gasoline only vanity and a striving after wind, to all who hunger for they know not what diversion, I offer no guide-books of the journey, seek to convey no colors of the walker's paradise; enough to point the entrance of the way, and give the password: 'Forward, march!'

THE VANISHING VILLAGE

WANDERING along an oily road — there was no walk — in an attractive New York suburb, the other day, pursued by chugging motor-cycles and madly hopping this way and that at the honk of speeding automobiles, an appalling thought struck me: is the village, still so dear to New England, becoming extinct? Will succeeding generations know only as ancient history

its shady, sun-flecked 'green' with the old white church, its library given by a loyal son, its memorial hall, its soldiers' monument and band-stand, the store on whose piazzas stories are swapped and trades consummated and village characters still linger? Are 'village improvement societies' to go the way of all grass, and is their annual house-cleaning no longer to summon the townsmen to the common armed with hoe and rake, lawn-mower, and broom, and followed by their wives and daughters bearing hot coffee and doughnuts; setting the whole village agog with the spirit; every worthy householder issuing forth with a ball of knotted and variegated twine and a paring-knife to straighten the grass-grown edge of his walk, to a running accompaniment of neighborly gossip?

On the common the civic spirit did its best — and worst? The ideas of beauty might be crude, but the villagers gave the best they had; they might, like beautiful Longmeadow, 'gothicize' their old church, they might put up a cast-iron monstrosity in memory of the soldiers, and the green might break out in an eruption of geometrical flowerbeds of flaming geraniums and cannas; a saloon might lurk behind an innocent front of peanuts and cigars, but they lived according to their measure of light. The largest subscriber to the monument set up cast-iron deer and vases in his own yard, and his rival swung a scarlet gypsy kettle in his.

Two phases of the park are already abundant: one transitional — wherein a rudimentary 'down town' still lingers, but how fallen from its high estate! a veritable poor relation, a Cinderella sitting in the ashes, a thing of shabby shops, of beer-saloons and pool-rooms, of picture-postal booths and peanut-stands and flamboyant bill-boards! A little circulating library lurks in a dingy dwelling-house.

Back of all this gloom lie the well-kept homes of the commuters. 'To bed with the owl and up with the rooster' is their motto; they have no time or thought for anything outside the limits of their suburban bedroom.

The second phase in the evolution eliminates the centre altogether; there is no more 'up town' or 'down town'; neither is there anything in 'common.' Auto-trucks from the city deliver the necessities of life; the cement paths run down from the front door to the car-tracks and end as abruptly as the squirrels' trail at the foot of a tree; there are no neighborly cross-paths down which one might run with — I had almost said, a shawl, but I meant an automobile veil, about one's head, to get the recipe for hot-water gingerbread from Gran'ma Brown — the universal grandmother; or to beg 'Aunt Ellen' — aunt to all the babies in the town — to come and see if the baby's cough is croupy. Ah, no! The inhabitants stand aloof, as ignorant of their next-door neighbor as a Harlemite, save that they know his income also is 'restricted.'

There results only the cold comfort of the 'model village' ordered *en bloc* by some well-meaning philanthropist:

'Item: 1 civic centre, 1 clover green, 6 circles, golf-links, tennis-courts, 1 restaurant, 1 laundry, 1 school, 200 semi-detached two-family houses renting at \$55 a month, 200 semi-detached one-family houses at \$75 a month, 50 13-foot-front houses at \$35 a month, 50 17-foot-front houses'; and, oh, yes —

'Item: 1 church, denomination to be specified later.'

And all laid out by a distinguished landscape gardener, designed by an equally distinguished architect, and managed by a 'foundation' down to its humblest detail — the filling of the flower-boxes, the emptying of the ash-can, the ordering of the coal, the rolling of the tennis-courts, and the making of laws.